THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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# THE CRUSADERS. I

BY WILLIAM McFEE

## I

The information that we go out at dusk is received by the ship's company in various ways, according to the type and degree of responsibility. Some deride it as a joke. Have we not been about to go out these last ten weeks? Some say solemnly, 'Then we'll be sunk'; and add in a whisper, 'and she 'll go down like a stone.' They adopt an attitude of mournful pride in serving aboard a coffin-ship, whose fate is sealed as soon as she pokes her aged nose outside the breakwater. Some mutter, 'Thank goodness!' for they are weary of harbor life, and desire, though they would never admit it, to see the land sink down behind the horizon. Some are sentimentally regretful, for they are in love with dark-eyed Italian *signorine*, languorous Syriennes, amiable Maltese, or brisk and stylish Greek Koritsai, with whom they have danced in the gaunt Casino or bathed on the yellow beach below. Some are excited, for they are young and this is almost the first time they have been to sea. And others are serious, for they have responsibilities. It is a singular fact that one cannot be forehanded with an anxiety. One may prepare untò the very last and most ultimate contingency. One may foresee all disaster, and provide barrier behind barrier of remedial devices. One may have been through a precisely identical experience for years on end — *N'importe!* Fear, born of the stern matron Responsibility, sits on one's shoulders like some heavy imp of darkness, and one is preoccupied and, possibly, cantankerous.

While I am making out the engine-room station-bill, the Chief enters and hands me a chit. It is a formal order to do something which is already done. It adds at the bottom that at 6.30 sharp we shall move out. I finish making out the bill, apportioning the weaker brethren of the stokehold to different watches, and assigning Mr. Ferguson, a junior engineer, to take watch with me. More of Mr. Ferguson anon.

I go out and take a survey of progress on deck. In the classic phrase, all is bustle and confusion. Men in khaki are moving rapidly to and fro, hauling heavy cases which contain shells, bombs, detonators, compressed air-bottles, spare parts, and stores of all kinds. Others, mounted on flimsy ladders, are busy adjusting controls, filling petrol tanks, and adjusting engines, on the sea-planes which lie, like huge yellow grasshoppers with folded wings, under the awnings of the fore-deck hangar. Walking about in an extreme undress of gray flannel trousers and petrol-

splashed khaki tunics are some of the pilots and observers.

Suddenly there is a roar from one of the engines; the awnings belly and flap violently; a piece of newspaper rushes past me like a bullet, and I find myself in an almost irresistible gale of wind. A mechanic is trying out an engine. One of our cats, seated on the mine-sweeping machine, jumps off in disgust at the noise, and is immediately blown out of sight, tail in air, along the deck. We hold on. The engine dies down, surges up, dies away again, flutters, barks once with astonishing vigor, and stops. A pilot, who has been making frantic gestures to the mechanic, whose head alone is visible above the fuselage, now climbs the piano-wire ladder which leads to the seat, and converses with energy, and, let us hope, wisdom. The flight-commander, an imposing creature in naval uniform, with the gold-lace rings of a lieutenant, a pair of gold wings, and a gold star on his sleeve, hurries up and speaks rapidly to his pilots.

They all light cigarettes. This, I observe, is the one indispensable factor of war — one must light a cigarette. At any given moment of the day, I will guarantee that three fourths of our ship's company are each striking one of the dubious matches supplied by our glorious Oriental ally, and are lighting cigarettes supplied by our glorious Hellenic ally. I tremble when I think of the noise which is going on beneath the artillery fire of the Western and Eastern fronts — the noise of millions of matches being struck to ignite millions of cigarettes. I observe a youth descending from a ladder, where he has been putting tiny brass screws into a defective *aileron*, to the gangway between the plane-platform and the bulwarks. He sits down, produces a cigarette. I see the commander, who was master of a sailing ship before the flight-commander's parents were married, lighting a cigarette from the chief engineer's. I observe a signal-man's face protruding from the telephone-exchange window, and I also observe a cigarette protruding from his ear. In the flap-pocket of the quartermaster, now testing the steering-gear, is an obvious box of cigarettes. I feel that I have eluded my destiny somehow. It has become perfectly plain to me that no man can achieve greatness in war unless he smokes cigarettes. But I digress. It is time to take a turn out of the engines.

Passing along the bridge-deck, where a small army of young sailors are hoisting the motor-launches and looking extremely serious about it, I come upon a still more serious party clustered about an anti-aircraft gun. Some hold shells under their arms very much as a lady holds her Pomeranian, and tickle the fuse (which corresponds to the nose of the Pomeranian) with a wrench. Some are pushing with tremendous energy a sort of mop which is always getting jammed halfway up the bore. Others stand in readiness, breathing hard and looking round self-consciously. They are the anti-aircraft crew. I pass by, smiling internally. They are about to be blooded, all except the muscular person with the hoarse voice who lectures them on the mysteries of their craft. I know him well. I have a peculiar detestation of this particular gun, which will be comprehended when it is pointed out that the holding-down bolts are precisely three feet six inches above my pillow. Just as I doze, after a hard day below and a plentiful lunch, followed by a perfect cigar, the muscular person with the hoarse voice begins an oration upon the use in action of the X-pounder ''Otchkiss quick-firin' gun, anti-aircraft mountin's.' His voice becomes a husky growl as he indicates the various portions of the gun's anatomy to the open-mouthed youngsters. I lie below, devising a fitting eternal punishment

for him and his hobnailed minions. An ammunition-box is opened — slap! A shell is lifted and put in — slap two. *Click!* The breech closes. *Clock!* It opens. Then comes a thump, as someone drops one of the spanners. A scuffle of boots. Hoarse voice descanting upon 'use o' judgment in estimatin' speed of objective only obtainable in actual practice on enemy machines.' Hence I am no friend of this gun and her crew.

I pass on and down the ladder to the spar-deck. Here is where I live. Here is the engine-room, the steering-gear, the heart of the ship. Abaft of this again are more planes under high awnings. Below them is the main deck, what is called the lower or mess-deck, where hammocks are slung at night and meals are eaten during the day. Farther aft is the sick bay, and below that the stokers' quarters. Below these are cold stores and ammunition-rooms and cells for the unworthy, of whom, alas, even this respectable ship carries a few.

As I step into the alleyway where I live, and pass into the engine-room, the steering-engine, which is situated in its own little steel cottage close at hand, suddenly performs a furious staccato version of a Strauss chorus, and then stops abruptly, as if ashamed of its outburst, breathing steamily through its nostrils. The control-shaft remains motionless. Evidently the quartermaster has satisfied himself that all is well. A perspiring oiler emerges from the engine-room ladder and fusses with the glands and lubricators. I look down at the shining covers of the main-engine cylinders, and suddenly I experience an emotional change. In some mysterious fashion the load of responsibility lifts, and I become light-hearted. I feel gay and care-free. After all, I reflect brazenly, 'What's the odds? One has done one's utmost — let what may happen. Care killed a cat. There can be no surprises. These huge, simmering, silent engines are my friends. With them and their like I have spent many arduous years. I have their record. I know their secrets. I have had them asunder. Their enormous proportions are our heritage from a bygone generation, and I have stood in amazement before the heroic dimensions of their midmost ventricles. I reflect upon their countless voyages when I was a child; upon the men who have slaved in the heat of the East, who have slept in my bunk, who have come aboard full to the teeth, who have sung their songs and drawn their pay, and now lie, let us hope, in some quiet churchyard at home.'

I reflect upon all this, I say, and I am no longer worried. For a brief spell I savor the pleasure of the seafaring life. It occurs to me that this explains in part the enigmatic affability which the great occasionally display. They have a sudden vision of life as a whole, and for one brief instant they become human, and smile. It may be so. However, I must descend from the heights of speculation into the engine-room. As I reach the middle grating, I feel the undersides of the cylinders, and note that they are sufficiently hot. The thermometer hanging near the generator registers a hundred and ten. Four great ventilators send down cool jets of air, and I decide that the temperature is very comfortable. A glance at the oil-gauge and speed-meter and I descend yet farther, to the starting platform.

A young man is walking to and fro in a highly superior manner, as if personally responsible for the conduct of the war, and quite equal to the occasion. He is an engine-room artificer, and assists Mr. Ferguson and myself while on watch. I inquire if everything is ready for me, and he assures me, with a whimsical smile, that he believes so. Rather nettled at this frivolous behavior I become anxious again and put one or two pertinent queries. I try the

reversing gear, which moves over with a smart click and a most gratifying hiss, and open the manœuvring-valve. The young man, whom I have lectured assiduously on this point, stands ready, and as the enormous cranks move and I shout, he reverses the gear. The cranks, with a sigh of immense boredom, move back and pause. Again we reverse, and I administer a shade more steam. The cranks move again and the business is repeated — in the opinion of the young man — *ad nauseam.* At last, after many essays, the high-pressure crank is permitted to descend to the bottom of the stroke, which is six feet; it reaches the dead centre, the *point de mort,* as our Allies call it, passes it, and comes up like a giant refreshed. We reverse, and it goes down again, and up, over the top, and continues to revolve in a solemn manner. *Bon!*

I make a brief excursion round to the back, where a number of auxiliary engines are busily engaged about their own particular businesses. I note that the main feed-pumps, the auxiliary feed-pump, the circulating pumps, the bilge-pump, the sanitary-pump, the fresh-water pump, are all working well, glance at one or two gauges, and hasten back to the manœuvring-valve. We reverse and go ahead for a few revolutions. We stop. The young man, who is not so foolish as he looks, presses a button and speaks into a tube marked 'Chief Engineer.' What he says I cannot hear, but I know perfectly well that the Chief in his cabin is grinning.

The young man is somewhat of a joke. He effects a felicitous blend of a doctor's 'bedside manner' and the suave courtesy of a department-store floorwalker. This, in an engine-room, is provocative of mirth. Mr. Ferguson, who is already overdue, guffaws with rollicking abandon when Mr. de Courcy emits one of his refined and ladylike remarks. If Mr. de Courcy has the smoothness of oil, — lubricating oil, — Mr. Ferguson has the harsh detergence of water — strong water. However, as I make a hasty pilgrimage into the stokehold and discover four stokers and a coal-passer enjoying a can of tea, it occurs to me that if Mr. Ferguson does n't appear soon, it will be necessary to take steps.

II

I come back to the engine-room, to find Mr. Ferguson descending the engine-room ladder, in a white singlet, khaki short pants, striped socks with red suspenders, and tennis shoes. The inevitable cigarette is in his mouth, and his cap, the white cover of which is stained a chrome yellow with oil-splashes, is over one eye in a negligent and rakish manner. He is a tall strong figure of thirty-odd, his face freckled, his nose twisted, his hair of an Irish flame-red. His voice is stupendously frank and genial, and he disarms criticism with the wealth of his confessions. He is one of the world's unfortunates, he will inform you gayly (you are bound to meet him).

Just now he is making a specialty of courts-martial. He is continually being court-martialed. He belongs to an obscure and elusive subdivision of the navy known as the M.F.A., which is, being interpreted, Merchant Fleet Auxiliary, though Mr. Ferguson asserts with racial satire that the initials stand for Merely Fooling Around. This indicates one of his main difficulties, which is to realize that he is subject to naval discipline. It is to him an intolerable state of affairs, when he becomes pleasantly jingled ashore in Arab-town, and flings a wine-bottle at a native, that he should be apprehended by a silent and formidable *posse* of bluejackets, with hangers at their sides and police brassards on their arms. It is still more intolerable when, after joyously beating

up said *posse* and being carried by main force to the cells in the barracks, he is informed by typed letter that, having been guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer, he will be tried by court-martial on such-and-such a date. He seems unable to comprehend the sudden change in the attitude of the naval authorities. Only a few weeks previously he had been one of the crew of a trawler which had, more by luck than cunning, caught an enemy submarine recharging her depleted batteries, and methodically pounded her to pieces until she filled and sank. Mr. Ferguson's part in the drama was to stand on the bottom rung of his little engine-room ladder, with his head just above the scuttle, and remark after each salvo, with keen enjoyment, 'Good again! Hit her up, boys!' for which he duly received in cold cash five hundred dollars of prize-money. Mr. Ferguson's interviews with sums over a hundred dollars have ever been fleeting, shadowy episodes of coruscating and evanescent brilliancy. It was even so on this occasion. The native world that hives and swarms adown the narrow and filth-cluttered alleys of Arab-town profited vastly at Mr. Ferguson's expense. He was regal in his largess. His method of flinging money abroad and kicking the recipients appealed to their Oriental instincts. In two days he had cleaned up the town, from *can-can* dances to hashish parties in the disused mosque behind the wall of the Jewish cemetery; and he was sampling for the third time the exquisite transmigrations which befall the soul when steeped in Turkish gin, as the *posse* already mentioned broke into Ali Ben Farag's Constantinople Divan for Officers Only, and bore him back to barracks under the quiet eyes of the Syrian stars.

The fact is, Mr. Ferguson is temperamentally averse to discipline. He is one of those to whom the war is of no moment whatever. His patriotism is more a postulated abstraction than a glowing inspiration. He is one of those rootless organisms which float hither and yon over the world, indigenous nowhere, at home everywhere. They fall into no categories of wisdom or virtue, for they have the active yet passionless inconclusiveness of intelligent lower animals. They bear no malice and suffer no regret. They leave a memory without making a name. They resolve their personal belongings to the irreducible minimum of a battered and padlocked sea-bag. Their cabins contain neither curios nor conveniences, neither photographs nor tokens of feminine affection. They have a far look in their pale eyes, and one wonders what distant and delightful haven they are already visualizing. For them there is no continuing city. They must on — on! pressing forward in blind ardor toward a retreating paradise whence, even were they to arrive, they would immediately prepare to depart. They are the true romantics of our age. Grimy, dissolute, and incompetent, they pass gayly through our orderly and disciplined crowds of unimaginative realists who do the work of the world, and brush off upon us stray threads of golden fancy, fallen from the clouds of tarnished glory which they trail behind them.

Having reached the starting platform, Mr. Ferguson halts and collects his apparently scattered faculties. Although under what is known in the navy as 'open arrest,' he has contrived to get ashore by means of one of those preposterous yet plausible excuses which only the romantic can devise. He is now in the no-man's land between intoxication and sobriety, and stands with his tennis shoes wide apart, the muscles of his legs distending the scarlet straps of his garters, and his stony stare fixed upon Mr. de Courcy, who patrols the platform in front of the engines.

No man can gaze for long upon Mr. de Courcy's refined and genteel physiognomy without perceiving the fundamental absurdity of the universe. Mr. de Courcy is a gentleman of good family who, by some mysterious dispensation, evaded the normal destiny of his type; for, instead of entering him for holy orders, his family, who I understand are 'county,' shipped him to a Central American oil-field, where for some years he occupied an obscure position on the engine-room staff. My own impression is that he would be better in the church, in business, in the House of Lords, in the army — anywhere save in a ship's engine-room. He has the ineradicable predisposition of his class to treat the actual performance of a job of work as derogatory to his dignity. He assures me that in the navy, by which he means regular men-of-war, he was not required to do the unpleasant things that I regard as his daily portion. His delicately chiseled features flush faintly behind the veil of cigarette-smoke as he regrets the violence of my language and the wild impropriety of my metaphors. Nothing, however, can ruffle the eternal and hereditary conviction in which he reposes, that he and his like are of finer clay, that race and gentility are adequate substitutes for achievement.

Whether Mr. Ferguson focuses the precise and piquant differences between himself and Mr. de Courcy it would be difficult to discover; but as he gazes, the stony stare softens, the drawn lines of his reddish freckled face crinkle into laughter, and the bony ridge of his twisted nose glistens humorously. He is finding himself. None of the stimulants of Western civilization have much power over Mr. Ferguson. They only dim his brightness for a brief period, and not even the most corrosive of cocktails can permanently affect the hard lustre of his inconsequent optimism. With a short laugh, like a dog's bark, he swings past me and dives round behind the engines, and, lifting a movable plate in the platform, investigates hurriedly among divers cocks and valves, as if he had suddenly remembered a buried treasure, and was reassuring himself as to its exact whereabouts.

III

In the meantime we are standing by. From above comes the blast of the first lieutenant's whistle, as he presides over the doings of his minions. It is, for all the lateness of the season, intensely hot. The armies in Palestine report a heat-wave of unparalleled length and temperature. And even here, with a breeze blowing in from the Mediterranean, the thermometer remains at 90 degrees all day, and our rooms are like ovens until the small hours.

Mr. de Courcy goes into the stokehold, to get a breath of fresh air. The oiler slowly descends from above and moves in and out among the engines on the middle-grating, filling lubricators, adjusting siphon-wicks and pausing for a well-earned spell under the aft ventilator. As I make a gesture indicating the astern guide-bars he replies with a slight raising of his left hand (with a cigarette in the fingers), which may be interpreted somewhat on these lines: 'Have no fear. I have attended to the lubrication of the astern guides, and am not likely, at my time of life, to neglect so trifling a precaution. Rest easy. I was doing this when you were a boy.'

What mystifies me about all these men of mine is the new lease of life they have taken since the orders for steam came. They take a fresh interest in everything. They had become slack, lackadaisical, and preoccupied with ridiculous grievances. They went ashore and brought back tales of all disaster told them by the motley-clad survivors

of torpedoed ships. They muttered openly in my hearing that they desired to be shifted to a ship that went to sea. And now, so far are they from appreciating the heroic, that their attitude by no means resembles the gladiators of old, with their lugubrious 'Hail, Cæsar! we who are about to die salute thee.' Nothing is further from their thoughts than dying, though two submarines broke into our sweepers four miles outside last night and sank three of them. Their attitude is much better rendered as 'Hail, Cæsar! we who are about to get busy salute thee.' They come down on the stroke of eight bells, watch after watch, and pursue the even tenor of their ways, cigarette in mouth and oil-can or shovel in hand, and seem never to visualize the oncoming destruction that may be ripping through the dark water outside. Pooh! Such anticipations are foreign to their nature, which seems to have been toughened into an admirable closeness of texture by the frightful climate of their native islands and the indurating labor of the sea.

So we pause, waiting at our allotted stations for the orders, which come at last with a clash and jingle of gongs; the telegraph-pointer swings to and fro and comes to rest at 'Stand by.' Mr. de Courcy immediately replies with an elegant manipulation of the handle, and records the time on a little blackboard at his elbow. The Chief, a tall, lank young man in a soiled white uniform, ripples half-way down the upper ladder and catches my eye, raising his eyebrows the while. I nod, and he makes a slow circular gesture. I nod again. I ask Mr. Ferguson if he is ready. He straightens up where he stands by the main feed-pumps, waves his hand with a magnificent air, and says, 'Let her go, Gallagher!'

Assisted by Mr. de Courcy, I let her go. The immense limbs of the triple-expansion engines flourish back and forth, and come to rest as I close the manœuvring-valve. Mr. Ferguson prances to and fro in front of the pumps, starting-lever in hand, his head twisted round to observe the behavior of the automatic control. He lays the lever over his shoulder like a weapon, and in the dim twilight he reminds me, with his bare white calves crossed by the scarlet garter-straps, of some Roman legionary on guard. Faithful unto —

But Mr. Ferguson would deprecate the suggestion. He has never been faithful unto anything. Loyalty is not his *métier*. His digressions from the path of righteousness usually provide him with a free pass to the great outdoors, the wide free world in which he is a joyous and insolvent pilgrim. He is puzzled at this novel attitude of the navy, which, instead of firing him without a reference, oppresses him with typed forms and a periodical court-martial, which sentences him to be 'dismissed his ship.' He will never realize that to those who are brought up within the charmed circle of the officer-class, such a sentence is tantamount to a death-warrant. Huh! Give him his pay and he'll quit. Yes, sir! He did n't know he was marrying the darned business. What's eating them anyway? There's a war on? Nobody'd think it, to hear those popinjays talk about conduct unbecoming an officer. Huh! It's a dog's life, sure.

Now the fact is that when, hereafter, you meet Mr. Ferguson, shaking the dust of the Nevada copper mines from his feet in disgust, or hustling about the levees at New Orleans in search of a job as an oiler, or lounging on the water-front at Port Limon, waiting for a chance to stow away on a fruiter, he will speak of his life in the British Navy, with a break in his voice and his pale eyes full of happy tears. Ah, those were the days! he will tell you. A man was treated *as* a man there. And so on.

This is the mark of the true romantic. It must be a fascinating existence. One feels a perfect Pecksniff in the presence of beings whose imaginations are forever ahead of their experience. They are but strangers here: heaven is their home. One has the impression, while driving them to their appointed tasks amid the humid heat and noisy chaffering of an engine-room, of employing shackled angels whose wings have been clipped close and their tail-feathers pulled out. And they certainly regard one as a demon with an inexplicable passion for toil, a creature without vision and without hope beyond the immediate accomplishment of senseless labor, a slave-driver owing allegiance to a secret and sinister authority which they generally call Capitalism.

Mr. Ferguson is eloquent on the subject of capitalists. This, he assures me, is a capitalists' war. Look, he cries, at the poor simps being butchered in France, all to fill the capitalists' bags with gold! Even their own children have to go. Nothing is sacred to a capitalist save his 'bags of gold.' It is the mark of the true romantic to be preoccupied with symbols, and Mr. Ferguson is partial to the gorgeous imagery of modern anarchism.

However, it must not be assumed that Mr. Ferguson and I are deadly enemies because of the incompatibility of our ideals. He is graciously pleased to overlook what he calls my funny ideas, and rewards me with thumbnail sketches of episodes in his career. It was so on this occasion as we sailed out to join the squadron off Askalon. Mr. de Courcy having gone up to get his supper, and the telegraph having rung 'full ahead,' Mr. Ferguson fell into a vein of reminiscence, and told me tales of 'the happy days that are no more.' With one eye on the revolution telegraph and the other on the steam- and air-gauges, I listen to his odyssey. For there is a streak of poetry in him, as I have endeavored to adumbrate. All unconsciously, and with a far look in his pale blue eye, he beholds a picture. From the hell of the Present he sees a happy Past and a heavenly Future. He can communicate atmosphere, and when he remarks that once, in Liverpool, it came over him that he ought to settle down and be respectable, I am alert at once. I could see it 'coming over him' — the footsore, jaded wanderer treading the bright dirty streets; the smart pretty landlady's daughter leading him by swift short stages to see how desirable was a small house at Sefton Park or Garston; the patient search for employment, ending in a job on the shore-gang of the White Star Line. For a fortnight all went well. He was thinking of getting engaged.

To my disappointment, he slides all too easily from this momentous and interesting subject to a whimsical description of his adventures on the mammoth liners on which he was employed. He tells how, while working in the low-pressure valve-chest of the Gigantic's port engine, he slipped and fell through the exhaust-pipe into the main condenser. He pictures the consternation of his helper, who had gone for a tool, when he found his mate vanished; the efforts to locate his muffled shouts; the tappings of hammers, the footsteps, the hoarse murmurs broken by an occasional 'Hi! where are yer, mate?' and his replies, stifled by his own laughter. It is perfectly plain that this sort of thing was more to Mr. Ferguson's taste than humdrum industry. When he was finally fished out at the end of a coil of rope, the leading hand threatened him with dismissal if it occurred again; for the leading hand was not romantic, only a soul besotted with efficiency.

And on the Oceanic again these two fell foul of each other, for Mr. Ferguson lost his way on the boiler-tops. He as-

serts that there were hundreds of boilers on that ship, all alike, and thousands of ladders. He grew fascinated with the problem as he groped up and down, through cross-bunkers, in and out of fan-rooms, forever encountering fresh boilers, but never the one where he had been working. But the third time that leading hand found him far from his job, he became explosive and personal, led Mr. Ferguson firmly by the arm through interminable corridors, until his boiler stood dimly revealed through a manhole, and informed him that it was his last chance. Mr. Ferguson grew resentful. As if he could help it! Silly, he calls it, to get in a rage over a little thing like that. However, that's the sort of man he was. Only got himself disliked. And just out of petty spite, he orders him, Mr. Ferguson to wit, to work all night overtime on a rush job.

Mr. Ferguson has strong views on night-work, as I can testify. He imagines the capitalists ought to be satisfied when they have spoiled a man's day, without gouging into the hours of rest. Hurrying to his lodgings, he had his tea, and the landlady's daughter made him up a packet of sandwiches and a can of cocoa, to be warmed on a steam-pipe when he needed it. You can see them there, slogging away through the night, stripping an auxiliary engine and erecting the new one, pausing about midnight for a snack and a smoke. And while the engineer on watch is having forty winks, one of the gang becomes confidential with Mr. Ferguson and reveals a discovery. One of the store-rooms where electrical gear is kept has been left open. And he knows a scrap-metal merchant who — and so on.

Mr. Ferguson becomes vague just here. Well, I know how it is, he suggests. One thing leads to another. You can easily pack a lot of sheet rubber round you and nobody be any the wiser. Nobody was, apparently, until a day or so later. Mr. Ferguson arrived home for a late supper, having been standing treat to the boys after a boxing tournament, when Maggie — that was his girl, you see — met him at the door with wide serious eyes. Two men had called to see him, she said, and she *knew* one of them was a detective — she'd seen him before when she'd been to the station about having had her pocket picked. What *had* he done?

Well, by now, Mr. Ferguson knew well enough what he had done, and it is not in the nature of true romantics to deny anything. With Maggie's eyes searching his face and Maggie's hands clutching his coat, he backed against the little near-mahogany hall-stand and admitted that it might be awkward if they came back again, as they would when they could n't find him elsewhere. They stood there, those two — the girl in an agony of sorrow and fear, with a maternal desire to shield the big silly, he devising some way of quitting. And as they stood there, they heard footsteps at the end of the silent street. Mr. Ferguson must have stiffened. He says, in his Celtic way, that he felt his hair move. Maggie stuck his cap on and dragged him through the kitchen into the scullery. She opened the door softly, pushed him out, and followed him into the tiny yard. Quick, over the wall at the bottom, into the next garden! The house is empty; go through and out of the front door into the side street. Run! Yes, write and she'd tell him — run! And she darted into the house to face the future alone.

Mr. Ferguson followed her instructions. I am convinced that he enjoyed himself immensely that evening. He dropped over the wall and put his foot through a cucumber-frame, it is true, but the light crash and jingle only set off two cats at maniac speed. He also fell over something in the hall of the empty house and skinned his knuckles.

He says he has often wondered what it was. Once in the quiet suburban street, with two lovers saying good-night under a lamp-post far down on the other side, he walked unobtrusively away. It was characteristic of him that he did n't write, and therefore never heard any more of the affair. He rode on a trolley-car away out into the suburbs of Liverpool, and then took a train a little way farther. It was autumn, and he began to walk through England.

We are interrupted by a youthful sailor, who comes down with a chit from the bridge, a chit which informs me that, having joined the other vessels of the squadron, we are ordered to proceed at ten knots, and the commander will appreciate it if we can maintain the revolutions at fifty, so as to keep station. Mr. Ferguson laughs satirically, and says the old feller ought to boil his head. This after the youthful sailor has gone up again. I agree that a ship forty years old is a problem when it comes to 'keeping station.' 'There you are!' says Mr. Ferguson, and conceives his animus against all constituted authority to be only too well founded. 'And here comes Pinhead Percy,' he mutters, as Mr. de Courcy descends, a gold-tipped cigarette in his lips, and with an engaging smile. Leaving him to carry on, we go up to dinner.

(*To be concluded*)

# THE DEGRADATION OF POLICY

BY L. P. JACKS

## I

SOME years ago I had a conversation with a gifted Oriental, which turned mainly on the mental contrasts between East and West. On my side I was maintaining the familiar proposition that the mind of the East is ruled by custom and the mind of the West by science. My Oriental friend did not agree, and interrupted me with frequent disclaimers. At last, by way of illustrating my argument, I ventured to tell him the following story.

An Englishman resident in one of the hill districts of India was pondering the drain on his income caused by the number of servants which the customs of the country compelled him to employ. Six gardeners were required for the work of the small garden surrounding his bungalow. The waste of time and energy was prodigious. Every movement of the gardeners was regulated by custom, and much ceremony was observed. Among other things, all burdens were carried on the head, from a packet of letters to a sack of coals, and the six gardeners had no notion of carrying them in any other way. From the foundations of the world the head had been designed for burdens, and burdens for the head.

The Englishman conceived the idea of providing the gardeners with a wheelbarrow: it would enable him, he

reckoned, to manage with one gardener the less; so he called them together and explained the new implement. Whereupon the head gardener stepped forward and informed the sahib in the name of them all that one wheelbarrow would be no good, but that six would be required: 'for,' said he, 'we are men of different caste, and it is not lawful for us to use each others' tools.'

This somewhat deranged the Englishman's calculations. Nevertheless, the six wheelbarrows were provided. They might be useful in the neighborhood.

Not long afterward a car-load of coals for the use of the bungalow arrived at the station, and the Englishman resolved that the wheelbarrows, which the gardeners had so far refused to touch, should be started on their career. So he summoned them into his presence, repeated his explanations, and gave them strict orders to use the wheelbarrows. With one accord the six placed their hands on their foreheads, bowed to the ground, assured him that obedience to his commands was the delight of their eyes and the sole object of their existence, and departed on their errand.

He did not see them depart, but not long afterward, looking out of his window, he saw them returning. The six were marching up the garden path in a slow and stately procession, one behind the other. They had got the coals. They had them in the wheelbarrows. But each of the six men was carrying his wheelbarrow on his head.

When I had finished the story, my Oriental friend remained silent for some minutes and then replied to the following effect.

'Your story,' he said, 'is conceivably true, and certainly characteristic of the mind of the East. But the difference between East and West is not as great as you think. You too have your fixed ideas; you fall victims to them oftener than you know, and nothing will persuade you to abandon them till some terrible catastrophe overtakes the earth. In your gardens you carry burdens in all sorts of ways; but in your public life you have only one notion of the way they can be carried. You make "government" carry them all. Whatever requires doing, you think it can be done by voting, electing, making laws. From the foundation of the world "government" has been made for burdens and burdens for "government." Even your churches are falling victims to this preposterous idea. Yes, you too are destined to carry everything on your heads, from a packet of letters to a sack of coals. You have carried the letters on your head for a long time; and after a few more strikes among your miners, you will be carrying the coals in the same manner. You call this "policy," and it is your fixed idea, as custom is ours. And for my part,' he added solemnly, 'I prefer custom, which is an intelligible thing. But policy is a mystifying word and is often used to deceive the people and to make the greatest crimes look respectable. You are less scientific than you think.'

## II

In times not long ago, when Comte and Herbert Spencer were the chief stars of the intellectual firmament, the question uppermost in high controversy was whether science or religion would become the dominant power in human affairs. So far as religion was concerned, the question seemed even then to have settled itself. Since the break-up of the authority of the Church in the sixteenth century, religion, whatever power it might retain in private life, had been steadily tending toward its present position as a negligible factor in high politics. Thus the way was open for a new guiding principle; it was clearly demanded, and the only question was

as to the competence of science to perform the great task. General opinion was favorable to its claims. Science was the horse on which the Mid-Victorian spirit found itself more and more tempted to put its money. Largely through the influence of Spencer, we were entertained with the dream of a coming age when scientific principles and knowledge would regulate, not only the conduct of the individual man, but the conduct of states, of governments, of public affairs. A number of sciences designed for that end rapidly formed themselves, of which political economy held the key. Bentham constructed a science of law; Mill followed with a science of liberty; Walter Bagehot wrote *The Science of Politics;* and meanwhile Spencer was sketching his sociology as the coming synthesis of them all. We began to look forward to a reign of sociologists; we pictured the future candidate for Parliament as a man who had taken 'honors' in sociology, and Parliament itself as a great committee of sociological experts, legislating for a sociologically enlightened public, that would tolerate nothing which was not sociologically sound.

In all this, of course, religion had hardly a word to say; but the public had long been accustomed to that, and preferred, on the whole, that the pretense of religion should be abandoned in a region where everybody knew it had ceased to have effective power. On many grounds this dream of the coming reign of science was not unattractive, and, although it might appear ignoble when compared with the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians, and although it drew upon itself the scorn of Ruskin and many a lashing sarcasm from Carlyle, one is still tempted to say of it that a worse thing might have happened to the world.

Be that as it may, the dream most assuredly has not come true; nor at the moment are the signs apparent that it will come true in the near future. The fact is that a third power, which was active even while this debate was at its height, a power which is almost as little related to science as to religion, has risen into prominence and gained the ascendancy over both of them. This power is 'policy.' So far as the world can be said to be ruled by anything, — and it would be stretching compliments to say that it is, — this is the ruling power. What policy means may be hard to define, but it certainly means something of immense importance to the mind of the age — something, at all events, of immensely greater importance than either science or religion. It is policy that the public expects and respects; to policy it trusts its fortunes; on policy it stakes its hopes. Were it proved of a cabinet minister that he had neither science nor religion, few people would think much the worse of him. But what should we say if it were proved that he had no policy?

A well-known philanthropist who had sat in Parliament for many years once said to the present writer, 'It is hard to keep one's religion anywhere nowadays, hard in business, hard in the slums, hard at a dinner-party, hard sometimes in church; but the hardest place of all for me is in the House of Commons.'

Is it not a fact that we attach more importance to parliaments than to laboratories, and to prime ministers than to popes? Do we not spend far more time in making speeches than in saying our prayers? Are we not more excited about the secrets of cabinets than about the secrets of nature? In the speeches that are made on the eve of a general election, in the 'platforms' that are built, in the programmes put forward, in the promises made, how rarely you discover a trace of the scientific spirit, to say nothing of the religious! How

seldom is science or religion so much as mentioned! How often the word 'policy' comes in! By policy we plan our New Jerusalems, and by voting we bring them into existence. Such is the orthodox *credo* of the day.

I am fully aware that this sharp distinction between policy on the one hand and science and religion on the other is what is commonly called 'unphilosophical.' I hear the reader reminding me that policy after all is only a name for the application in public affairs of truths which have a scientific or a religious basis, or perhaps both. This unquestionably is the true philosophical view of the matter. But the actual conduct of our public affairs does not reflect a philosophical view, and it is policy in being, and not the philosophy of politics, of which I am writing. Whatever theoretical connections may exist between policy, science, and religion, in practice they are divorced.

A striking example was recently afforded in the discussion about the feeding of Germany. This was generally approved, both by statesmen and by the newspaper press, though not without a good deal of previous hesitation, and with a certain shamefacedness when it came to the point. But, with a few notable exceptions, neither our statesmen nor our press supported the feeding of Germany on grounds that could be called either religious, moral, or scientific. It was a fine opportunity for them to show their religion, or their morals, or their science, if they had any one of the three. They were conspicuous by their absence. Again and again one read in speeches and leading articles, until the refrain became quite sickening, that Germany must indeed be fed, but *not* on moral grounds, *not* on sentimental grounds, *not* on humanitarian grounds, — as if any reference to these things would have immediately discredited the whole argument, — but on grounds of *policy;* which meant, of course, when translated from the language of the circumlocution office into plain speech, that unless we fed the victim up in good time, we should find him all skin and bones when he came to be roasted. A public spirit which argues or permits itself to be argued with in this way is as far removed from the spirit of science as it is from that of religion. Atrocious as such an argument would be from the point of view of St. Paul, it would be idiotic from that of Jeremy Bentham or Herbert Spencer.

But particular instances need not be labored. To the least attentive observer it must be obvious that policy, as expressed in contemporary politics, is far too much at the mercy of caprice, ignorance, and passion, far too entangled in a net of intrigue, far too closely allied with Machiavellian arts, far too overlaid with the secondary interests of parties, far too deeply involved in the erratic fortunes of eminent persons, to be scientific in any intelligible sense of the term. The same reasons forbid us to connect it with religion; and if other reasons are wanted, they can be found. By their fruits ye shall know them. The fruits of religion are righteousness, joy, and peace. Are these fruits of policy? They might have been if policy had grown up in the atmosphere of the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians, and, to a lesser degree, if the political mind had been put to school under Herbert Spencer. As a matter of fact, our notions of policy have developed in other company and been moulded by very different influences. They express the ideals of an acquisitive society; they reflect the cupidity of nations, groups, and classes; they are compromised by vote-catching interests; they are entangled in the arts of electioneering; they are contaminated with every kind of personal and party ambition. The fruits are strife, — the war of

minds, the war of interests, and finally the war of arms, — in short, the world as it exists to-day.

### III

The men who lead the world to-day are, preëminently, politicians, the authors and the agents of 'policy.' We speak of leaders in art, of leaders in science, of leaders in religion; but the influence possessed by these, and the power they wield, are small compared with those of a 'leading politician.' By common consent the work of the politician, which consists in devising policies and making laws to correspond, is the work which counts, and on which the vital issues depend. Thus the political leader outranks all others in importance, and his followers far outnumber theirs. To the mere lover of fame, power, influence, there is no career so attractive as the political; none which offers such exciting adventures and such dazzling triumphs. Except for the great conqueror, who seldom makes his appearance in the modern world, there is no man so courted, so acclaimed, so fêted as the political leader: for once that the limelight shines upon the man of science, the artist, the poet, the sage: the philosopher, the saint, it shines a thousand times upon him. It is all very well to say, 'Give me the making of the nation's songs, and let who will make its laws'; but if you want a brilliant and exciting life, your name in all men's mouths and crowds shouting at your heels, you had better leave the songs alone and get busy with political oratory. For one man who will sing your songs if you happen to be a great poet, there are a million who will read your speeches if you succeed in becoming a political leader. The political leader is the typical leader of the modern world; compared with him, all others are in relative obscurity; his leadership is the most widely acknowledged, and, if leadership is the object of your ambitions, politics is clearly your road.

And yet, in spite of the immense following which political leaders command, how seldom do we encounter one of them of whom we can say that his followers *love* him. One may express the relation between leader and followers in many terms, — terms of admiration, terms of respect, terms of fear, terms which one would apply to a useful implement, to an efficient piece of machinery, to a formidable weapon, — but the terms of love seem always out of place. This relationship is a curious subject of study. Even on a first inspection it reveals certain features which can hardly be cited as shining examples of moral beauty. I doubt if there is any class of men who are more frankly treated as tools than our political leaders. We have been told that man is an end unto himself, and that to treat him otherwise, to treat him as a tool for your own ends, is the greatest of crimes. It is the daily crime of the political world. There are parties in existence at this moment which declare themselves determined to root this crime out of our social life; and yet these same parties are distinguished by their extreme readiness to scrap their own leaders the moment they find others who seem likely to serve them better. With what utter heartlessness these operations are performed and how many examples of it might be collected from the last four years! *Punch* had a cartoon in which the German Kaiser was exhibited as throwing his chancellors one after another down a well. I doubt if there is a political leader in the whole world at the present moment who has not to face the risk that he will end his career by being thrown down a well at the hands of his present followers. The ethos of policy requires it to be so, and there is a mu-

tual understanding between leaders and followers to that effect. The leader knows that he is not beloved; and the followers would only smile if they were told that their duty was to die rather than desert him. 'That,' they would say, 'is sentiment, not policy. Without a well, and without the right to fling your leaders into it when they cease to be useful, policy cannot be maintained. It is all part of the game.' But what a game! And what a world it would be if the spirit of the game became universal, were introduced into the League of Nations, and made the law of the government of mankind!

We here encounter a feature which shows, perhaps, more clearly than anything else could do, the extent to which a policy-governed world has turned its back on the essential principle of all human relationships. Its typical leaders are used but not beloved. Our age has still to learn that of all the forces which combine a multitude of men into living and creative communities the utilitarian motive is precisely the weakest. Yet 'policy' has nothing else to offer. It has placed the typical form of modern leadership on a basis of utility, where leaders and followers alike are educated to regard one another reciprocally as tools. Can we believe for a moment that an ethos of this nature will ever yield the forces and the motives which are to build up a league of nations, a fraternity of free peoples, a community of mankind? What could we expect from a league so conceived but the reproduction, on a wider field, of the present political world, with all its pettinesses, its quarrels, its confusions, its Judas-betrayals, writ large?

The cry of 'no sentiment' is indeed a sinister thing, for it is the sure sign that the meanest sentiments are *de facto* in possession — the sentiments which set the world at variance with itself, the sentiments which prompt contemptible actions, the sentiments which drive men and nations to sell their souls, to desert their leaders, to abase themselves for thirty pieces of silver, or it may be for thirty thousand million. Is it not painfully clear that the knots into which policy has everywhere tied up the affairs of this suffering world will never be unraveled until some noble sentiment displaces the crowd of base ones now in possession? We are told that the world is hungering for great leaders. It hungers no less for great *followers,* without whom the great leaders are unthinkable. There will be neither the one nor the other until sentiment gets its rights; until the devil, resuming his own, has flown away with our present conceptions of policy; until follower and leaders have ceased to regard each other as utilities; until nations can say to nations, 'The Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me.'

'Impossible' will be the comment of many. I can only reply that if it is impossible, the League of Nations is impossible also. If the 'free peoples' are incapable of rising to this level, either now or hereafter, they are incapable of building themselves into a loyal and living brotherhood. Not by the artful manipulation of low motives, but by a single high motive with immense driving power behind it; not by striking a common measure among the infinite forms of national self-seeking, but by resolutely turning our backs on the whole lot, will the nations reach the goal of mutual loyalty which is their hearts' desire. The peoples would do it if they had the chance; the politicians never will. The thing is not impossible.

## IV

When all the lessons which the Great War has burned into the consciousness of mankind are gathered together, I

believe they will be found to have combined in provoking a deep distrust of the official mind, a sense that the destinies of nations are not safe, and can never be safe, so long as they are at the mercy of the policies which the official mind originates and directs. More and more men are coming to view the war and all its horrors as the result, ultimately, of the attempt to rule the world in that manner; and to believe that, whatever refinements or improvements of it may be effected, they will merely shift the seat of strife, and not destroy its causes. Responsibility for the war may be distributed in various proportions and given various names, from downright criminality at one end to mere helplessness at the other; but wherever the head and front of the offending may have been, — and there is very little doubt on that point, — the belief has grown and is growing that the whole policy of the world is at the mercy of a group of false ideas and mistaken methods, of which strife and bloodshed are, sooner or later, the necessary outcome. This goes far deeper than any question as to the merits of democracy *versus* autocracy. The feeling is that, under the one system as under the other, statesmanship has lost touch with the great ideals of mankind, with the great motives of community life; that policy has degenerated into the manipulation of low motives; that diplomacy has become a thing apart from the true interests of nations, while nevertheless it holds them at its mercy for weal or woe, and in the long run for woe; that voting, elections, parliaments, law courts, and police, whether national or international, are not the last words that need to be spoken when the common good is in question.

Hence, a profound and universal unrest, taking forms, in certain countries, which threaten the very foundations of human society. Bolshevism, the summary name of all these movements, is the expression of a spirit which has lost confidence in the methods by which mankind has hitherto been 'governed.' The sources of this revolutionary spirit lie very deep. Taken at its face-value, it might appear to be directed against law and order; in reality, it is the refusal to accept as law and order what have hitherto passed muster as such. It is the demand for a new conception of law and a new conception of order. It is not impressed by the achievements of political progress up to date. Beneath the outward forms of order which ages of legislation have imposed on society it detects an inner chaos — the horrible confusion of a blind and purposeless life, which is bound sooner or later to break the feeble bonds which politicians create, and to express itself in war. In civilization, as we know it, the revolutionary spirit sees a piratical adventure with cupidity for its motive, and with internecine strife for its inevitable doom — an adventure essentially unworthy of the human race. With this conception before him, the revolutionary has naturally no respect either for the laws or for their makers. The laws he regards as so many expedients which experience has found to be efficacious in organizing cupidity. At bottom they are the expression of mutual distrust, primarily engendered by the nature of the enterprise on which all are engaged together. Hence he has no interest in the attempt to establish international law, and is either indifferent or actively hostile to present projects for a league of nations. He regards the League as an attempt at international acquisitiveness, as a paradoxical project for a world-syndicate of piracy. He reads the draft Covenant and finds it conceived in the old spirit of distrust, the spirit which the pursuit of material wealth cannot fail to engender. He sees the nations consulting together

as to how best they may continue, as before, to pursue, to overtake, to divide the spoil. It is an attempt to integrate forces whose very nature is to fly asunder, to secure peace for an enterprise which is essentially one of strife.

Thus the revolutionary finds nothing to be gained by extending and perpetuating, in a league of nations, the political systems, methods, ideas, and traditions which, in his view, have brought upon the world the present sea of troubles. He distrusts, not only the systems, but still more the type of mind, of personality, of leadership which has become the recognized exponent of these things, and regards both the systems and the men who work them as not big enough, either morally or intellectually, for governing such a world as ours. Can it be that the revolutionary is dimly seeking after the Law of Love? Anyhow, he has lost the Love of Law, if Law is taken to mean what now passes muster as such. The political state, he declares, has reached the end of its development, and the federation of free peoples, now coming to birth, will not be a larger model of any of the existing states, or their common measure, but a community of a very different type. The next step forward will be in a new direction. So he thinks.

## V

There are two courses open to the League of Nations. The first is to set about the task of crushing the spirit which I have described in the last section; and a multitude of counselors are already urging it to take this course. In that case the League of Peace must make ready for war. The ideas in question have acquired an immense currency, and they are neither to be denied nor to be trifled with. What the results of such a war would be, I should not like to predict. It is clear that it could not be maintained for long as a unitary enterprise on either side. Internal disruption would break up the forces of both parties, and immense confusion, in which empires would go to pieces, but without other discernible issue, would result.

The second course is that the League should make itself the interpreter and guide of the dim aspirations of which these things speak; that it should regulate its spirit and devise its form expressly for that purpose; that instead of basing itself on a refinement of the discredited policies of the past, it should become, in its corporate capacity, the organ of a new policy in consonance with the awakened conscience of mankind. This is not yielding to revolution; for, let it be noted, the forces of which I have spoken, infinitely dangerous when they are left unguided and uninterpreted, cease to be revolutionary just in so far as means are found for their orderly expression.

To find such means is, I venture to think, the paramount business which a league of nations should undertake. But they will not be found so long as the nations are treated as wealth-seeking units, and ingenuity is confined to devising the machinery which is to check the sordid scramble at the point where it threatens to break out into war. The negative ideal of not fighting is preposterously inadequate for the League of Nations, not only because it lacks all positive content, but still more because it involves the absurdity of imposing peace on motives whose very nature is to fight, while the motives themselves are left in being to chafe at their new restraints. A league so occupied would merely sit upon the chief safety-valve of the modern state; for it is a fact, deplore it as we may, that war has hitherto been the only means the wealth-making empires of the world possessed for letting off, at intervals,

the explosive forces that are for ever being generated by 'something rotten' in the state of acquisitive society. To be worthy of the ideals which have called it into being, to be worthy even of its name, the League must abandon this ground altogether and concern itself directly with the things that give value, meaning, and dignity to human life. Save in so far as it is able to propose for the nations in concert some higher object than any single state has ever proposed for itself, the world has no use for it. Its true function is to give meaning to what has hitherto been the meaningless life of industrial civilization, to lift it out of the slough of its sordid motives, and to set it at last on the path to the City of God. Granting, what I would not deny, that the first task is to placate the present storm, by making the best peace the circumstances permit of, yet in the terms of that peace, in the manner of its imposition, in the gesture with which the deed is accompanied, the whole world is looking for signs that a new and higher motive is coming to birth. It is precisely at this point that a single noble sentiment, a single generous impulse, a single magnanimous word, would count for more as a peacemaking force than would the most skillful adjustments of rival interests and the most formidable penalties against breakers of the peace that the political draughtsman could devise. If none of this appears, if the new 'policy' is nothing more than a new tune played on the old strings of low national motives, we shall soon have reason to wish that the League of Nations had never been heard of. The greatest opportunity which statesmanship has ever had for regaining the lost confidence of the peoples will have been thrown away, and the political mind, as it now exists, will have finally demonstrated its incompetence for the task of governing the world. After which the deluge.

## VI

It is no doubt inevitable that the League of Nations should begin its existence on the political plane, as an instrument designed for restraining the forces that hurt and destroy, as an experiment in 'government' working by the familiar modes of voting, elections, parliaments, law courts, and police. It might conceivably have begun otherwise, — for example, in a form more analogous to the Church than to the political state, — and unquestionably it would have begun in that manner but for certain accidents of history. But the facts of the situation must be accepted, and it is idle to speculate on what would have happened if the League had originated more from the desire of the nations to save their souls and less from the desire to guard or increase their wealth.

But though the way lies through politics, the goal is beyond them, and it is impossible that the start should be rightly made unless the goal is kept steadily in view. The political arrangements in which the enterprise *begins* must have a form, character, and spirit of their own, determined by the nature of the *ultimate* object to which they are intended to lead up. This object is not merely to restrain the forces that make for war, but to do a far greater thing — *to liberate the forces that make for peace.* In all nations there are at this moment immense reserves of these forces, repressed or misdirected or totally unused, but waiting to be enlisted and combined for common achievement in the manifold arts, interests, and pursuits that give man his true vocation on this planet. This work of liberation, enlistment, and redirection, conceived as a coöperative task on a world-wide basis, is the true function of a league of nations. To form it for any purpose less than this is to form it in vain.

Such a conception, remote as it may seem from the problems of the hour, has immense value in helping us to solve them. It defines the spirit in which the *beginning* must be made. Granting that the beginning must take the form of some treaty, or other political instrument, this must be conceived in a spirit conformable to the end. Magnanimity is demanded at the outset, while meanness, rapacity, and revenge are ruled out as absolutely fatal. An arrangement, however ingeniously contrived, which lacks the first quality and displays the others, is off the track a league of nations has to follow. A league of conquerors, for example, dominated by the habits of mind which conquest invariably engenders, cannot, under any conceivable circumstances, develop into a genuine fraternity of free peoples: it would be a false start, and its psychology, to say nothing of its morals, would condemn it. Even as keeper of the peace, a league of conquerors will not succeed. Nor do we make its failure the less assured by baptizing it a league of nations.

In a remarkable article contributed to the *Harvard Theological Review*, Dr. F. G. Peabody draws the distinction between peace-*making* and peace-*keeping*, and reminds us that the blessing of the Gospel is pronounced on the peace-*makers*. Indeed, the two things are by no means the same, although often confused. They employ different methods and have different ideals, of which the ideal of the peace-maker is incomparably the higher. While the peace-keeper is engaged with the negative object of preventing strife, the peace-maker has the positive aim of promoting fellowship. 'Thou shalt not fight,' is the motto of the one; 'thou shalt coöperate,' is the motto of the other. The methods of the peace-keeper invariably end in the resort to law courts and police; the peace-maker, on the other hand, works by a method which has a law of its own but dispenses with both lawyers and policemen. His work includes all that the peace-keeper sets out to accomplish, and a great deal more. He says nothing about peace-keeping, and may seem at first sight to be indifferent to it; but by engaging men in positive coöperations, he sets their relations on a footing where the peace is kept automatically. In this he shows himself a good psychologist. For while, broadly speaking, all men and all nations desire to be at peace with one another, none of them desires *to be kept at peace* by the rest; or, more strictly speaking, while some are willing to play the part of peace-keepers to the others, all are unwilling that others should play the part of peace-keepers to them. Thus, by its very nature, peace-keeping is an irritating topic, which can hardly be introduced without sowing the seeds of recalcitrancy and discord. Most of the great conquerors of the world have loved to exhibit themselves in the rôle of peace-keepers, and most of the great wars have originated from the notions which such men entertain of the methods by which peace is to be kept.

So the peace-maker avoids this dangerous topic as much as he can. He promotes the idea of mutual service; he enriches the world with the arts of co-operation; he invents devices for bearing the common burden; he institutes communities of knowledge; he founds schools, and would, if he had his way, turn the whole world into a university of high achievement, where men and nations might learn day by day their need of each others' help. His manners correspond to his methods. He is neither artful nor repressive, but frank, pitiful, and magnanimous; for he knows how true it is of nations, as of individuals, that *tout savoir est tout pardonner*. Such is the peace-maker, and it is only

by following him that the world will ever be *kept* at peace.

The great weakness of the whole propaganda behind the project for a league of nations lies in the fact that it has seldom risen beyond the level of the peace-keeping conception. A fatality, born of our limited notions of policy, has confined thought to this lower ground. Hence it is that the League, backed though it be by the desire of all nations *to be* at peace, has to reckon with the unwillingness of every nation *to be kept* at peace by the others; an unwillingness which is clearly revealed in the tendency of each of the Great Powers to make some exception in its own favor, — sea-power for Britain, the Monroe Doctrine for America, and so on, — which leaves it virtually the master of its own actions. Whether or not America would consent to aid in keeping the peace of Europe (and the point seems doubtful at the moment), I take it as certain that she would never consent *to be kept at peace by Europe* if her own honor and ideals, as she interprets them to herself, required her to go to war. Nor would Europe in similar circumstances suffer herself to be kept at peace by America. How could any nation which has reached moral maturity enter into such an engagement? And how can the morally mature nations impose it on the morally immature, unless at the same time they reciprocally impose it upon one another? Material interests apart, such a concession, made by a mature nation, would be tantamount to the loss of its sovereign right to be, in the last resort, the author of its own conduct.

Clearly another way must be found; and the way indicated is that of the peace-maker. As a mere peace-keeping institution in the sense indicated, the League of Nations is doomed to be a disastrous failure; for it will provoke far more quarrels than it will either prevent or allay. Not until we conceive its functions in terms of peace-making, shall we begin to understand what it is we have set ourselves to accomplish.

We shall not greatly err if, for the time being, we dismiss political considerations from our minds and think of the League as an enterprise in international education, whose first business is to introduce the elements of mutual trust, understanding, and good-will into the prevailing chaos of barbaric motives. Frankly, I would attach more importance to such a scheme as that proposed by Mr. Brailsford for the establishment of international universities, open to all classes and especially to the workers, than to the most formidable machinery for policing the world, if only because it strikes the note of education, indicates the need of creating the international mind, and so carries us away from the ground dominated by the malign spirit of traditional diplomacy and the arts of the politician. Four hundred years ago Europe was far more of a living unity than it has been since; and it owed its unity in no small measure to the splendid influence of the men who went forth into all lands from its international universities, where they had been educated as citizens of the world. The same thing might be repeated to-day on an immensely vaster scale. Nor would patriotism suffer the smallest loss.

Again, taking a wider view, if we think of the League as the beginning of a concerted crusade by all nations against the inhuman mechanism, the base acquisitiveness, the low morals and vile habits of mind which are now covered by the word 'policy'; if we think of it as an effort to dismiss the standard of quantity and erect the standard of quality over the whole field of industrial life, and so provide man with a vocation that is worthy of him, — the world-organ of a revolution against the reign of cupidity, ugliness, squalor, —

in short, a redemptive and not a mere preventive enterprise, do we not see in a movement so conceived guaranties of peace a thousand times more effectual than any crusade against war can promise — indeed, the only guaranties which a world awakening from the spirit of covetousness could possibly accept as valid?

Anything which moves on these lines may be welcomed, and hailed as the dawn of a new day. The march of events will doubtless provide many opportunities. Possibly, nay probably, we may find ourselves before long in presence of a threat to the whole fabric of industrial civilization due to the humiliating fact that the follies of the world have brought it to the brink of a financial precipice. Even that may be a blessing in disguise. Coöperation forced upon the nations by the need to save themselves from this calamity, may prove the beginning of coöperation in endless other forms. And yet it were better not to wait until action is forced upon them by the march of events.

We need *a league of ideas* to furnish the League of Nations with aim, spirit, and form: the religious idea, the moral, the educational, the economic, and — let it be granted — the political. Of this mixed company the political idea is not the one that I would select as destined to play the chief part in founding a brotherhood of free peoples. Under happier auspices the political idea might indeed have become the summary of all the rest. It has not. It has degenerated, until the word 'policy,' on the lips of nine persons out of ten who use it, conveys no higher conception than the astute adjustment of selfish motives. Such a conception, whatever use it may have in other spheres, and whatever skill in draughtmanship it may command in this, is utterly inadequate for the work of reconciliation and fraternity. In this connection it is worse than useless: it is disastrous; and if allowed to dominate the councils of the nations at this juncture, it may be trusted to wake the sleeping dogs of three continents.

Yet, alas, it is the obsession of the official mind; the fetish of all the vested interests in the world. But it has proved a broken reed in every great crisis of history; and though the nations have suffered their destinies to fall into its power, it is profoundly distrusted. Men are learning to know it for what it is, and every deeper tendency of the age is in revolt against its domination.

The idea is widely prevalent that, because the problem of pacification is so vast, so complex, so involved in selfish interests and dangerous passions, it will tolerate no moral idealism, but must be solved by strict and exclusive regard to policy. This article is intended to suggest a precisely opposite conclusion. Just because the problem is so vast, so complex, so involved in selfish interests and dangerous passions, I plead that moral idealism is the only force that can save us. We are in the presence of an immense entanglement which must be cut through by the sword of the spirit. We are in deep waters, and the astute political mind is utterly out of its depth. The whole world is crying out for moral idealism; the demand for a league of nations is the expression of its desire. We wait for this highest thing as they that wait for the morning; and whenever the gleams of it appear on the horizon, as they do from time to time, there is a deep response from the hearts of millions, and the hopes revive which 'policy' has well-nigh crushed.

# LETTERS FROM A SAGE-BRUSH FARM

BY ANNIE PIKE GREENWOOD

*January 23.*

MY DEAR SISTER, —

The children are all in bed, and the wind is howling about the farmhouse in anything but a pleasant fashion, but I don't mind it any more. The older I grow, the less the weather affects me. Let the elements rage. I know the storm is good for something or somebody, and I can rejoice all the more when a bright clear day comes.

I am all alone here in the farmhouse as Charley has gone to the Legislature at Boise. I mean alone except for the children. If I were in a city house a few feet from my neighbor, I should be quite terrified at being left alone with the children for two months; but here, out in the country, perched on the top of a hill, far from neighbors, looking out upon a landscape scarcely yet tamed by man, I feel perfectly safe. In the city I fear I should have difficulty in feeling the close, intimate presence of God; but out here in the wild country it seems the most natural thing in the world. No wonder the Indians named Him the Great Spirit, for here, with the vast expanse of cloud-filled sky above me, and the vast expanse of earth about me, I feel the Great Spirit around me, in me, and through me, as though my little children and I were floating in waves of protecting love.

I am not a Christian Scientist, nor am I a New Thoughter, but I am a believer in God in this world with us. Two weeks ago Charley, just over the influenza, was forced to leave for Boise. Three of the children were in bed with the influenza, and the day after he left, the last, Charles took it. But he had faith in the God we cannot see. I was downstairs sleeping when I heard him call. I went up and found him in a burning fever. I gave him medicine, and he said, 'Mamma, tell me what to think of to get well.' I do not know what a New Thoughter would have said, nor yet a Christian Scientist; but I told Charles how to speak to God and to himself as well, for I believed he could heal himself, as he also believed.

The next day I kept him in bed, although the fever was entirely gone, for faith without works is dead. He was never sick from the time he woke with the fever. That day I began to have the symptoms of influenza — you know that long shuddery chill down your spine that is not affected by the hottest fire you may try to sit upon. By the time I went to bed I was almost prostrate, and worst of all, I was suffering — or beginning to suffer — fear at the thought of myself in this lonely farmhouse, sick, with four little children to be waited upon.

I thought it over as I lay there chilling, and it seemed to me that if God loved me as I believed, and if I had power to heal myself, as I also believed, there was no sense in my allowing such suffering to come upon me and my little ones. I said at once, 'I feel warm, and there is nothing the matter with me. I shall go to sleep and wake perfectly well.' I said those words over and over, and you will find it hard to believe, when I tell you that before long the

warm blood began to flow through my veins and I fell asleep. I was all right when I awoke the next morning, and although all my family have had to spend from a week to two weeks in bed with the influenza while I nursed them, cooked, washed, ironed, etc., I have not been sick since my brief symptoms. My dear sister, I am not propounding a religion, I am giving a testimony. God is with us. Anchor yourself to that. He is not sitting up on a throne, an absentee landlord, letting the world shift for itself, and yet holding it accountable: he is with us here, right now, yearning to lift us all up into happiness and lovingness.

I had just managed to get two of my babies out of bed, when two of Charley's friends came to kill hogs. Charley meant them to keep one hog for themselves to pay for the killing, but they would n't take more than a shoulder apiece and some ribs and liver; so I had most of those two hogs to 'put down,' and I never did such a thing in my life before: Charley has always taken care of the hogs, from hams to sausage.

I worried about that job. O ye of little faith! I had faith to cure my influenza; but to cure the meat from two hogs — I thought I had it all to do, without the assistance of God or anybody else. When the men came to scald the hogs, they wanted to take the galvanized tub that we bathe in. We have been six years on this farm, and until two years ago I bathed uncomplainingly in a sage-brush fire-blackened tub that the pigs had been scalded in. But two years ago I rebelled. Never until we came on this farm had I bathed in anything but a full-sized bathtub with faucets, etc., and it was hard enough to enter that tiny round tub, without using one from which no human ingenuity could remove the soot. I demanded a new tub and got it, and did n't propose to give it up. It was n't a bit nice of me, because it caused those men some inconvenience, and they were just doing the killing as a favor; but I put the boiler on the stove, and they brought water from the ditch to save the cistern water, and when it was hot, they carried it out to a barrel where they had some hot irons, which they inserted.

There were 350 pounds of meat, and when I saw it I could n't sleep that night for the thought of taking care of it. The neighbor below the hill offered to have her husband come and do it; but I told her no. I knew that, if I could successfully care for those two hogs, I should be a more valuable person than ever before, even though the apprehension would arise that, were I successful, I should probably have it to do henceforth.

But I did it, sister. I have the prettiest white lard, and the most beautiful hams and bacon. My sausage was the best we have ever had in the six years. I am sending you some so you can try it. I processed most of it. I am a bit suspicious that I may not find it a success, as the fat separated, as did also the juice; but I plan to put the fat in the frying-pan when I open the jars, and take the gelatine juice and work it into the meat, moulding it into pats.

I put my hams and bacon in boxes in the upstairs hall, and was alarmed two days afterward to find the ceiling leaking. One of my neighbors says that the salt is curing the meat and is doing it well. Upstairs all around the boxes is a jellied mass which I shall have some fun cleaning up, and the ceiling is still dripping with a pan set beneath it. My neighbor says that I must not disturb the meat at this stage; so let her drip! Luckily the upstairs hall has no carpet.

And the very next day after the killing, a neighbor man told me exactly how to take care of the meat, another neighbor got my salt, sugar, saltpetre,

and pepper, and a neighbor's girl came over, unasked, to help me. God was looking after me all the time.

I have been making some money lately which is going into thrift stamps. Yes, I have a book along with the rest of my youngsters. A man came to sell me a piano or a phonograph, and before he left I had sold him six hens and a pup. Hens at a dollar and a half apiece, and pup for three dollars. It was twelve dollars for me that I was glad to get; but he made a good bargain, for the hens are the most beautiful white Plymouth Rocks, and the pup is a pure-bred collie. His mother brought twenty-five dollars at the same age, as did also his father.

Walter's birthday was in December, when he was eleven years old, and he now milks two cows. I am proud of him. It does n't hurt him, and I know that the mastery of that milking business must build character. I was a worthless child compared to what my boys are; but then, I was a help to mother, as you know, for I was great at entertaining the other children. But of real work I knew nothing. Whatever the farm may mean to a woman, it is the best place in the world to raise boys.

How strange it would seem to you if you had been to town but twice in a year's time. That is how it has been with me — once when I went to have the babies weighed and measured by Uncle Sam, and once to vote. And yet I feel as though I have been over to Europe, and all over America. I have hardly seen a boy in khaki, yet I have watched them march down the streets of several big cities, and leave New York harbor. I have heard their feet tramping in the dark over in France with the bombs bursting, and the sky lit with death. No one, to observe casually the outside of my labor on the farm, would know that a war was taking place, although they might wonder at some of the queer things I have been substituting for the cooking of other days; but my soul has been marching on with the world's war, and I cannot believe that I have not been in close touch with it. That is what reading does. I have watched the Tsar fall, I have watched the Kaiser sneak away, I have watched the whole terrible conflict from my secluded perch on the top of this hill. And I have tried with all my heart and hands to help push the work along. Don't you think I may have caused just a ripple in the great sea of progress?

It is time for me to be in bed with my little ones. The wind is still raging round the farmhouse, but we are safe. This is the first letter I have ever written to you without a dash of humor, but I do not feel funny to-night. Only thankful. Thankful that my wee ones are all well and in bed, thankful that the two hogs are cured, thankful that I do not have to run my life all myself.

God bless you, my dear girl, and good-night.

YOUR SISTER.

HAZELTON, IDAHO, *January* 31, 1919.

MY DEAR FOLKS, —

I want to thank you at once for the rubber gloves. They are such a gift as only a long-suffering farmer's wife, with broken finger-nails and split, bleeding thumbs, can appreciate. Once before in my life I wore rubber gloves to do housework, but it was more or less vanity at that time, as I disliked seeing my carefully manicured hands lose their youthful appearance through the ravages of the hard Los Angeles water; but in the present case the rubber gloves are first aid to a wounded soldier on the battlefield of life. I have never had the chance to cut or file any of my finger-nails except my thumbs, in the six years I have been here — they break off as they grow. They are al-

ways even with the quick, and sensitive under the hard manual labor which it is necessary for me to do. I think it is almost wholly due to the water from the cistern, which is of course hard, since the cistern is not lined with water-glass. Of course, doing the work I do, it would be impossible to have beautifully manicured hands, but they need not be bleeding and painful. However, they are worth a hundred per cent more than they were when I kept them so carefully manicured in the days of my youth.

What do you think? I am going to Boise to-morrow to hear Schumann-Heink sing. Can we afford it? I am going to shut both my ears tight to that question. I feel that I can't afford not to. I must have a taste of life with other people. So my suitcase is packed, and in the most irresponsible manner I shall now take a bath in the round galvanized tub, sleep, and immediately be on my way. One of my reasons for going, too, is that I want to see some other part of the state. I love Idaho, and I would like to see Boise. And besides, Charley suggested my coming.

Some friends are going to stay here with the children, and for the first time in eleven years, — no, the second time, now I think of it, — I am leaving my children for more than a day.

With love, I am,

A.

BOISE, *Sunday*.

DEAR JEANETTE, —

I am so homesick for my babies.

Walter and I walked through mud to my ankles to the train through the sage-brush. There I went along through the sage-brush in my heavy, flat-heeled shoes, dangling my French-heeled city shoes in my hand. I sat on the suitcase and changed them when we got to the track. Walter rode Buttons and carried the suitcase. I was over an hour too early; it was snowing and bitter cold. Buttons tried to paw out his grave in his discontent, while I would whistle and Walter and I would dance to keep warm; then Walter would whistle. When we got tired of this diversion, I decided to stand still and freeze and let the conductor chop me away and load me on the train. I turned my back on the storm, and gradually became a snow-image. Walter, poor child, had to stand in the centre of the track, holding that dirty rag of a flag, and peering through the snow for the train, while I reiterated, like the lady in Bluebeard, 'Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see anything coming?'

And then, all unobserved, Buttons broke loose and went loping up the gradual slope of sage-brush hill, my old shoes, tied together by their shoe-strings, flopping on either side of the saddle-horn. When the train finally came, and Mr. McHenry stepped off with a shovel over one shoulder and a pitchfork over the other, both new, I was so glad, because Walter would have someone to walk home with.

What stories I hear among these people here! And all true. Better than fiction. I have been talking to-day to a senator's wife who pioneered on a homestead outside of Rupert. Two years ago, when her husband came to Boise in the interests of the people down there, — he was not a senator then, but a bill was pending which he worked for, — that woman had ten head of horses to feed and six cows to milk herself, and all the chores to do, with two children to get off to school. And the consolation she got from a neighbor was that anyway her husband was getting a nice trip to Boise. I would n't have a man anything but public-spirited, but there is no gratitude for what you do from the people whom you most benefit.

One of Charley's close friends here is the representative from a northern county. He has a homestead there. How different are conditions there from what they are in our part of the state! He says that the forest back of his homestead is so dense that it is hard to get the cattle through it, and that they have so much rainfall, they need not irrigate, while we have no trees and it keeps Charley so busy trying to see that the other fellow does not steal his water, that he does n't know we have the most beautiful view in the world from our farm.

This man's sister-in-law has killed twenty bears. One day she and his wife saw a mother bear and cubs come out of the forest close to their house. They chased the mother bear away and her cubs up a tree. Upon going to the house for a gun, they found the husband had taken it with him. One of them then sat down to wait and watch, while the other went for a neighbor with a gun. He came, and the women, who were both good shots, begged him to let them shoot at least the cubs, and he might have the big bear; but he shot all three, and took the skins home with him. Gallant, was n't he?

The representative from another northern county told Charley that he and his wife homesteaded, with the nearest farm thirty miles away, and that she did not see a white woman for two years! Can you conceive the loneliness of that?

'But looking back, we would n't have lived anywhere else,' he said. 'We went through hardships that no one has now. I have plenty of means as the result, and all my children are good. I have twelve children. If we had made the money and the children had turned out bad, we would have felt that we had failed. Stay on the farm. It is the safest and best place for your children.'

HAZELTON, *February* 9, 1919.

DEAR CHARLEY, —

To-day Mr. Bennett came with your letter to me, and looked very strange in his best suit and white collar, sitting in your chair and talking of his meeting with the Governor. If farm men only knew what a gratification it is to the women folks to see them in business suits and white collars once in a while, instead of the everlasting overalls and colored shirts!

Consider the farmers of the field, how they go; they shave not, neither do they bathe:

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon at his very worst was not arrayed like one of these.

That is one of the things that makes us countrywomen age more than the city woman; it is the seeing your man day in and day out in his old overalls, colored shirt, no tie, manure all over his shoes, a slouch about his shoulders, and a quid of tobacco in his cheek. Not to say that my man would do such a thing, but that is the average farmer.

*Monday night.*

P.S. When Mr. H. went to town Saturday I asked him to get me envelopes, but he forgot to do so, so I could n't mail your letter to-day. I am writing just for lonesomeness. I enjoyed my trip to Boise so much that I feel homesick for it. I have been amusing myself by writing some verses which, you will recognize, were inspired by that jaunt abroad. How is this for gustatorial appreciation?

FRIED SILVER SMELTS

Let epicurean poets sing
Of beef with Yorkshire batter,
Of turkey breast, or chicken wing,
Of sucking pig grown fatter,
Or dainty lamb that speaks of spring —
Delectable? — No matter!
For if you love me, kindly bring
(And so you subtly flatter)
Fried silver smelts, a goodly string,
A-smiling on a platter.

With meats and game and many a thing
They pick and pull and patter;
Well, let them have their feeble fling,
Their epicurean chatter;
I'll be the queen and you the king,
Immune to all their chatter,
While to this menu we will cling,
Though all conventions shatter —
Fried silver smelts, a goodly string,
A-smiling on a platter.

And now for the other:—

DEATH

'Do you remember that first time I kissed you?'
You asked me that through all these many years,
Held to your heart, and now through blinding tears
'T is I who whisper to unheeding ears,
'Do you remember that first time I kissed you?'

I know that if I should read those first verses to little Charles he would take them in dead earnest, and in that he is most unlike his mother; but if I should read the second verse to him — I mean the second 'pome' — he would melt into tears; and in that he is like his mother. The description in the *Digest* of how grateful our poor wounded boys were 'over there' for their ice-cream, served only to the seriously wounded, made me press my hands to my eyes to keep the children from seeing my tears that would have flowed.

Little Charles! He has been trying all day to express how much he missed me while I was gone, and how glad he is that I have come back. But in between his protestations of love he was a very limb of Satan. For that matter, all my little branches were limbs of Satan to-day. Perhaps it was because it was wash-day. You know I hate the smell of soapsuds as much as you hate the smell of manure. So it is just possible that mother's mood may have played a part in the complexion of the day.

You should have had a movie of our family life. I fear you would never return. It began early with Rhoda dashing for a dipper of hot water to the reservoir. She had been playing in cold water, — you know what a fish she is, — and she wanted to warm her hands. Charles interposed himself like a Roderick Dhu.

This reservoir shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

But Rhoda believes that actions speak louder than words, so she up with the dipper and whacked him over the head. Charles was dazed, but one of his feet remembered the proper answer; and upon Rhoda's screech, Walter took a hand, and in his forcible efforts to punish Charles for mistreating his sister, he stepped on Joe's hand. Now, I leave you to imagine the orchestration.

It had all happened in the wink of an eye, and their poor mother was totally unprepared for the terrific bedlam. I thought, 'I must do something quickly, but what?' What would you have done? I'll tell you what I did: I broke into peals of laughter that stopped every last one of those children dead in their tracks, their last yells frozen on their faces. I believe they thought that at last they had driven their distracted mother insane. Taking advantage of the sudden lull, I told Charles to try the boat for which I made a sail yesterday in the tub of water in the kitchen, directed Rhoda to watch him, took little Joe on my lap and nursed his hand, and whispered to Walter, 'You won't interfere any more with the children, will you?'

'I don't know whether you mean yes or no, mamma, but I'll try,' he said.

Once again, in quite heartless manner, I laughed at my children's cries of woe. But I secreted my head behind the wringer to do so, and did not let them see me. Joe did n't like something, and in a fit of temper threw himself on the floor screaming. That is something I will not tolerate, so I spanked him and laid him across a

chair where he could enjoy his grief at his leisure. Charles saw his opportunity, and began to imitate Joe's cries, which of course made Joe bellow all the more. I looked in on Charles meaningly. All that I accomplished was that Charles lowered his tones to what he thought was about right to reach Joe's ears and escape mine. But I was on the job. I slipped through the bedroom, catching him unawares, and gave him a nice sample of ivory soap. Now you may add Charles's howls to Joe's. Rhoda, hearing his agonized cries, began also to cry at the top of her lungs through sympathy. Of course, Joe, who had failed to notice mamma applying the bad-boy cleanser, supposed that Charles was giving a more vigorous imitation, so his howls of protestation grew louder also. Thank goodness, we do not live in an apartment house! I went right on with my work serenely. I felt neither anger, sorrow, nor amusement, until Walter leaned over me (he was turning the wringer), and at the climax of the orgy of wails murmured, 'Mid-African Jungle.' It sounded so exactly like a jungle of wild animals giving voice to their emotions that I shook with laughter. Charles found it the proper occasion to brush his teeth, which he did for upwards of half an hour. And it effected a complete cure — at least for to-day, which is saying a good deal for a child who likes to tease as does Charles.

*Saturday Night, February* 15, 1919.

My dear Sister, —

So Bert, having been a farmer himself before you married him, would like to know something about the Non-Partisan League. Well, I suppose I should be satisfied that I have roused some interest in at least one of your family. Maybe, if he is interested, you will be; but since he has become owner of an electric-power plant, I suppose we can't hope for his support at election time in case the Non-Partisans should get a footing in Utah. And yet, I don't see why not, because he is just a little independent owner, and he may butt his head against one of the power trusts before he gets through, just as we farmers are butting ours against the water trust and the power trust here in Idaho.

All we farmers paid our sixteen dollars to join the League when the organizers came around. At the primaries we outvoted both Democrats and Republicans. But at election we fell way behind. You see, Frank Gooding wanted to be United States Senator, and he spent over a thousand dollars a day in newspaper publicity trying to convince the farmers that the League leaders were unpatriotic — I.W.W.'s in disguise. Charges of disloyalty were made against our leader, Townley; and of course, a good many concluded that there must be smoke where there was fire. This was an election measure, and as soon as election was over, Townley was acquitted.[1]

The morning of election, the Boise *Statesman* came out with a signed statement on its front page from sixty boys in the army, protesting against the voting of the Non-Partisan ticket as being grossly unpatriotic. Sixty boys out of the State of Idaho were supposed to represent what all the boys in Idaho thought. It seems that a certain reverend gentleman from Boise was sent to France at the expense of the politicians, supposedly as a Red Cross worker, but really to get these signatures. The politicians were wise. That plea had its effect, for our farmers are very simple people, and they could never resist such pleading, even though they might know it wrong. But the majority did

[1] On July 12, 1919, Mr. Townley was convicted by a jury in a Minnesota court, of conspiracy to teach disloyalty, in violation of a statute of that state. — The Editors.

not know that it was wrong. Oh, let's not bandy words in anything so serious. They were either too ignorant or too indifferent. We lost at the polls.

Our county went Non-Partisan — Charley as representative, and a Mr. T—— of Rupert, hardware man and former farmer, as senator. One of our Hazelton men had expected the nomination for senator. A big banker had made an agreement with our present Governor, Davis, to help him, in return for the making of Jerome County from slices of three other counties, Jerome, where he had his bank, to be county seat. Of course, our Hazelton business men, who see red when Non-Partisan is mentioned, and who hate Rupert, worked for the county. They declared that we were to be split in two, — our segregation, — unless we petitioned, because the division had been planned by Rupert. They sent out a petition for the farmers to sign, to the effect that, *if* we had to become a part of Jerome County, we wanted to go as a whole. Then we began working against going into Jerome County. That 'if' petition was used against us as asking that we be taken into Jerome. And Charley's name led all the rest (like Abou Ben Adhem's). But when he signed it he underscored the 'if' himself, for fear some farmer would overlook that important word.

Charley worked night and day, — neither slept nor ate, — to try to prevent our being made part of Jerome County, but to no avail. The fact that the Non-Partisans were against it only made the bill pass faster. We are now living in Jerome County, and our taxes will go sky-high to pay for the new county courthouse, the new county papers, and the new road to Jerome through a desert of lava rock.

Charley has just introduced a bill asking for the referendum, so that the people of the state may have a chance to vote the Jerome County bill. I want to quote from his letter (I could almost do so from memory, for when I do not receive many letters, I read and reread those I do get a hundred times. You see, I have now nothing but reading as a diversion, and letters are almost persons.) 'There will be no chance to fight for any of our bills, as they are referred to committees which recommend that they be not printed, which has the same effect as killing them would have. That is to say that they are put out of their misery as soon as born.'

He continues, —

'I had a letter from Russell Lane Grange in which they thanked me for making the fight for them. I start to-morrow on the power bills. I have to study to-night in order to make a fight to-morrow, to get my bill printed, whereby the state will develop unused water-power. I won't get anywhere with it, but as it is one of the planks of the Republican Party's platform of last election, it will be interesting to get a record vote of the thing, just to see how they will vote down their own promises.

'I visited the plant of the *Farmer's Daily* yesterday, at Nampa, and they have a big affair. They are installing a big press and we will have a fine daily fully paid for in advance for one year before the first issue. That will put it over in good shape.'

So you see, Bert, what we are up against. I can see you chuckling to yourself, and congratulating yourself on your wisdom in leaving that plough in the middle of the field when you made your declaration of independence to your father. I, too, would quit, but my fighting blood is up, and if I get out now, it would be with a sense of defeat. Thank God, I have at last found a cause worth fighting for, though like all other Great Causes of the world's

history, the people whom I would see most benefited seem the most indifferent. I hope it is not sacrilegious when I say I know how Christ felt when he was trying to save the people of the world in spite of their indifference. But the farmers will wake up. I will not sink under this injustice, and I will not rise, unless all farmers rise with me.

Of course, we shall have to suffer. We have had to suffer being pioneers on a pioneer farm, and we shall have to suffer being pioneers in this new political party. There are times when I feel that I am of the blood of martyrs, and other times when I would almost sell the whole cause for a real porcelain bathtub! But even Christ had his temptation.

I am not a successful farmer's wife. Do you know what it takes to be a successful farmer's wife? She is a woman who must not read (there is no time); she must not be interested in politics (of course not); she must have unlimited capacity for work (eighteen hours out of the twenty-four); she must economize pitilessly on what she has, and do without everything possible (she has milk to drink, what else could one desire?); she cannot have any of the niceties of person (imagine a farmer's wife with manicured nails, carefully-cared-for hair, face cold-creamed!); she must never expect a day off, or an afternoon free (even Sundays are days of work); she must not expect to see or hear opera, the movies, plays, lectures, or concerts (can't afford time or money); she must be able to do anything on the farm that her husband can (many a time she must take a hired hand's place); besides which, of course, she must do all baking, butter-making, washing, ironing, cooking, cleaning, bathing of children, gardening, chicken-care, including hatching, hair-cutting for the family, curing of the winter's meat, helping gather and store winter vegetables, canning of fruits. Of course, she has all poultry to kill, pick, and clean for the table, and any she may sell. Also she must sew for the family, and must patch and darn as long as the cloth will hold an added thread.

And why must she do all this? Oh, because she is a farmer's wife. Why must she receive almost no compensation? Same reason. Why have no time to take care of herself or go to see and hear things she loves? Because she works so hard. And why does she work so hard? Because she is a farmer's wife. And why should a farmer's wife, of all women in the world, be compelled to suffer such a fate? Because the farmer has chosen his profession with the idea that in it he is the most independent man on earth.

Certainly! Independent! Here are the things he must do whether he will or not: he must rise before daylight; he must water and feed his cattle; he must plough, sick or well, and do all the other things toward a crop; he must worry about the water; he must demand of his entire family all the work he can get out of them, no matter how kind-hearted he may be; he must turn his crop over to someone else who will give him whatever they see fit; he must see it sold for so little, that he wonders whether his family will have shoes to wear in the winter; he must worry to meet taxes; he must see his cattle die, and his hens pass away, because he cannot afford to feed them; he must give up reading (he is too tired at night); he must go to bed with the chickens; he must see nothing, hear nothing, do nothing that does not apply directly to his crop. Oh, yes, the farmer is the most independent man on earth, with his thirty-three-and-a-third-cent-dollar in his overall pockets, and a week's growth of beard on his chin. And his wife is the most enviable woman on earth.

But, believe me, the world will change! It's got to do so! What is the government doing for us? Setting the price on wheat and sending us county agents to tell our husbands how to kill jack-rabbits, and women county agents to tell us farm-women how to make a dress out of our flour-sacks. That latter was all right during the war, but I wonder if that county agent did n't find out that we farm-women, long before the war, were compelled to use our flour-sacks for underwear because the middleman was buying silk underwear for his wife?

Why does n't our good old government ask us farmers what we want, instead of assuming that superior paternal attitude, as much as to say, 'You farmers are all little children. We know what is best for you. Just be good and do what we tell you, and by working hard, some day you can have a few dollars in your old age — oh, not much; but you won't need much, because we shall teach you how to live all these years on so little that you can get along on very little when old age grips you.'

Last summer our county agent, with the best of intentions, spent his time (at a high salary) telling our men how to kill jack-rabbits. If he had hunted a market for our hay, actually marketed it, and paid the farmer the money, how infinitely grateful we would have been to the government. As it is, worthy young man though our agent is, our farmers seem to think that he is of little use to them. Our agent also sent me elaborate diagrams and pictures for making iceless refrigerators, and screens for our windows. The supposition was that we could not afford ice (which we can't), or the time to get it (which we also can't), and that we would be glad of a makeshift. The window-screen fascinated me. All the hard-working farm-woman had to do was to get her husband to buy screening in town; then she cut it to fit her windows, then she sewed cloth around it, then she spent several hours working button-holes around the sides, and then she fixed hooks around the windows over which she buttoned the button-holes. Of course, having so much leisure, her time was worth nothing.

I resent the fact that the hardest-working woman in the world is expected by the government to make her own necessities. Why she should be compelled to use makeshifts when she works eighteen hours a day, her husband likewise? Why have I only three miserable makeshift screens in a house of fifteen windows? Were our crops a failure? Quite the contrary: we had good crops considering the insufficient water distribution with which we had to contend, and we thought we were going to be on Easy Street every year for six years. Did n't we have enough land? One hundred and sixty acres ought to be enough. Where is the trouble? The lack of market and marketing facilities, and the middle-man. The men who have handled our crops have grown rich.

I am not a Socialist. I am not dreamer enough for that. But my beloved government is taking the wrong course with us farm people. Let the government supply us with middle-men instead of county agents — government-paid middle-men who would have no object in profiteering on us. Let the government supply us with warehouses to store our surplus — every year a part of our good money goes to build granaries which stand idle half the year, and I board the builders of the granaries. Let the government find out where our crops should go and see to the shipping of them, so that we who have plenty can supply those who want. Let the government study our conditions, cost of production, — including farm-labor, husband's labor, wife's labor, — and set the price on crops

accordingly, different in each locality, and we shall all be glad to abide by the results and the consumer will not suffer, there being no middle-man to pay.

Then we farm-women will go about our hard task rejoicing, for we shall know that we shall be paid what we deserve. We shall have real screens in our windows, real refrigerators, and real ice. We shall have leisure to care for ourselves, and we may possibly see the day when once again we can have presentable hands and hair and look the world in the face — independent at last!

But since the government at Washington is so slow in waking up, we shall have to bring about what reform we can through the Non-Partisan League. Don't make the mistake, Sister and Bert, of thinking that what I wrote about the government is in the League platform. The League is for state-owned warehouses — in fact all state-owned public utilities. I would rather it were from the government being taken out of politics, as I believe it will be some day, though perhaps not in my day; but we must be content to try to reform our little corner of the world, and perhaps the leaven will cause the whole mass to rise.

The old idea is, that the farmer likes to live in the horrible, inconvenient houses that he is forced to inhabit. Let him receive his just dues in the way of money, and see how soon he takes advantage of his means, — beautiful home, fine barns, education, — if not for himself, for the next generation. Don't try to teach us to do with make-shifts. You are pushing the farmer down into a peasant class that is as bad as the man with the hoe. Yea, what an epic could be written of the wrongs of 'the man with the plough,' and 'the woman of the stove.' Pay the farmer his just dues and let him rise to the enjoyment of real things.

I have just been bathing my four little ones in a round galvanized wash-tub on the kitchen floor. Sister, if you could see how I have worked, how I have endured, how I have economized, to be able to do that! And my poor husband! His first new suit since we came to Idaho, to go to the Legislature in. You read all the stories of wonderful success here with raw land. Where you read one story of chance success (it is always a matter of chance), I see here with my own eyes hundreds of failures. Some of them do not know that they are failures. They do not know that they should receive more. They have farmed all their lives and been content with a mere pittance. But I say that it is bitter failure, when I go into their three-room shacks, crowded, no conveniences, and know how they have slaved. Let the government back us!

One big thing that the government could do would be to tell the farmer what to plant. One man here makes a success with potatoes, the next year everybody plants potatoes — you know the result.

I am not ever going to write such a letter as this again. But I am boiling over. I have stood all that I am going to, in silence. I am not a successful farm-woman. I love the farm, would rather live on it than any other place in the world, but I am not willing to accept silently the wrongs of the farm life. Like Wolsey if I had served any other profession as faithfully as I have served that of being a farmer's wife during the past six years, I should now be independently prosperous.

Well, Bert, how do you like this *spiel?* Never mind, I am dead in earnest. I must stay with the babies, or, like Carrie Nation, I would get out and smash a few things. But I have a man that I am going to back to the utmost.

Here's yours, for the galvanized tub in the kitchen,

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

*March* 22, 1919.

These are [some of] the measures which our Non-Partisans tried to make laws, and which were killed. You will notice that they are not entirely for the benefit of the farmer. One of the criticisms which was made recently to me of the League was that it was just as wrong for the farmer to legislate solely for his own benefit as anything in the present state of society in Russia. The farmer is trying to legislate for the benefit of the producer and the consumer, and let the profiteer go hang. I think that you will agree that everyone in the world is a consumer, and that a great many are producers.

Soldier's moratorium. (A soldier was to be given one year's time in which to pay past bills. Of course, his bills need not be paid after he entered the army; but what good would that do him if a pack of creditors leap upon his back, as soon as he comes out of the army? In case he was trying to farm, it might mean ruin. Idaho would not even do this for her soldiers, but instead voted monuments, all alike, to be placed in each county seat, like so many dozens of spoons. Surely this is enough pay to the soldier for 'the dangers' he has 'passed'! And if he is a taxpayer, he must help pay for the monument to himself! As Pliny the Younger said, 'The erection of a monument is superfluous'; but it would not come amiss to use the county and state money to give each soldier a real start.)

Resolution favoring the League of Nations (turned down cold, and resolutions introduced condemning President Wilson and the League of Nations). Believe me, if the common people, the working-people, the farmers, could cast their votes for or against the League of Nations, it would be found that they are solidly behind it. It does not matter how much the big men of the country are arguing it back and forth — we, the people, who know what it means when we say, 'the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God,' we, the people are heart and soul for the League. There is n't a farmer or a working-man that I know who is not for it, and I have never *heard* of a farmer or a working-man who is not for it.

Passed a really fine educational act (supported by the Non-Partisans, but not introduced by them), but forgot to put in it the enabling act, and of course it is thereby killed. This act, which is a thick book by itself, was introduced on the last day, almost at the last moment, and the members were not given opportunity to read it.

Killed the Women's eight-hour law (not Non-Partisan). I think they were right in this. There is a good nine-hour law, but the politicians amended the eight-hour law to read, 'except in emergency.' You know very well that reservation would kill the eight-hour bill, for any employer could declare an emergency that might last for fourteen or more hours. The nine-hour bill is straight nine hours.

I can write bravely enough in these letters, but at heart I am sad at the thought of these hard years during which the farmers are slaves in this beloved country of ours. We are giving the best years of our lives — for what? and who cares? O my country! wake up and hear your children crying unto you for relief. Have you no ears to hear us? Have we been patient and silent so long under great wrongs that you cannot believe they exist?

Let us hope that a better day is coming!

Yours,

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

# ENGLAND TO AMERICA

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

## I

'Lord, but English people *are* funny!'

This was the perplexed mental ejaculation that young Lieutenant Skipworth Cary, of Virginia, found his thoughts constantly reiterating during his stay in Devonshire. Had he been, he wondered, a confiding fool, to accept so trustingly Chev Sherwood's suggestion that he spend a part of his leave, at least, at Bishopsthorpe, where Chev's people lived? But why should he have anticipated any difficulty here, in this very corner of England which had bred his own ancestors, when he had always hit it off so splendidly with his English comrades at the Front? Here, however, though they were all awfully kind, — at least, he was sure they meant to be kind, — something was always bringing him up short: something that he could not lay hold of, but which made him feel like a blind man groping in a strange place, or worse, like a bull in a china-shop. He was prepared enough to find differences in the American and English points of view. But this thing that baffled him did not seem to have to do with that; it was something deeper, something very definite, he was sure — and yet, what was it? The worst of it was that he had a curious feeling as if they were all — that is, Lady Sherwood and Gerald; not Sir Charles so much — protecting him from himself — keeping him from making breaks, as he phrased it. That hurt and annoyed him, and piqued his vanity. Was he a social blunderer, and were n't a Virginia gentleman's manners to be trusted in England without leading-strings?

He had been at the Front for several months with the Royal Flying Corps, and when his leave came, his Flight Commander, Captain Cheviot Sherwood, discovering that he meant to spend it in England where he hardly knew a soul, had said his people down in Devonshire would be jolly glad to have him stop with them; and Skipworth Cary, knowing that, if the circumstances had been reversed, his people down in Virginia would indeed have been jolly glad to entertain Captain Sherwood, had accepted unhesitatingly. The invitation had been seconded by a letter from Lady Sherwood, — Chev's mother, — and after a few days sight-seeing in London, he had come down to Bishopsthorpe, very eager to know his friend's family, feeling as he did about Chev himself. 'He 's the finest man that ever went up in the air,' he had written home; and to his own family's disgust, his letters had been far more full of Chev Sherwood than they had been of Skipworth Cary.

And now here he was, and he almost wished himself away — wished almost that he was back again at the Front, carrying on under Chev. There, at least, you knew what you were up against. The job might be hard enough, but it was n't baffling and queer, with hidden undercurrents that you could n't chart. It seemed to him that this baffling feeling of constraint had rushed to meet him on the very threshold of

the drawing-room, when he made his first appearance.

As he entered, he had a sudden sensation that they had been awaiting him in a strained expectancy, and that, as he appeared, they adjusted unseen masks and began to play-act at something. 'But English people don't play-act very well,' he commented to himself, reviewing the scene afterwards.

Lady Sherwood had come forward and greeted him in a manner which would have been pleasant enough, if he had not, with quick sensitiveness, felt it to be forced. But perhaps that was English stiffness.

Then she had turned to her husband, who was standing staring into the fireplace, although, as it was June, there was no fire there to stare at.

'Charles,' she said, 'here is Lieutenant Cary'; and her voice had a certain note in it which at home Cary and his sister Nancy were in the habit of designating 'mother-making-dad-mind-his-manners.'

At her words the old man — and Cary was startled to see how old and broken he was — turned round and held out his hand. 'How d'you do?' he said jerkily, 'how d'you do?' and then turned abruptly back again to the fireplace.

'Hello! What's up! The old boy does n't like me!' was Cary's quick startled comment to himself.

He was so surprised by the look the other bent upon him, that he involuntarily glanced across to a long mirror to see if there was anything wrong with his uniform. But no, that appeared to be all right. It was himself, then — or his country; perhaps the old sport did n't fall for Americans.

'And here is Gerald,' Lady Sherwood went on in her low remote voice, which somehow made the Virginian feel very far away.

It was with genuine pleasure, though with some surprise, that he turned to greet Gerald Sherwood, Chev's younger brother, who had been, tradition in the corps said, as gallant and daring a flyer as Chev himself, until he got his in the face five months ago.

'I'm mighty glad to meet you,' he said eagerly, in his pleasant, muffled Southern voice, grasping the hand the other stretched out, and looking with deep respect at the scarred face and sightless eyes.

Gerald laughed a little, but it was a pleasant laugh, and his hand-clasp was friendly.

'That's real American, is n't it?' he said. 'I ought to have remembered and said it first. Sorry.'

Skipworth laughed too. 'Well,' he conceded, 'we generally are glad to meet people in my country, and we don't care who says it first. But,' he added, 'I did n't think I'd have the luck to find you here.'

He remembered that Chev had regretted that he probably would n't see Gerald, as the latter was at St. Dunstan's, where they were reëducating the blinded soldiers.

The other hesitated a moment, and then said rather awkwardly, 'Oh, I'm just home for a little while; I only got here this morning, in fact.'

Skipworth noted the hesitation. Did the old people get panicky at the thought of entertaining a wild man from Virginia, and send an S O S for Gerald, he wondered.

'We are so glad you could come to us,' Lady Sherwood said rather hastily just then. And again he could not fail to note that she was prompting her husband.

The latter reluctantly turned round, and said, 'Yes, yes, quite so. Welcome to Bishopsthorpe, my boy,' as if his wife had pulled a string, and he responded mechanically, without quite knowing what he said. Then, as his eyes rested a moment on his guest, he looked

as if he would like to bolt out of the room. He controlled himself, however, and, jerking round again to the fireplace, went on murmuring, 'Yes, yes, yes,' vaguely — just like the dormouse at the Mad Tea-Party, who went to sleep, saying, 'Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle,' Cary could not help thinking to himself.

But after all, it was n't really funny, it was pathetic. Gosh, how doddering the poor old boy was! Skipworth wondered, with a sudden twist at his heart, if the war was playing the deuce with his home people, too. Was his own father going to pieces like this, and had his mother's gay vivacity fallen into that still remoteness of Lady Sherwood's? But of course not! The Carys had n't suffered as the poor Sherwoods had, with their youngest son, Curtin, killed early in the war, and now Gerald knocked out so tragically. Lord, he thought, how they must all bank on Chev! And of course they would want to hear at once about him. 'I left Chev as fit as anything, and he sent all sorts of messages,' he reported, thinking it more discreet to deliver Chev's messages thus vaguely than to repeat his actual care-free remark, which had been, 'Oh, tell 'em I'm jolly as a tick.'

But evidently there was something wrong with the words as they were, for instantly he was aware of that curious sense of withdrawal on their part. Hastily reviewing them, he decided that they had sounded too familiar from a stranger and a younger man like himself. He supposed he ought not to have spoken of Chev by his first name. Gee, what sticklers they were! Would n't his family — dad and mother and Nancy — have fairly lapped up any messages from him, even if they had been delivered a bit awkwardly? However, he added, as a concession to their point of view, 'But of course you'll have had later news of Captain Sherwood.'

To which, after a pause, Lady Sherwood responded, 'Oh, yes,' in that remote and colorless voice which might have meant anything or nothing.

At this point dinner was announced.

Lady Sherwood drew her husband away from the empty fireplace, and Gerald slipped his arm through the Virginian's, saying pleasantly, 'I'm learning to carry on fairly well at St. Dunstan's, but I confess I still like to have a pilot.'

To look at the tall young fellow beside him, whose scarred face was so reminiscent of Chev's untouched good looks, who had known all the immense freedom of the air, but who was now learning to carry on in the dark, moved Skipworth Cary to generous homage.

'You know my saying I'm glad to meet you is n't just American,' he said half shyly, but warmly. 'It's plain English, and the straight truth. I've wanted to meet you awfully. The oldsters are always holding up your glorious exploits to us newcomers. Withers never gets tired telling about that fight of yours with the four enemy planes. And besides,' he rushed on eagerly, 'I'm glad to have a chance to tell Chev's brother — Captain Sherwood's brother, I mean — what I think of him. Only as a matter of fact, I can't,' he broke off with a laugh. 'I can't put it exactly into words, but I tell you I'd follow that man straight into hell and out the other side — or go there alone if he told me to. He is the finest chap that ever flew.'

And then he felt as if a cold douche had been flung in his face, for after a moment's pause, the other returned, 'That's awfully good of you,' in a voice so distant and formal that the Virginian could have kicked himself. What an ass he was to be so darned enthusiastic with an Englishman! He supposed it was bad form to show any pleasure over praise of a member of your family.

Lord, if Chev got the V.C., he reckoned it would be awful to speak of it. Still, you would have thought Gerald might have stood for a little praise of him. But then, glancing sideways at his companion, he surprised on his face a look so strange and suffering that it came to him almost violently what it must be never to fly again; to be on the threshold of life, with endless days of blackness ahead. Good God! How cruel he had been to flaunt Chev in his face! In remorseful and hasty reparation he stumbled on, 'But the old fellows are always having great discussions as to which was the best — you or your brother. Withers always maintains you were.'

'Withers lies, then!' the other retorted. 'I never touched Chev — never came within a mile of him, and never could have.'

They reached the dinner-table with that, and young Cary found himself bewildered and uncomfortable. If Gerald had n't liked praise of Chev, he had liked praise of himself even less, it seemed.

Dinner was not a success. The Virginian found that, if there was to be conversation, the burden of carrying it on was upon him, and gosh! they don't mind silences in this man's island, do they? he commented desperately to himself, thinking how different it was from America. Why, there they acted as if silence was an egg that had just been laid, and everyone had to cackle at once to cover it up. But here the talk constantly fell to the ground, and nobody but himself seemed concerned to pick it up. His attempt to praise Chev had not been successful, and he could understand their not wanting to hear about flying and the war before Gerald.

So at last, in desperation, he wandered off into descriptions of America, finding to his relief, that he had struck the right note at last. They were glad to hear about the States, and Lady Sherwood inquired politely if the Indians still gave them much trouble; and when he assured her that in Virginia, except for the Pocahontas tribe, they were all pretty well subdued, she accepted his statement with complete innocency. And he was so delighted to find at last a subject to which they were evidently cordial, that he was quite carried away, and wound up by inviting them all to visit his family in Richmond, as soon as the war was over.

Gerald accepted at once, with enthusiasm; Lady Sherwood made polite murmurs, smiling at him in quite a warm and almost, indeed, maternal manner. Even Sir Charles, who had been staring at the food on his plate as if he did not quite know what to make of it, came to the surface long enough to mumble, 'Yes, yes, very good idea. Countries must carry on together — What?'

But that was the only hit of the whole evening, and when the Virginian retired to his room, as he made an excuse to do early, he was so confused and depressed that he fell into an acute attack of homesickness.

Heavens, he thought, as he tumbled into bed, just suppose, now, this was little old Richmond, Virginia, U.S.A., instead of being Bishopsthorpe, Avery Cross near Wick, and all the rest of it! And at that, he grinned to himself. England was n't such an all-fired big country that you'd think they'd have to ticket themselves with addresses a yard long, for fear they'd get lost — now, would you? Well, anyway, suppose it was Richmond, and his train just pulling into the Byrd Street Station. He stretched out luxuriously, and let his mind picture the whole familiar scene. The wind was blowing right, so there was the mellow homely smell of tobacco in the streets, and plenty of

people all along the way to hail him with outstretched hands and shouts of 'Hey, Skip Cary, when did you get back?' 'Welcome home, my boy!' 'Well, will you *look* what the cat dragged in!' And so he came to his own front door-step, and walking straight in, surprised the whole family at breakfast; and yes — doggone it! if it was n't Sunday, and they having waffles! And after that his obliging fancy bore him up Franklin Street, through Monroe Park, and so to Miss Sally Berkeley's door. He was sound asleep before he reached it, but in his dreams, light as a little bird, she came flying down the broad stairway to meet him, and —

But when he waked next morning, he did not find himself in Virginia, but in Devonshire, where, to his unbounded embarrassment, a white housemaid was putting up his curtains and whispering something about his bath. And though he pretended profound slumber, he was well aware that people do not turn brick-red in their sleep. And the problem of what was the matter with the Sherwood family was still before him.

## II

'They're playing a game,' he told himself after a few days. 'That is, Lady Sherwood and Gerald are — poor old Sir Charles can't make much of a stab at it. The game is to make me think they are awfully glad to have me, when in reality there's something about me, or something I do, that gets them on the raw.'

He almost decided to make some excuse and get away; but after all, that was not easy. In English novels, he remembered, they always had a wire calling them to London; but darn it all! the Sherwoods knew mighty well there was n't anyone in London who cared a hoot about him.

The thing that got his goat most, he told himself, was that they apparently did n't like his friendship with Chev. Anyway they did n't seem to want him to talk about him; and whenever he tried to express his warm appreciation for all that the older man had done for him, he was instantly aware of a wall of reserve on their part, a holding of themselves aloof from him. That puzzled and hurt him, and put him on his dignity. He concluded that they thought it was cheeky of a youngster like him to think that a man like Chev could be his friend; and if that was the way they felt, he reckoned he'd jolly well better shut up about it.

But whatever it was that they did n't like about him, they most certainly did want him to have a good time. He and his pleasure appeared to be for the time being their chief consideration. And after the first day or so he began indeed to enjoy himself extremely. For one thing, he came to love the atmosphere of the old place and of the surrounding country, which he and Gerald explored together. He liked to think that ancestors of his own had been inheritors of these green lanes, and pleasant mellow stretches. Then, too, after the first few days, he could not help seeing that they really began to like him, which of course was reassuring, and tapped his own warm friendliness, which was always ready enough to be released. And besides, he got by accident what he took to be a hint as to the trouble. He was passing the half-open door of Lady Sherwood's morning-room, when he heard Sir Charles's voice break out, 'Good God, Elizabeth, I don't see how you stand it! When I see him so straight and fine-looking, and so untouched, beside our poor lad, and think — and think —'

Skipworth hurried out of earshot, but now he understood that look of aversion in the old man's eyes which had so startled him at first. Of course,

the poor old boy might easily hate the sight of him beside Gerald. With Gerald himself he really got along famously. He was a most delightful companion, full of anecdotes and history of the countryside, every foot of which he had apparently explored in the old days with Chev and the younger brother, Curtin. Yet even with Gerald, Cary sometimes felt that aloofness and reserve, and that older protective air that they all showed him. Take, for instance, that afternoon when they were lolling together on the grass in the park. The Virginian, running on in his usual eager manner, had plunged without thinking into an account of a particularly daring bit of flying on Chev's part, when suddenly he realized that Gerald had rolled over on the grass and buried his face in his arms, and interrupted himself awkwardly. 'But, of course,' he said, 'he must have written home about it himself.'

'No, or if he did, I did n't hear of it. Go on,' Gerald said in a muffled voice.

A great rush of compassion and remorse overwhelmed the Virginian, and he burst out penitently, 'What a brute I am! I'm always forgetting and running on about flying, when I know it must hurt like the very devil!'

The other drew a difficult breath. 'Yes,' he admitted, 'what you say does hurt in a way — in a way you can't understand. But all the same I like to hear you. Go on about Chev.'

So Skipworth went on and finished his account, winding up, 'I don't believe there's another man in the service who could have pulled it off — but I tell you your brother's one in a million.'

'Good God, don't I know it!' the other burst out. 'We were all three the jolliest pals together,' he got out presently in a choked voice, 'Chev and the young un and I; and now —'

He did not finish, but Cary guessed his meaning. Now the young un, Curtin, was dead, and Gerald himself knocked out. But, heavens! the Virginian thought, did Gerald think Chev would go back on him now on account of his blindness? Well you could everlastingly bet he would n't!

'Chev thinks the world and all of you!' he cried in eager defense of his friend's loyalty. 'Lots of times when we're all awfully jolly together, he makes some excuse and goes off by himself; and Withers told me it was because he was so frightfully cut up about you. Withers said he told him once that he'd a lot rather have got it himself — so you can everlastingly bank on him!'

Gerald gave a terrible little gasp. 'I — I knew he'd feel like that,' he got out. 'We've always cared such a lot for each other.' And then he pressed his face harder than ever into the grass, and his long body quivered all over. But not for long. In a moment he took fierce hold on himself, muttering, 'Well, one must carry on, whatever happens,' and apologized disjointedly. 'What a fearful fool you must think me! And — and this is n't very pippy for you, old chap.' Presently, after that, he sat up, and said, brushing it all aside, 'We're facing the old moat, are n't we? There's an interesting bit of tradition about it that I must tell you.'

And there you were, Cary thought: no matter how much Gerald might be suffering from his misfortune, he must carry on just the same, and see that his visitor had a pleasant time. It made the Virginian feel like an outsider and very young, as if he were not old enough for them to show him their real feelings.

Another thing that he noticed was that they did not seem to want him to meet people. They never took him anywhere to call, and if visitors came to the house, they showed an almost panicky desire to get him out of the

way. That again hurt his pride. What in heaven's name was the matter with him anyway!

III

However, on the last afternoon of his stay at Bishopsthorpe, he told himself with a rather rueful grin, that his manners must have improved a little, for they took him to tea at the rectory.

He was particularly glad to go there because, from certain jokes of Withers's, who had known the Sherwoods since boyhood, he gathered that Chev and the rector's daughter were engaged. And just as he would have liked Chev to meet Sallie Berkeley, so he wanted to meet Miss Sybil Gaylord.

He had little hope of having a tête-à-tête with her, but as it fell out he did. They were all in the rectory garden together, Gerald and the rector a little behind Miss Gaylord and himself, as they strolled down a long walk with high hedges bordering it. On the other side of the hedge Lady Sherwood and her hostess still sat at the tea-table, and then it was that Cary heard Mrs. Gaylord say distinctly, 'I'm afraid the strain has been too much for you — you should have let us have him.'

To which Lady Sherwood returned quickly, 'Oh, no, that would have been impossible with —'

'Come — come this way — I must show you the view from the arbor,' Miss Gaylord broke in breathlessly; and laying a hand on his arm, she turned him abruptly into a side path.

Glancing down at her, the Southerner could not but note the panic and distress in her fair face. It was so obvious that the overheard words referred to him, and he was so bewildered by the whole situation, that he burst out impulsively, 'I say, what *is* the matter with me? Why do they find me so hard to put up with? Is it something I do — or don't they like Americans? Honestly, I wish you'd tell me.'

She stood still at that, looking at him, her blue eyes full of distress and concern.

'Oh, I am so sorry,' she cried. 'They would be so sorry to have you think anything like that.'

'But what is it?' he persisted. 'Don't they like Americans?'

'Oh, no, it is n't that — Oh, quite the contrary!' she returned eagerly.

'Then it's something about me they don't like?'

'Oh, no, no! Least of all, that — *don't* think that!' she begged.

'But what am I to think then?'

'Don't think anything just yet,' she pleaded. 'Wait a little, and you will understand.'

She was so evidently distressed, that he could not press her further; and fearing she might think him unappreciative, he said, 'Well, whatever it is, it has n't prevented me from having a ripping good time. They've seen to that, and just done everything for my pleasure.'

She looked up quickly, and to his relief he saw that for once he had said the right thing.

'You have enjoyed it, then?' she questioned eagerly.

'Most awfully,' he assured her warmly. 'I shall always remember what a happy leave they gave me.'

She gave a little sigh of satisfaction, 'I am so glad,' she said. 'They wanted you to have a good time — that was what we all wanted.'

He looked at her gratefully, thinking how sweet she was in her fair English beauty, and how good to care that he should have enjoyed his leave. How different she was too from Sally Berkeley — why she would have made two of his little girl! And how quiet! Sallie Berkeley, with her quick glancing vivacity, would have been all around her and off again like a humming-bird before

she could have uttered two words. And yet he was sure that they would have been friends, just as he and Chev were. Perhaps they all would be, after the war. And then he began to talk about Chev, being sure that, had the circumstances been reversed, Sallie Berkeley would have wanted news of him. Instantly he was aware of a tense listening stillness on her part. That pleased him. Well, she did care for the old fellow all right, he thought; and though she made no response, averting her face, and plucking nervously at the leaves of the hedge as they passed slowly along, he went on pouring out his eager admiration for his friend.

At last they came to a seat in an arbor, from which one looked out upon a green beneficent landscape. It was an intimate secluded little spot — and oh, if Sallie Berkeley were only there to sit beside him! And as he thought of this, it came to him whimsically that in all probability she must be longing for Chev, just as he was for Sallie.

Dropping down on the bench beside her, he leaned over, and said with a friendly, almost brotherly, grin of understanding, 'I reckon you're wishing Captain Sherwood was sitting here, instead of Lieutenant Cary.'

The minute the impulsive words were out of his mouth, he knew he had blundered, been awkward, and inexcusably intimate. She gave a little choked gasp, and her blue eyes stared up at him, wide and startled. Good heavens, what a break he had made! No wonder the Sherwoods could n't trust him in company! There seemed no apology that he could offer in words, but at least, he thought, he would show her that he would not have intruded on her secret without being willing to share his with her. With awkward haste he put his hand into his breast-pocket, and dragged forth the picture of Sallie Berkeley he always carried there.

'This is the little girl I'm thinking about,' he said, turning very red, yet boyishly determined to make amends, and also proudly confident of Sallie Berkeley's charms. 'I'd like mighty well for you two to know one another.'

She took the picture in silence, and for a long moment stared down at the soft little face, so fearless, so confident and gay, that smiled appealingly back at her. Then she did something astonishing, — something which seemed to him wholly un-English, — and yet he thought it the sweetest thing he had ever seen. Cupping her strong hands about the picture with a quick protectiveness, she suddenly raised it to her lips, and kissed it lightly. 'O little girl!' she cried, 'I hope you will be very happy!'

The little involuntary act, so tender, so sisterly and spontaneous, touched the Virginian extremely.

'Thanks awfully,' he said unsteadily. 'She'll think a lot of that, just as I do — and I know she'd wish you the same.'

She made no reply to that, and as she handed the picture back to him, he saw that her hands were trembling, and he had a sudden conviction that, if she had been Sallie Berkeley, her eyes would have been full of tears. As she was Sybil Gaylord, however, there were no tears there, only a look that he never forgot. The look of one much older, protective, maternal almost, and as if she were gazing back at Sallie Berkeley and himself from a long way ahead on the road of life. He supposed it was the way most English people felt nowadays. He had surprised it so often on all their faces, that he could not help speaking of it.

'You all think we Americans are awfully young and raw, don't you?' he questioned.

'Oh, no, not that,' she deprecated. 'Young perhaps for these days, yes — but it is more that you — that your

country is so — so unsuffered. And we don't want you to suffer!' she added quickly.

Yes, that was it! He understood now, and, heavens, how fine it was! Old England was wounded deep — deep. What she suffered herself she was too proud to show; but out of it she wrought a great maternal care for the newcomer. Yes, it *was* fine — he hoped his country would understand.

Miss Gaylord rose. 'There are Gerald and father looking for you,' she said, 'and I must go now.' She held out her hand. 'Thank you for letting me see her picture, and for everything you said about Captain Sherwood — for *everything*, remember — I want you to remember.'

With a light pressure of her fingers she was gone, slipping away through the shrubbery, and he did not see her again.

## IV

So he came to his last morning at Bishopsthorpe; and as he dressed, he wished it could have been different; that he were not still conscious of that baffling wall of reserve between himself and Chev's people, for whom, despite all, he had come to have a real affection.

In the breakfast-room he found them all assembled, and his last meal there seemed to him as constrained and difficult as any that had preceded it. It was over finally, however, and in a few minutes he would be leaving.

'I can never thank you enough for the splendid time I've had here,' he said as he rose. 'I'll be seeing Chev to-morrow, and I'll tell him all about everything.'

Then he stopped dead. With a smothered exclamation, old Sir Charles had stumbled to his feet, knocking over his chair, and hurried blindly out of the room; and Gerald said, '*Mother!*' in a choked appeal.

As if it were a signal between them, Lady Sherwood pushed her chair back a little from the table, her long delicate fingers dropped together loosely in her lap; she gave a faint sigh as if a restraining mantle slipped from her shoulders, and looking up at the youth before her, her fine pale face lighted with a kind of glory, she said, 'No, dear lad, no. You can never tell Chev, for he is gone.'

'*Gone!*' he cried.

'Yes,' she nodded back at him, just above a whisper; and now her face quivered, and the tears began to rush down her cheeks.

'Not *dead!*' he cried. 'Not Chev — not that! O my God, Gerald, not *that!*'

'Yes,' Gerald said. 'They got him two days after you left.'

It was so overwhelming, so unexpected and shocking, above all so terrible, that the friend he had so greatly loved and admired was gone out of his life forever, that young Cary stumbled back into his seat, and crumpling over, buried his face in his hands, making great uncouth gasps as he strove to choke back his grief.

Gerald groped hastily around the table, and flung an arm about his shoulders.

'Steady on, dear fellow, steady,' he said, though his own voice broke.

'When did you hear?' Cary got out at last.

'We got the official notice just the day before you came — and Withers has written us particulars since.'

'And you *let* me come in spite of it! And stay on, when every word I said about him must have — have fairly *crucified* each one of you! Oh, forgive me! forgive me!' he cried distractedly. He saw it all now; he understood at last. It was not on Gerald's account that they could not talk of flying and of Chev, it was because — because their hearts were broken over Chev himself. 'Oh, forgive me!' he gasped again.

'Dear lad, there is nothing to forgive,' Lady Sherwood returned. 'How could we help loving your generous praise of our poor darling? We loved it, and you for it; we wanted to hear it, but we were afraid. We were afraid we might break down, and that you would find out.'

The tears were still running down her cheeks. She did not brush them away now; she seemed glad to have them there at last.

Sinking down on his knees, he caught her hands. 'Why did you *let* me do such a horrible thing?' he cried. 'Could n't you have trusted me to understand? Could n't you *see* I loved him just as you did — No, no!' he broke down humbly, 'Of course I could n't love him as his own people did. But you must have seen how I felt about him — how I admired him, and would have followed him anywhere — and *of course* if I had known, I should have gone away at once.'

'Ah, but that was just what we were afraid of,' she said quickly. 'We were afraid you would go away and have a lonely leave somewhere. And in these days a boy's leave is so precious a thing that nothing must spoil it — *nothing*,' she reiterated; and her tears fell upon his hands like a benediction. 'But we did n't do it very well, I'm afraid,' she went on presently, with gentle contrition. 'You were too quick and understanding; you guessed there was something wrong. We were sorry not to manage better,' she apologized.

'Oh, you wonderful, wonderful people!' he gasped. 'Doing everything for my happiness, when all the time — all the time —'

His voice went out sharply, as his mind flashed back to scene after scene: to Gerald's long body lying quivering on the grass; to Sybil Gaylord wishing Sallie Berkeley happiness out of her own tragedy; and to the high look on Lady Sherwood's face. They seemed to him themselves, and yet more than themselves — shining bits in the mosaic of a great nation. Disjointedly there passed through his mind familiar words — 'these are they who have washed their garments — having come out of great tribulation.' No wonder they seemed older.

'We — we could n't have done it in America,' he said humbly.

He had a desperate desire to get away to himself; to hide his face in his arms, and give vent to the tears that were stifling him; to weep for his lost friend, and for this great heartbreaking heroism of theirs.

'But why did you do it?' he persisted. 'Was it because I was his friend?'

'Oh, it was much more than that,' Gerald said quickly. 'It was a matter of the two countries. Of course, we jolly well knew you did n't belong to us, and did n't want to, but for the life of us we could n't help a sort of feeling that you did. And when America was in at last, and you fellows began to come, you seemed like our very own come back after many years, and,' he added, a throb in his voice, 'we were most awfully glad to see you — we wanted a chance to show you how England felt.'

Skipworth Cary rose to his feet. The tears for his friend were still wet upon his lashes. Stooping, he took Lady Sherwood's hands in his and raised them to his lips. 'As long as I live, I shall never forget,' he said. 'And others of us have seen it too in other ways — be sure America will never forget, either.'

She looked up at his untouched youth out of her beautiful sad eyes, the exalted light still shining through her tears. 'Yes,' she said, 'you see it was — I don't know exactly how to put it — but it was England to America.'

# THE SCANDAL OF EUCLID

## A FREUDIAN ANALYSIS

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

It is the merit of those who have been applying the psycho-analytic method to the interpretation of life, that they have gone at their work in the spirit of tight-reined enthusiasm which is the true scientific temper. Masters of an instrument that probes down to the very roots of being, they have nevertheless been content to feel their way slowly into the realities of human experience, ever measuring, testing, scanning, and rechecking, until the result finally approved can be consigned with confidence to the permanent stock of world-knowledge.

In no other field, perhaps, has the search after new meanings and values by the light of the Freudian principle been carried on with such painstaking labor and such extraordinary restraint as in the sphere of imaginative literature. No disciple of Freud has ventured to interpret an entire literature as the precipitant of the repressed desires of a nation. For that, it is recognized, the time has not come. A great deal of preliminary spadework still remains to be done. That work is now being carried on by a rapidly growing band of devoted investigators on both sides of the ocean. Here a poem of Goethe's, there a masterpiece of the art of the short story by Gautier or Robert Louis Stevenson, or a full-length novel by Stendhal, Balzac, or Stefanovic (who stands easily at the head of the new school of Jugo-Slav fiction), has been subjected to a minute analysis and its origins and content traced back to an infantile neurosis in the life of the author, a persistent anxiety-dream of middle childhood, or a kineto-zeugmatic sex-inhibition of early adolescence, as the case may be.

Among such pioneer studies, a place in the first rank must be assigned to Wilbur P. Birdwood's latest contribution to applied Freudianism,[1] a field in which the writer has already made his mark. Even if it were my intention to give a complete summary of Mr. Birdwood's account of the unconscious love-life of the great Greek geometer, the *Atlantic* editor's space inhibitions would make the thing impossible. Mr. Birdwood's subject is fairly narrow, but within its limits he delves deep, as the publishers' net price and the charge for transmission through the mails would indicate. I shall therefore content myself with the very briefest outline of Mr. Birdwood's thesis.

### I

Our author tells us in his preface that he was impelled to a psycho-analytic investigation of Euclid by the promise of an exceptionally rich sex-content which earlier students seem oddly to have overlooked. In no writer of ancient or modern times, with the possible excep-

[1] *Sex-Elements in the First Five Books of Euclid.* New York: Wilkins & MacNab. $2.60 net; postage 18 cents.

tion of Legendre and Wentworth & Smith, does the theme of the eternal triangle run so persistently as in the pages of Euclid, and particularly Book I, Propositions 4 to 26 inclusive. In the later books Euclid evidently makes a desperate attempt to break away from the obsession of the triangle, an obsession obviously arising out of a profound attachment developed by the geometer at the age of two for his grandmother on the father's side, who never came to visit the child without a bagful of honey-cakes and dried sunflower seeds, of which the little Euclid was inordinately fond.

I have said that the great geometer tried hard to rid himself of this haunting Triangle Complex. He took refuge in parallel lines, in quadrilaterals and the higher polygons, in circles of various diameter. He never succeeded. Regularly the two parallel lines transversed by a third line would bring into being new triangles with their vertical angles equal. The quadrilateral would resolve itself into two triangles with the same total amount of base line and altitude. And the circle, symbol of a completely rounded existence liberated from all debilitating psychoses, became to Euclid only an enlarged obsession. Continually he would be circumscribing the circle of life around the triangle of sex, or inscribing the circle of life within the triangle of sex. He would start out blithely from the centre of the circle of life, at A, along the radii to the circumference of existence at B and C, and before he was aware of it he had drawn a chord BC connecting the two radii, and producing ABC — a triangle!

'And more than that,' says Mr. Birdwood. 'Frequently we find Euclid under the inner necessity of determining the shortest distance from the centre of his circle to the base of his sex-triangle. Euclid called it the perpendicular, but to us it is plainly the sex-transmutation of the bee-line which the infant Euclid would make for his grandmother under the spur of the Œdipus Complex, the honey-cakes, and the dried sunflower seeds.'

Such were the general memories of Euclid which impelled Mr. Birdwood to undertake an intensive examination of the Elements of Geometry, with Solutions for Teachers Only. But as a preliminary to the investigation of Euclid's works it was essential, naturally, to study the facts of Euclid's life, in order to establish the connection between the geometer's psychic eruptions, inhibitions, and permanent suppressions on the one hand, and the Axioms, Definitions, Postulates, Problems, and Theorems on the other.

Now what do we know of the principal events in the life of Euclid? our author asked himself. The answer was, not a thing. As that admirable textbook of pre-Freudian science, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has it, 'We are ignorant not only of the dates of his birth and his death, but also of his parentage, his teachers, and the residence of his early years.' The *Britannica* is an expensive publication, but, as Mr. Birdwood remarks, even at two or three times the price it could not have put the case about Euclid's life more completely.

'With this as a basis,' continues Mr. Birdwood, 'are we not justified in filling in the sketch until the entire career of the great geometer rises vividly before us? We see him born on the island of Cos in the early summer of 342 B.C. — which fact, incidentally, makes it hard to understand why he should have been so frequently confounded with another Euclid, who was born in Bœotia six hundred years earlier and attained fame as a wholesale cattle-dealer. He was born of a native mother, probably a member of the ruling family of the Delta Upsilons. His father was a trader

from Crete who, on one of his voyages, presumably in the open winter of 344 B.C., was shipwrecked on the coast of Cos, but succeeded in making his way to land carrying his mother on his shoulders. This we must assume, since we have seen that our interpretation of the later career of Euclid demands the intimate association of a paternal grandmother.

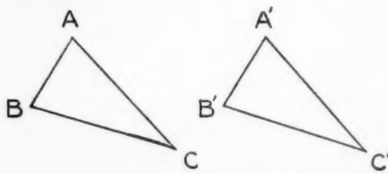
'The boy grew up fair-haired, large for his years, but with a slight stammer which frequently accentuated his nervous reaction in the presence of the aforesaid honey-cakes. Except for the Grandmother Complex of which we catch a startling glimpse in Proposition 18, "The greater side of any triangle has the greater angle opposite to it," the boy's life was one of more than normal happiness. It naturally would be. The study of Greek came easily to him, and Latin, Modern History, Manual Training, and Geometry, of course, had not yet been invented. When the boy was six years old, his father perished in a raid upon the island of Cos by the Phi Beta Kappas, a pirate tribe inhabiting the adjoining mainland. His mother was carried off into captivity, but the lad and his grandmother were left behind as of doubtful commercial value. Thus the early Complex between the two was strengthened in the course of the next three years; for when the boy was nine years of age the old lady died, but not without leaving a profound impress on the future Proposition 16, "If one side of a triangle be produced, the exterior angle is greater than either of the interior opposite angles."'

Concerning the attachment between the lad and his grandmother, — altogether unnatural from the standpoint of present-day psycho-analysis, — the historian Archilongus has preserved the following legend. To the end of his life, — and Euclid lived to be seventy-six years, eight months and odd days old, — the famous geometer, on the anniversary of his grandmother's death, would refuse to meet his students, array himself in a purple robe, comb his beard with special care, sacrifice to Hermes Mathematikos, partake of no food whatever, and give himself up to contemplation. To his favorite disciple, when he questioned him on the subject, Euclid explained that he devoted that day to evoking the memory of the aged woman who, after he lost his mother, would go out every sundown into the olive groves to pick kindling for a fire, and rock the boy to sleep on her lap before the hearth. Such an exhibition by an old man of three score and ten can be explained on no other ground than a recurrence of the Œdipus Complex.

II

We are now in a position to follow the detail of Mr. Birdwood's method, as applied to what is perhaps the best known of Euclid's literary productions:

*If two triangles have two sides of the one equal to two sides of the other, each to each, and have also the angles contained by those sides equal to one another, they also have their bases or third sides equal; and the two triangles are equal; and their other angles are equal, each to each, namely, those to which the equal sides are opposite.*




Euclid's demonstration is a model of condensed, if somewhat dictatorial, literary expression. He says, virtually: —

In the above triangles let the line AB be equal to A′B′, and the line AC to the line A′C′, and the angle BAC to the

angle B′A′C′; then will the line BC be equal to the line B′C′ and the two triangles will be equal in every respect.

For, superimpose the second triangle on the first. Then will the line A′B′ coincide with AB and the point B′ will fall on point B. But since the angle B′A′C′ is equal to the angle BAC, the line A′C′ will take the direction of the line AC, and point C′ will coincide with point C.

Now, if point B′ coincides with B and point C′ with C, the line B′C′ must coincide with the line BC and the two triangles are equal in every respect. Q. E. D.

Now the first question which arises from an examination of the preceding theorem is this: If the two figures are indeed equal in every respect, why bother with *two* triangles? Life is so short. Similar doubts constantly arise in the study of Euclid, as in the demonstration that any one side of a triangle is shorter than the sum of the other two sides, a truth that is obvious to every small boy with a bigger boy after him.

Our author admits the difficulty if we persist in reading Euclid in the old manner. But how if we bring psychoanalysis to bear on the subject?

Let us suppose, continues Mr. Birdwood, that the triangle ABC represents the infant Euclid's unconscious and exaggerated emotional reactions to his grandmother, and the triangle A′B′C′ is the resultant emotional expression of his later life. In the infant triangle, ABC, point A would be the child Euclid catching sight of his grandmother coming in with the honey-cakes at the front door B, or with the sunflower seeds through the back garden C. Then the line BC would represent the locus or base of the child's inordinate appetite.

What follows is simple. In the adult sex-triangle A′B′C′, the aged Euclid sets out from the same point, A′, himself, and goes on thinking along the line A′B′ until the ancient inhibition brings him to a stop at B′, the honey-cakes. Or, if he starts out in another direction, the permanent angle given to his infant soul by his grandmother impels him along the line A′C′ till the same inhibition brings him to a stop at the point C′, the dried sunflower seeds. Thus the line A′C′, representing the neural life of a mature scientist, is predetermined along the old honey-cake-dried-sunflower-seed line, AC. Euclid, of course, thought he was inventing Geometry. Actually he was rehearsing a vivid anxiety-dream of his childhood.

And all through the books of Euclid, when we find it demonstrated that ABCDXWJZ is equal in every respect to A′B′C′D′X′W′J′Z′, we are only in the presence of a phenomenon technically described, for obvious reasons, as the Przemysl Complex.

I have cited but a single theorem to illustrate the infinite concentration and the sympathetic insight which Mr. Birdwood has brought to the study of Euclid the Elemental Amorist. In order to seize the full sweep of the argument, the reader must be referred to the book itself. He will there find the analysis of Euclid's other preoccupations. There are, for example, the straight lines that never meet, so aptly characterized by the author as the 'deadly parallel,' and traced back without difficulty to the long walks which the infant Euclid used to take with his grandmother, hand in hand. A separate chapter is devoted to the bisection, or, as our author prefers to call it, the bisexualizing, of angles; resulting, not as Euclid puts it, into two equal halves, but in a better half and the other kind. From whatever angle Mr. Birdwood approaches the subject, acutely, or obtusely, or just perpendicularly, the sex-predominance at once leaps forth.

Another chapter has to do with the

triangle having two of its sides equal, commonly known as an isosceles triangle, but by Mr. Birdwood described as the homosexual triangle.

Nor need I do more than make the briefest reference to our author's analysis of the connection between Euclid's infant day-dreams and the highly personal Euclidean literary style. Given a childhood full of suppressions, and it is easy to understand the sharp kick-back in later years to a dogmatic, finger-pointing literary manner, with its 'Let this be A and B,' or 'Draw a line from C to D,' its 'nows' and 'thens' and 'therefores' and 'Q. E. D.'s.' Our author has confined himself to the first five books of Euclid, but he pauses a moment to point out what rich fields of study lie in the later books. 'If,' he says, 'in the Euclidean Plane Geometry we find the transfigurement of a child's day-dreams, in the Solid Geometry we enter the domain of nightmare.'

III

No appraisal of Mr. Birdwood's contribution to the sum of human knowledge would be complete without a few words on Part III of his book, which deals exclusively with Euclid, Book I, Proposition 5, 'If two sides of a triangle are equal, then the angles opposite these sides are equal.' In the history of mathematics, this celebrated Proposition has come to be known as the *Pons Asinorum*, the Bridge of Asses, and the common explanation has been that at this point in the development of the Euclidean geometry, the dull-witted scholar usually balks and cannot or will not cross.

This matter-of-fact interpretation is rejected out of hand by our author. He finds instead that both the thing described, namely the triangle with two equal sides, and the descriptive epithet, the Bridge of Asses, are rich in sex-significance. He proceeds to show that both Bridge and Ass have always borne an esoteric connotation, if you know what I mean. The Bridge has obvious reference to the transition period from childhood to early adolescence, coinciding with the eighth grade in the elementary school and the first semester in high school, at which time the modern school-child passes from the consideration of arithmetical square root, ratio and proportion, and practical problems in cementing floors and papering walls at so much a square yard (excluding the windows), to the first principles of Euclid. The *Pons Asinorum* would thus fall very near the period in which childhood, passing into youth, is filled with the vague hesitations and perplexities to which psycho-analysis has given us the key. Mr. Birdwood finds the same meaning in 'The Bridge of Sighs,' and 'I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight,' with which children at this stage are in the habit of afflicting their elders; but he refuses to go with the extremists who discern the same significance in the much earlier 'London Bridge is Falling Down.'

As for the Ass, that familiar animal has in all ages and all climes been the symbol of eroticism, together with the Bird, the Cat, the Donkey, the Eagle, the Fur-bearing Seal, the Giraffe, the Hyena, the Irrawaddy Woodpecker, the Jaguar, the Kangaroo, the Llama, the Mesopotamian Fishhawk, the Narghili, the Ox, the Penguin, the Quadriga, the Rhinoceros, the Swan, the Tourniquet, the Uganda, the Vituperative Buzzard, the Weasel, the Xingu, the Yuban, and the Zebra.

From this general consideration our author goes on to an examination of a number of the most famous erotic Asses in history. Out of a long list we can quote only two: Balaam's Ass and the celebrated Ass of Buridan. In the earlier case the Biblical student will re-

call how the Ass, representing primitive instinct, was immediately aware of the angel blocking the road, while its rider Balaam, representing conscious pride of intellect, remained in dangerous ignorance. First the Ass turned aside into a field, then it crushed Balaam's foot against the wall, then it fell prostrate in the road. Meanwhile, Balaam with his heavy staff was cruelly engaged in repressing the Ass's desires, until the inevitable neurotic discharge occurred: the mouth of the Ass was opened, and it addressed its master in a few well-chosen words with which we are not particularly concerned. The significant fact is that the Ass did break into speech.

There is a difference of opinion whether the celebrated French philosopher Buridan actually did make use of the famous parable of the Ass, or whether the Ass was, so to speak, saddled on him by his enemies. At any rate, Buridan is supposed to have illustrated the paralysis of the human will when confronted with two equally powerful motives by the example of an Ass permanently immobilized between two equidistant bales of hay. Mr. Birdwood asserts that this story of an Ass dying of hunger without choosing either bale of hay is beyond doubt the most extraordinary case of repressed desire on record. But he takes the death of the animal only in a symbolic sense. His own belief is that the prolonged inhibition must have ultimately resolved itself into a neurosis, though he does not venture to say what particular form the nervous discharge assumed. Probably the Ass wrote a book.

# IN THE DAME SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE

## AN INTERVIEW WITH AN EDUCATOR

### BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

In my journey through the world, I chanced one day on the School of Experience. I had heard of this institution, but it had never been my good fortune to visit it. The schoolhouse was an ancient building, and the withered dame who had presided there for many millenniums stood at the door. She was watching the departure of some of her brighter pupils who had learned the day's lesson, which had been an unusually hard one even for the School of Experience.

'May I come in, dame?' I asked.

'Do you come to learn?'

'I come to learn about your school. I have heard it highly spoken of. I am much interested in educational methods.'

'Is that all? I thought you might be interested in education. But that is too much to expect. Nowadays everybody is interested in methods.'

Here she laughed, as if she were

recalling some bitter prehistoric joke.

I found the equipment of the schoolroom very primitive. The rude benches were fantastically carved by generations of pupils who had made their mark in the world. I noticed the name of Genghis Khan, and Pompey the Great, and Attila, and Jesse James, and other celebrities. There were also the initials of statesmen and saints who had here obtained the rudiments of education. The ancient blackboard was covered with moral maxims, all of the simplest character. It was evident that the dame did n't go in for the fancy branches of ethics. Behind the teacher's desk was a large assortment of rods.

'I see you believe in corporal punishment.'

'I did n't say I believed in it, did I? I don't use those rods. I only keep them handy. "There they are," I say to my pupils. "Do as you like with them." Then they beat each other with them until they learn better.'

'Does n't it injure the pupils?' I asked.

'Of course it does. I should think that even you would know that. But if after a while they learn that it does injure them, is n't that something worth knowing? That's what I call getting results. As to methods, I have n't any to speak of. I let them do as they please, as long as they please; and when it does n't please them any longer, I wait for them to ask why? Then I don't tell them. After they have asked a long time, it begins to dawn on them that they never will get an answer till they use their minds. Some of them do. They are the ones I can educate.'

'It must be a long and expensive process.'

'I never claimed that my school was cheap.'

I realized that the dame had a peppery temper and the interview must be carried on with discretion.

'I understand that you have been educating the human race for a long time.'

'Do I look it?'

'No, you look remarkably fresh.'

'Don't tell lies. You get found out. That's the first lesson in my school. It's a long time since I first set up my school in a cave, and tried to educate a lot of lively young troglodytes who did n't want to be educated.'

'That must have been an interesting experiment. What kind of a mind did the troglodyte have?'

'About the same kind of a mind that you have. The moment I set eyes on you I was struck by the family resemblance.'

I must have betrayed a momentary embarrassment, for she continued in a conciliatory tone, 'No offense intended. The troglodyte had very much the same sort of a mind you have, though you doubtless use what mind you have better than he did, for you have the advantage of the lessons your ancestors learned in my school. They made a good many mistakes for you. You don't need to make them over again unless you want to. When I saw you looking at the door, as if to say, "I wonder what that old lady is doing there," I thought of the first *homo sapiens* I tried to teach. I said, "He's a chip of the old block. He does n't know much, but he has curiosity. He will ask questions."

'I knew that when I induced the first *homo sapiens* to ask questions I'd got him. I said, "If I can keep him asking Why? and How? and Whence? and Whither? I can draw him out."'

'Don't you ever in your school tell the answers to the questions?'

'What would be the use? They don't pay attention to what I say. If I tell them a bit of wisdom before they find it out for themselves, they think it is a joke. When they find it out for themselves, they take it seriously.'

'Oh! I understand your method. You have really modern ideas after all. You believe in learning by doing.'

'Not exactly. At least, not by doing what they are told to do. My pupils are always doing something or other — and it's generally wrong. They have more activity than good sense. The world is full of creatures that are doing things without asking why. You can't educate a grasshopper. He's too busy hopping. The peculiarity of man is that sometimes you can induce him to stop and think.'

'I presume, dame, that you use object-lessons in your teaching.'

'No, I don't use them. The pupils use them. There they are, good, bad, and indifferent. A pupil sees an object and likes the looks of it. He calls out, "Teacher, may I have that? I want it." "Very well," I say, "take it or leave it! But if you leave it you can't take it, and if you take it you must take the consequences that go with it."

'"But," he says, "I don't see any consequences!" "You'll see them soon enough if you take it. Pretty soon there won't be anything but consequences."

'They never pay any attention to moral remarks like that, and they seize the thing they want, regardless of the consequences. But the consequences stick to them like burrs. After a time they see that the two things always go together. That's a big lesson.'

'A good many people,' I said, 'never learn it.'

'Quite so: every school has its failures.'

'What do you consider the most important branch of learning in your curriculum.'

'Gumption.'

'Is that a required study? They did n't teach it in my school.'

'I presume not. Some don't.' She pointed to a group of pupils who were bending over their tasks. 'That,' she said, 'is the beginners' class in common gumption. They have failed in the first lesson, and I'm keeping them after school.'

'But they look unusually intellectual.'

'Very,' she said; 'they look that way, and they feel that way. They are good on all the advanced lessons, but they have n't got gumption.'

Just then one of the pupils jumped up, snapped his fingers to attract attention, and cried, 'Teacher! I got it! May I go home?'

'What's gumption?'

'It's what we have n't got enough of yet to know what's the matter with us.'

'Good,' she said, 'you are coming on. You have learned enough for one day. You may go now. To-morrow we will have another lesson.'

She turned to me triumphantly.

'You see he's learning something. It's the first time he has got the idea that there is something the matter with him. He does n't know what it is, but he's on the right track.'

'I should like to know, dame, what are your ideas on educational values?'

'The chief educational value,' she said, 'is something to eat. When you don't know where you are going to get it, it stimulates the questions, Why? Where? How? When? How are you to get your breakfast? This is a question you can't put off till to-morrow. It quickens your wits. Examination comes every day. If you fail to get your breakfast, you know it. This tends to thoroughness.'

'But that seems to me to be a materialistic basis for education. A person may get plenty to eat and yet not be what you would call an educated man — at least, not *liberally* educated.'

'I did n't say he was. Getting enough to eat is only the first lesson. Getting it honestly takes you pretty far on in ethics. It introduces a good many hows. Many of these problems are not yet

solved in my school. To begin with, the table-manners of my pupils were awful. In my first cave the answers to the food-questions were very crude.

'When a healthy young troglodyte was hungry, he snatched his food from somebody who was weaker. This was very convenient for the snatcher, and the snatchee did n't count. But the time came when the snatcher came with a good healthy appetite and there was no one to snatch from.

'After a while it dawned upon the brighter snatchers that, if they were to make their business profitable, they must leave the snatchee enough to keep him alive. This was the first lesson in political economy. Then, after a while, a revolutionary doctrine was broached which you see on the blackboard: "Thou shalt not steal." The idealists who accepted this theory were confronted with the question, "If you are not allowed to live by stealing, how *can* you live?" That's a puzzler.'

'I'm surprised, dame, that you have n't got beyond the Eighth Commandment.'

'Have you? Maybe you are among those who think they have solved the problem when they let other people do their stealing. Here are some exercises of my pupils in the seventeenth century. They were printed in the *Westminster Larger Catechism.* Ever hear of it?'

'I learned the *Shorter Catechism* as far as "What is Effectual Calling?"'

'This is the *Larger Catechism.* It is more thorough.'

She opened her desk and brought out an old volume and read, —

'"What is the Eighth Commandment?"

'"The Eighth Commandment is, Thou shalt not steal."

'"What are the duties required in the Eighth Commandment?"

'"The duties required in the Eighth Commandment are truth, faithfulness, and justice in contracts and commerce between man and man; rendering to every man his due; restitution of goods unlawfully detained from the right owners thereof; giving and lending freely according to our abilities and the necessities of others; moderation of our judgments, wills, and appetites concerning worldly goods; a prudent care and study to get, keep, use, and dispose of those things that are necessary for the sustentation of our nature and suitable to our condition; a lawful calling and diligence in it; frugality, and an endeavor by all just and lawful means to procure and preserve and further the wealth and outward estate of all others as well as ourselves."

'That's a pretty big contract, is n't it? You have to do all that just to prevent stealing. It's a lesson in preventive honesty. It's a big, coöperative undertaking. You are not really honest unless you "endeavor by all just and lawful means to procure and preserve and further the wealth and outward estate of all others as well as ourselves."'

'I'm afraid we have n't got very far yet,' I said.

'Good for you,' said the dame. 'We'll have an honest world yet when ordinary men like you see how much has to be done.'

'What kind of ability do you value most in your school?'

'Adaptability. I have pupils who have a great deal of ability, but they stand around helplessly waiting for someone to tell them how to use it. They look for a job that can fit them. It never occurs to them that they are being measured by the job, and must submit to a few necessary alterations before they can be accepted.'

## II

'You are educating the aggregate mind,' I said. 'What difference do you

find between it and the individual mind — mine for example?'

'There's more of it,' she said, 'but it works in much the same way. The hard thing is to fix its attention on anything long enough to have something happen. The chief necessity is drill. It's line upon line, precept upon precept. I have to drill perpetually on the fundamentals. I have to teach the parts of speech over and over again. I don't care much for nouns, but I'm great on verbs — active verbs in the present tense.

'I put most of my time on two big verbs — the verb "to hurt" and the verb "to help." I call these two my civilizers.

'I begin with "to hurt." This is the first thing that makes my pupils sit up and take notice. At first they take it only in a vaguely impersonal way. They say, "It hurts." They don't stop to ask what "it" is. That lesson has n't a great deal of educational value. But when they begin to ask why, we get results. When one is hurt and asks why, the answer is quite personal. He sees the other fellow and lays all the blame on him. "He hurt me." Then without need of prompting he goes on with, "I hurt him." This makes a lively lesson. These retaliatory exercises make a large part of human history.

'It takes some time before I can get them to take up the plural in the passive. But at last they come to see the consequences of their efforts — and say, "*We are* hurt." They suddenly realize that they are partners in suffering. When they realize that, they have learned a mighty good lesson. They have to share the consequences.'

'That,' I said, 'is what the Greeks had in mind when they gave us the word sympathy — feeling together.'

'Yes, the Greeks found out a great deal. You see they did n't have to spend so much time learning ancient languages. So they learned from experience. The first thing people feel together is pain. It takes longer to feel joy together. They are more selfish about that and try to keep it to themselves.

'When the pupils have mastered the verb "to hurt," I put them on the verb "to help." That's hard too.

'The first lesson is the one each one likes best. "I — help — myself." The verb is in the reflexive form and reflects pleasantly on the actor. "When I help myself, I feel that I am doing good to a person who deserves it." This puts the scholar in a good humor, and he's ready for the next lesson. "I — help — him." In the first class in philanthropy, the pupil insists on being very pernickety about the object. The pupil says, "I'll help him, if I know who he is, and if I'm sure he is worthy of my help, and if he will be grateful." This condescending attitude of the benefactor enrages the beneficiary, who does n't want to be helped that way, and looks upon it as but a variation of the exercises in the verb "to hurt." Sometimes these philanthropic lessons go on for centuries, till I find that both sides are repeating the verb "to hate."'

'It's too bad,' I said, 'that the beneficiaries are so ungrateful. When most people are so selfish, it's good to find those who are ready to take up other people's burdens without so much as saying, "By your leave." I'm thrilled by the white man's burden.'

'Yes, I noticed that you were a white man. But if you were a black man. or a yellowish man, or a light-brownish man you would n't feel that way?'

'No, then I suppose I should make trouble.'

'Of course you would. A person who tried to help you by hurting your self-respect would hurt you more than he helped you. You would know that you were hurt, and he would n't.

'It's only after a great deal of mis-

understood suffering that a higher lesson is learned and the verb is taken up in the plural: "We — help — another." Here there is no permanent distinction between the benefactors and beneficiaries. It is a simple matter of give and take. When human beings get this far, they are beginning to be civilized.

'But after the verb, the most important part of speech is the adverb. An adverb qualifies a verb, adjective, or other adverb. A great number of practical failures are adverbial. An unlucky adverb can queer the best verb in the dictionary. It's a regular hoodoo. I say to my scholars, "Mind your adverbs."

'It is not enough to do the right thing — you must do it rightly. It is not enough to do a generous thing — you must do it generously. To do a right thing wrongly is as bad as to do a wrong thing rightly. It mixes up the results.

'You can say anything you please if you say it pleasantly. There are people who can't say, "How do you do?" without having it sound like an insult. They say it so inquisitorially.

'They tell me that there are clubs where, in order to keep the peace, the members are not allowed to talk about the two most interesting subjects in the world — politics and religion. Now this is not because either of these subjects is in its nature quarrelsome — it's the people who discuss these things quarrelsomely. Nothing is more delightful and illuminating than to talk politics with one who disagrees with you. What you object to is to have him disagree with you disagreeably. To talk religion sanctimoniously is intolerable, but the most worldly-minded man will enjoy the conversation of one who without pretense talks religiously.'

'I've noticed that recently,' I said. 'During the war we have been drilling ourselves in a set of necessary adverbs. In order to meet the crisis, we had to eat sparingly, and dress economically, and speak guardedly, and endure stoically, and obey conscientiously, and look at our neighbor suspiciously.

'Then suddenly victory came on such a stupendous scale that our imagination could not conceive what had taken place. Somebody with a loud voice ought to go through the car of war calling out, "End of this route. Change adverbs!"

'I like the song of Miriam at the Red Sea. Then "Miriam the prophetess . . . took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously. The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." That has the right sound. Don't triumph economically or conscientiously — triumph gloriously.'

'I remember the circumstance well,' said the dame. 'But Miriam's conduct caused adverse criticism among some of the more sober-minded Israelites. They wondered where she got so many timbrels. Instead of giving them a song, she would have shown more seriousness if she had given them another talk on the plagues they had been through in Egypt.

'This negligence about the adverb causes many excellent people to draw the false lesson from their failures. They think that what they did was wrong, and get discouraged. What their failure really taught was that the thing could n't be done that way, and they should try again.

'There was Aristides, who was called "the Just" till it got on the nerves of the Athenians. He could n't understand it. Now the trouble was n't that he was too just, but that he did justice too monotonously.

'I used to say, "Aristides, I don't

mean to suggest, but can't you let your justice break out in a new spot? You have been doing justice to the free-born citizens till they can't stand it any more. Their consciences have reached the saturation point. Why don't you practise justice on a new set who are not used to it? Why not try it on the slaves? It would be a real treat to them. The Athenians would n't know what to make of it and would quit calling you the Just."

'"What would they call me then?"

'"I'm sure I don't know, but it would be interesting for you to find out."'

'What you say about adverbs reminds me of a saying of Lord Bacon's. He said something to the effect that when people who had tried to do a desirable thing and failed told him that their experiment proved that it could n't be done, it only proved that it could n't be done that way.'

'Yes, Francis was one of my star pupils. He used to say that my school was the only one in which he learned anything. I suppose I favored him, for they used to call him Teacher's Pet. He was always doing things with his mind. When anything occurred that was suspiciously intellectual, they always laid it on Francis.

'Excuse me, sir, I must listen to the spelling-class in words of one syllable.' She rapped for attention and said, 'Spell war.'

There was a long roar, increasing as one after another took up the sound, and it kept up as if it would never end.

'Say it! and then stop it. This is not a long-drawn-out, polysyllabic word like "hypochondriachal." It's a word of one syllable. Say it sharply and decisively. Don't keep on snarling and growling as if you were worrying the dictionary. Stop rolling your *r's*. I don't object to those who don't know when they are beaten, but not to know when you are victorious sounds weak-minded. When you've got all you fought for, why do you want to keep on fighting? It's a bad habit your ancestors got into, snarling over bones in the cave. When they got into a fight, they never knew when it was ended. When you have to say *war*, say it sharply and decisively — and cut it short.'

'Teacher! We can't help it. We've got going!'

'Very well, then! Get going on something else. Spell peace!'

There was a soft purring murmur, ending in an apologetic whisper.

'That's worse than the other. Don't say peace timidly, or petulantly, or apprehensively. That's what makes people throw things at you. Say it manfully, and boldly, and as if you expected something to happen. And if you can say it intelligently — why all the better.'

I thought it was time to change the subject. 'Dame! What class of pupils gives you the most trouble?'

'Some of the advanced thinkers are about as troublesome as any. Their minds get going so fast on some slippery subjects that they skid. Before they know it they are advancing backward. They have a delightful sensation of going as they please till they collide with some fact they did n't know was there.

'When a new idea gets control of an unfurnished mind, it has the time of its life. There is nothing inside to molest it or make it afraid. I have pupils who are bubbling over with modernness. They are effervescing with contemporaneousness. But they are continually repeating the blunders of their great-great-grandfathers. They call old sins by new names, and they pride themselves on their up-to-date primitiveness. They have learned a few things that other people don't know; and they have never found out some things that the race found out long ago. They are pleased to think that they are original.

So they are — aboriginal. These artificial aborigines are harder to civilize than the natural aborigines, because they think that civilization is a stage that they have gone through.'

'They have been through it, have n't they? They were civilized to begin with.'

'Their parents were — more or less.'

'Still, it 's a good thing to go back to first principles.'

'Of course it is. But they don't go back to first principles. Principles are n't in their line. All they care for is sensations. They go back to a state of mind where there are n't any principles to speak of. When they come to a "Thou shalt not," they go and do it. They call every prohibition a taboo. They think their first duty is to break every taboo they come across. It gives them a creepy feeling of not doing their duty. They like to feel that way.'

'But there are a great many taboos that ought to be broken,' I said.

'Of course there are. But there's a difference between a taboo and something which people have found out in the hard school of experience. What's an education good for if it does n't enable people to make just such distinctions as that? A crow sees an object in the field that may turn out to be only a harmless scarecrow. But if he is a sensible crow, he will make an investigation before committing himself. He has seen too many men who look like scarecrows to take chances.'

I saw that the old dame's nerves were on edge, and I thought it was time to draw the interview to a close.

'I have greatly enjoyed my visit,' I said. 'Your school seems to be thorough. There is just one criticism I might make, and that is about the length of time it takes to learn anything in particular. The curriculum seems adapted to persons whose longevity is abnormal. There was Methusaleh, for example. By the time he was five or six hundred years old he must have accumulated a good deal of valuable experience. He had still several centuries in which to apply the lessons he had learned. But in a beggarly four-score years you can't get on far. The world is getting frightfully complicated, and it 's going faster all the time. There should be some way of expediting the educational process. We get confused: when a new idea gets into our heads, it drives out those that were already there.'

'Your heads are n't very roomy; that 's a fact. But what can I do about it? I suppose you want me to put up a sign — "Painless Educator, Prejudices Removed Without Your Knowing It." Perhaps you want me to start a correspondence school, and advertise: "The lessons of Experience furnished without the Experience." You want some kind of a get-wise-quick scheme.'

'Why not?' I said. 'If you can't get wise quickly, what 's the use of getting wise at all?'

'Now you've asked a worth-while question. Why not? Hold on to that question. If you intend to get wise, you must lose no time. What did I tell you about the parts of speech? Experience is n't a noun. You can't accumulate experiences as if they were thrift stamps to be pasted in a book. Why not treat me as a verb? If you get the right adverb, you will find that I'm not so slow as you think. You can experience a good deal if you use your mind. But you must make up your mind to step lively if you are to experience anything much. But this is my busy day. Good afternoon, sir. Mind your adverbs!'

As I walked down the ancient path, I heard her repeating, 'I experience, thou experiencest, he experiences. We experience, you experience, they experience. I wonder if they will ever learn to do it quickly enough to do them any good.'

# LET ME LOSE COUNT

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

Let me lose count of all my sorrows, Lord,
  And even my joys; oh, let me number not
These, nor measure out my lot;
Nor say, 'Here it fell short,' 'There it was large or small,
'Here did the mercies thick or scantly fall.'
Teach me to watch the countless heavens instead —
    Unnumberèd;
  Who reckoneth thy stars?

Let me not measure anything; — nor this
The cup that in my shaken hand holds all
The sweet of life, and all life's bitterness;
    Let me not call its bowl
    Or deep or shoal;
    Calm, unafraid,
Teach me to look upon the Sea which Thou hast made;
  Who soundeth it or plumbeth it, O Lord?

Let me not weigh the gift I give or take;
Nor call one great, nor mourn the other small; —
Exalt, abase myself nor any man. Lord, break,
    Break Thou my measurements,
    And put them far from me.
Take numbers, measures, reckonings away;
Leave me instead the countless stars, the boundless Sea,
The imponderable Night, the veiled and gifted Day,
And Death beneficent that waits on Thee —
Thee, Lord, whose gifts no man may mete nor weigh;
    Who measureth Thy love and mercy, Lord?

# HIGHLAND ANNALS. III

## SERENA AND WILD STRAWBERRIES

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

### I

SHE was not an unalloyed joy that first year of our friendship. Her imperturbability did not always seem as a restful evergreen wall, in whose shadow I could sit until perplexities lost their heat. At times it was a 'no thoroughfare' with the meadows of desire gleaming beyond.

I called one day and found her churning by the spring · a pleasing picture, too, under the trees. Her rounded, youngish figure gave no hint of her seven-fold maternity, and however ragged the rest of her family might be, she always magically managed to be neat. She was singing leisurely and churning in rhythm — a most undomestic performance; but my eye was not Mrs. Poyser's, and if it had been, it could not have embarrassed Serena.

'I'm takin' my time,' she said, 'fer this is my last churnin' fer a good spell, I reckon.'

'Your last? Why, is the cow sick? — dead? And you have just bought her?' I asked, my concern sharpened perhaps by the thought of a very inconvenient loan that had gone abysmally into her purchase.

'She got so many sweet apples last night she's foundered herself, — clear light ruined, granpap says.'

'Surely you did n't turn her into the orchard?'

'Why, a few apples would n't hurt her. But there was a whole passel on the ground that I could n't see fer the weeds an' briers. An' she got 'em.'

'But I lent Ben my scythe to cut those briers.'

'His poppie needed him in the field, an' he could n't git the time right off. When he did, we could n't find that scythe nowheres. I hate it about the cow,' she assured me cheerfully; 'but it had to happen, I reckon.'

I looked about me. At that moment I could see nothing artistic in Bert's half of a shirt looped about one shoulder; there was only pathos in little Lissie's naked, buttonless back; and I could not placidly think of Len, as I had passed him a few moments before, showing ankles as sockless as ever was Simpson. But perhaps it was the thought of that loan, with its indefinite time extension, that made me wish to set a shade of anxiety on Serena's unclouded brow. At any rate, I began to sermonize on the merits of discontent and the virtue of ambition.

Her face brimmed with astonishment that finally broke into speech: 'But I've four beds, and bread on my table! What more do I want?'

What more could I say? So man, in some grateful season, may look up to the seated gods: 'I've four religions and a bumper crop; what more do I want?' And what can the seated gods do but smile patiently?

I retreated, seeking my usual solace

after all defeats — the unreproachful woods. Near a small clearing, in the quiet shield of some bushes, I overheard the latter end of an argument. One voice was Len's, the other a neighbor's.

'A tater's a tater, anyhow,' the neighbor was affirming.

'You might as well say a woman's a woman,' came the retort from Len.

'Well, ain't she?' said neighbor.

'Lord, no!' said Len, with contempt freely flowing.

'Oh, course there ain't nobody like Reenie. Pity the Lord did n't think o' makin' her fer Adam. We'd all be in Eden yit, loaferin' by the river of life, 'stead o' diggin' taters out o' rocks.'

'When you're spilin' to talk about a woman, Dan Goforth, you need n't travel furder'n your own doorstep,' answered Len, his voice, like drawling fire, creeping on without pause. 'Reenie may n't be stout enough to wear out a hoe-handle, but she's never jowerin' when I come in, 'n' there's always a clean place in the house big enough fer me to set my cheer down in, I ain't layin' up much more'n debts, but they's easy carried when nobody's naggin' yer strenth out, a woman's smile ain't no oak tree in harvest-time, but it's jest as good to set by, my coat's raggeder'n yourn, but I'd ruther Reenie 'ud lose her needle onct on a while than her temper all the time, neighbors can go by my house day or night an' never hear no fire a-spittin', which kain't be said o' yourn, an' you scootle from here, Dan Goforth; don't you tech nary nuther tater in this patch!'

The neighbor scootled, backwards it seemed, to the road. I took the trouble myself to go down to a trail and come up casually from another direction, in full view of Len. He was working mightily, digging up a hill with two strokes of his hoe.

'Dan gone?' I asked indifferently.

'Aye, he lit out. Old Nance wanted him, I reckon. He dassen't stay a minute after she fixes the clock fer him.'

'That's a kind of trouble you and Reenie don't have.'

'You've said it now. Reenie don't keep no time on me. If I want to drap over the mountain to see if I can git old man Diller's mule fer extry ploughin', 'cause the crabgrass is elbowin' along the ground 'most rootin' up my corn, an' tells Reenie I'll be back by twelve, an' I find the old man spilin' a ox-yoke, an' I shapes it up fer him an' stays to dinner, an' comes back by the meetin'-house where they's puttin' in the new windows an' not gittin' 'em plumb, an' I stays till sundown settin' 'em in so they won't make everybody 'at passes think he's gone cross-eyed, an' I remembers we've got no coffee, so I slips round by the store an' stays till dark talkin' with Tim Frizbie about the best way to grow fat corn an' lean cobs, 'cause I know you want me to git all the new idies I can, an' when I strikes Granny Groom's place she's at the gate wantin' me to talk to her Lizy's girl who's fixin' to leave an' strollop over the country, an' I says to that girl when you're at home you're eatin' welcome bread, an when you're out in the world you don't know what you're eatin', an' a lot more that was a-plenty, an's I pass Mis' Woodlow's, who's got a powerful bad risin', I thinks I'll stop an' see if her jaw's broke yit, an' I finds ol' Jim so out o' heart about her, I stays to help him put over a couple o' hours, an' when I walks in home about midnight, Reenie she's gone to bed sensible, an' says there's bread an' beans in the cupboard. Now that's what I call some comfort to a man, to know he can take what happens 'long the road, an' know his wife ain't frettin' till her stomach's gone an' she's as lean as a splinter like ol' Nance Goforth.'

'You nearly got what you wanted when you married, did n't you, Len?'

'Well, I reckon, but I did n't know it from the start-off. Reenie was powerful to be a-goin', an' I could n't git used to draggin' off every Saturday night to stay till Monday mornin'. An' it was sort o' disheartenin' to find she wa'n't much good in a crop. Most fellers them days tried to git a good field-hand when they hitched up. But I felt different about Reenie after I'd nearly killed her an' the baby.'

'Gracious, was it that bad?'

'I did n't do it a purpose. It was back in Madison, where I married Reenie, an' jest two days 'fore Christmas. She'd put in to go to her pap's, an' I thought I'd git up a nice lot o' wood, make me a big fire, an' have my Christmas at home. I'd told her I thought she'd feel different about stayin' in her own house after she'd got a little 'un in it, but she 'lowed her sight an' hearin' was as good as 'fore she had a baby, an' she could enjoy usin' 'em just the same. So I got out by good daylight an' went up the hill above the house to cut a big, dead chestnut that I was tired o' lookin' at; then I means to slip over to By Kenny's an' git him an' his wife to come over fer Christmas 'fore Reenie got away. There'd come a skift o' snow a few days back, bare enough to make the ground gray, then a little warm rain, an' on top o' that a freeze that stung yer eyeballs, an' you never saw anything as slick as that hill was 'fore the sun riz that mornin'. When my chestnut fell she crackled off every limb agin the hard ground clean as a sled-runner. Boys, if she did n't shoot off, makin' smoke out o' that frost! I saw she was pinted fer our little shack an' I tries to yell to Reenie to git out, but I never made more'n a peep like a chicken. When the log struck, it shaved by the corner o' the house an' took the chimbly. Boys, it made bug-bites o' that chimbly! I knowed Reenie was settin' by the fire with the baby, an' I'd killed 'em both. I felt 'most froze to the ground, an' I thought if Reenie was only livin' I'd let her do her own 'druthers the rest of her days. An' when I got down to the house an' sees her an' the baby not hurt, with the rocks all piled around 'em, I says to myself I ain't ever goin' back on what I promised her unbeknownst. An' I ain't.'

'What was she doing?'

'She was jest settin' there.'

'What did she say?'

'She 'lowed we'd got to go to pap's fer Christmas. An' we did.'

## II

I stood on the doorstep one morning, balancing destiny. Should I take the downward road to the post-office, and thereby connect with the distant maelstrom called progress, or should I choose the upward trail to the still crests of content?

Serena, happening designedly by, saved me the wrench of decision.

'If you want any strawberries this year,' she said, 'you'd better go before the Grassy Creek folks have rumpaged over Old Cloud field. They slip up from the west side an' don't leave a berry for manners. I'm goin' now. I always go once.'

I provided buckets and cups, as expected, and we started. The high ridge field where the berries rambled had its name from an Indian, Old Cloud, who, it was said, had lived there behind the cloud that always rested on the ridge before so many of the peaks had been stripped of their pine and poplar and balsam that had held the clouds entangled and the sky so close. After it had passed to the settlers it had taken forty years of ignorant and monotonous tillage to reduce the rich soil to a half-wild pasture enjoying the freedom of exhaustion.

I had been under roof for three days, and the spring wine produced the usual inebriation. Several times I left Serena far behind, but she always caught up, and we reached the top of the ridge together. Here, panting, I dropped to a bed of cinquefoil, while Serena stood unheated and smiling.

'Did you ever run, Serena?' I asked.

'I always take the gait I can keep,' she said, her glance already roving the ground for berries. 'The other side o' that gully's red with 'em. We've got ahead o' Grassy Creek this time.'

I was looking at the world which the lifted horizon had given me. North by east the Great Smokies drew their lilac-blue veil over impenetrable wildernesses of laurel. I could see the round dome of Clingman, and turned quickly from the onslaught of a remembered day when my body was wrapped in the odor of its fir trees and its heathery mosses cooled my feet. South lay the Nantahalas, source of clear waters. West — but what were names before that array of peaks like characters in creation's alphabet, whose key was kept in another star? They rose in every form, curved, swaying, rounded, a loaf, a spear, shadowed and unshadowed, their splotches of green, gold, and hemlock-black flowing into blue, where distance baulked the eyes and imagination stepped the crests alone. It seemed easier to follow than to stay behind with feet clinging to earth. Affinity lay with the sky.

Serena was steadily picking berries.

'But Serena,' I called, 'just see!'

'I come here once a year,' she said, standing up, 'an' I never take my look till I've filled my bucket.' And she was on her knees again.

Rebuke number two, I thought, and set to work. Avoiding Serena's discovered province, I crossed to the next dip of the slope, and there the field was covered with morning-glories, still radiantly open. All hues were there, from the purple of night to snow without tint, and the clusters of berries under them seemed in sanctuary. I plucked them away, feeling like a ravager of shrines. A breeze flowed over the field, and every color quivered dazzlingly. It was plainly a protest. I gave up my robberies and passed to another part of the field, where rapine seemed legitimate. Here the rank grass of yesteryears was deeply rooted and matted, and I sank adventurously in the tripping tangles. The slope was steeper, too, and I slipped, slid, and stumbled from patch to patch before theft was well begun, losing half my captures in the struggle. It was tinglingly arduous, however, and I continued a happy game of profit and loss until I scrambled from a gully into whose depths I had followed my rolling bucket, and confronted Serena. She looked as if she had coolly swum the lake of color behind us; but her fresh apron was unstained, while mine was a splash of coral. I advised her to return. The picking was better above.

'I know it is,' she answered, 'but them mornin'-glories keep me fluttery, lookin' at me all the time. I got to fill my bucket *first*. I promised Len all he could eat in a pie, an' it takes a big one fer ten of us. Granpap's stayin' at our house now. But we'd better move furder over, out o' this soddy grass. They's rattlers here.'

With her word we saw him. He was coiled two feet from Serena's undulating gingham. The black diamonds shining on his amber skin assured me of his variety — the kind that, as natives tell me, Indians will not kill because 'he gives a man a chance.' Certainly he was giving us a chance. His eyes seemed half-shut, but not sleepy, as if he did not need his full power of vision to comprehend our insignificant world. His poised head was motionless. Only his tail quivered, not yet erected for

his gentlemanly warning. He glistened with newness, and was evidently a youngish snake, with dreams of knighthood still unbattered. His parents had bequeathed him none of the hatred that belongs to a defeated race. Serena seemed as motionless as he. I took her hand, drawing her a few paces back, and we stood watching. Sir Rattle slowly uncoiled, quivered throughout his variegated length, and moved slowly from us, disappearing in the clumps of grass.

'Well,' said a pale Serena, 'my boys ain't ever goin' to kill a snake agin if I know it. I feel like I did after I was baptized. The preacher, he was old man Diller, put his hand on my shoulder an' said, "Love the Lord, my sister"; but I was so full o' lovin' everything and everybody I could n't think about the Lord. Do you reckon snakes have brothers and sisters that they know about? Ain't it a wonder they don't hate us?' She could not stop talking any more than I could begin. 'Let's get to the top o' the field where it's cooler. It's got so hot I'm afeard a shower's comin'.'

By the time we reached the top we knew that the shower was to be a heavy one. There was a cave over the ridge on the Grassy Creek side, where we could take shelter. But we would wait a little for what the heavens could show us. The doors of the sky were to be thrown open. There would be no reservation of magic. Earth knew it by the quick wind that pressed every grass-blade to the ground and made the strawberry-blossoms look like little white, whipped flags; and by the grove of tall, young poplars that bent like maidens, their interlaced branches resting, a silver roof, on their curved shoulders. The lightning rippled, and earth was a golden rose spreading her mountain petals. It was the signal for the assembling of the dragons. They came swelling from the west, pulling one great paw after another from behind the walls of distance and puffing black breath half across the sky. The lightning again, and this time earth was a golden butterfly under the paws of the dragons. Then the conflict began, the beasts mingled, and the sound of their bones massively breaking struck and shook the ground under our feet. A gray sea rose vertically on the horizon and marched upon us. We fled, blinded, to the cave, tearing off our aprons to protect our buckets.

Even here Serena did not pant or gasp.

'How dry it is!' she said, examining the berries. 'They're not hurt. My, you did n't cap yourn!'

'But I'd never fill my bucket if I stopped to cap them.'

'You don't stop. You leave the cap on the vine. It's as quick done as not. Now it'll take you longer to cap than it did to pick. O' course you did n't know. Some folks knows one thing and some another,' she added kindly. 'Ain't it a thick rain? But we got a good place. Some say this cave's ha'nted, an' won't come a-nigh it. Uncle Sim Goforth died here, but he was a good man an' would n't harm nobody if he did come back.'

'How did he happen to die here?'

'They killed him. It was in time o' the war way back. Folks are better now. They say they're doin' awful over the sea, but they'd never be so mean as they were to Uncle Sim. He hid here, an' brought his wife an' children. But they found him.'

'Was he a Unionist or Confederate?'

'I never could make out 'tween 'em. The Unionists, they wanted to free the black people, but the Unionists here in the mountains did n't favor 'em. So I never could git it clear. Anyway, Uncle Sim was a good man. I've heard granpap tell about him many a night. The

men, when they found him, cut down a tree an' hewed out some puncheons fer a coffin, an' made Uncle Sim sit on it an' play his fiddle. He could play the best that ever was, an' they say he jest played up fine that night. They kept him playin' till near daylight; then they shot him, an' his wife an' children lookin' right on. I used to cry, hearin' granpap tell it, but it don't make me feel bad now, 'cause I know folks are so much better. When snakes won't bite you, men are shorely a-changin' too. Looky! the rain's stopped quicker'n it come. We can go right back, fer the ridge dreens off soon as the water strikes it. Ain't it cool, an' the air like gold!'

She tried to catch a handful of it to show me its quality. We went back, and in a minute, as she said, our buckets were full, though we lost a few seconds while I learned of Serena how to cap and pick at the same time. Then we started along the ridge to the gap where we had entered the field. Walking back, I lingered to pluck a giant white trillium that shone from the fringe of wood. No matter; there were thousands more lighting up the cove farther down. As I came out of the wood, the air over the field seemed visibly to precipitate some of its gold. A swarm — no, the word is too heavy for anything so delicately bodied — a band of butterflies, moving in a slow wave over the ridge, had at that moment broken into myriads of distinct flakes — a shattered blaze. Nearer, their gold became tinily specked, and showed flashes and fringes of pearl; the silver-bordered fritillaries, perhaps, or some kin of theirs. I started to call Serena, but paused softly, for she was gazing over the mountains, having her 'look.' I was left to the butterflies. Were they as unconscious of their grubby origin as they seemed, holding no memory of a life bounded by a sassafras twig, or of the cove behind us where violet leaves may have been their food and heaven?

The butterfly ought to be the symbol on every Christian's flag. It is the perfect pietist. Its confidence in the Infinite is as patent as its wings. Serena, amid that airy fluttering, seemed, in her own shining way, the sovereign of the band. Deep as piety was her trust in the morrow. Food would come to her, raiment would be found.

The butterflies floated past, becoming a dim, coppery tremble in the shade of the valley. Serena was still gazing in the distance. At last I said that we must be going; Len was expecting his pie.

'These berries ain't goin' into a pie,' she answered. 'They're worth more than a pie'll come to. They're goin' into jam.

Was Serena taking forethought? No; I could trust her lighted face and wet eyes. She was still piously improvident.

## III

Once more it was May, and early morning. I was out before breakfast, gathering sticks for my hearth-fire. There had been showers in the night, and an inch of new grass trembled over the ground. I tugged at a pile of brush made by my oldest apple tree, which had fallen in a winter storm. The limbs, and even the million twigs, were all gray and green and slate-blue in their wrappings of moss, and in among them, like a burning heart, sat a cardinal.

'You ought to be singing from a treetop,' said I.

'But I'm getting my breakfast. This is the *cafeteria* of Wingland. Are you going to demolish it?'

'Indeed, no!' I answered, picking up some peripheral sticks and leaving his stronghold unshaken.

To thank me, he hopped to the top of the pile, and right in my face, sang his

most shamelessly seductive song. Serena put her head out of the kitchen window to listen. He paused, and deserted me for a tree-top. But sweet was air and earth. Delight summoned an antithesis. I thought of forgotten pains, some monitions of the night before. Suppose I were to die, and never again stand in that dip of the mountain when it was a brimming bowl of springtime? Perhaps there was no other planet where I might gather in my arms such beautiful gray and green and slate-blue fagots. I turned to go in, and met rebuke in the eyes of my Chicago guest.

'I wonder if you are going to tell me that your woman does not know how to pick up brush.'

My woman! If Serena heard that!

'And after last night! Did you take your medicine?'

Verily I had. She was unconvinced.

'The bottle seems full.'

'Oh, I took it from the cardinal's throat,' said I, surrendering.

She laughed, for there was sweetness in her, and we went in to breakfast. I had prepared it before going out, leaving Serena on guard. She was with me, not so much for the help she gave, as to save the feelings of my guest.

'Do you have much of this soggy weather?' said Chicago, airily tolerant, as we took our seats.

'Why, I've never noticed.'

'We shore do,' said Serena, with gloom that was ludicrously alien to her face. 'It's li'ble to rain now fer two weeks steddy.'

'But I had decided not to go home to-day,' cried the guest, almost resentfully declining the hot biscuit Serena urged upon her. 'Two weeks! Do you mean two weeks?'

'I've known it to hang wet fer a month.'

'Why, Serena!'

'Showery like. You know it's so, Mis' Dolly.'

'Well, we're going to have perfect weather now. Tender, bright, with maybe a bit of dew in the air. Stay, and I promise you a miracle among springs.' I held up a glass of strawberry-jam. 'The kind of a spring that produced this.' And I offered her the food of heaven.

'Thanks, but I've cut out sweets.'

I caught my breath, and looked at Serena, in whose eye sparkled a triumph that said plainly, 'Now you see!'

My guest did not notice that I sat dumb, bewildered, bereft. She was talking.

'No, I think, my dear, that if you wish to memorialize a passing folk, you will find material more worthy of your pen in the twilight of the bourgeoisie. They have lived in the main line of evolution, and will leave their touch on the race. Faint it may be, but indelible. In art, in literature, perhaps in certain predilections of character and temperament, it will be possible to trace them. These mountain people will not have even a fossilized survival. They live in a *cul-de-sac*, a pocket of society, so to speak. Your mind has an epic cast, and will never fit into its limits.'

There was more; then Serena's voice glided into the monologue.

'Mis' Dolly, I don't like to tell you, seein' you were ailin' last night, but Johnny Diller went by here this mornin', an' he said Mis' Ludd's little Marthy was n't expected to keep breath in her till sundown.'

'I must go,' said I, getting up.

'I don't approve of it,' said my friend.

'I must. You don't understand — '

'Please don't tell me that again, my dear.'

'But you don't!'

'Your hat's on the porch,' said Serena.

'You can't leave to-day, Marie, because I have n't time to tell you goodbye now,' I said, and hurried away.

Home again at ten in the evening, I found Serena sitting by a bright kitchen fire humming 'Old Time Religion.'

'Is Miss Brooks asleep?' I asked.

'I reckon she is. She said she was goin' to take a sleeper.'

'She's gone?'

Serena's affirming nod did not interrupt her tune.

'Please stop that humming, Serena, and tell me what you did the minute my back was turned.'

'Nothin' at all. That was the matter, maybe.'

'You did n't do *anything* for her?'

'I fixed her a snack to eat on the train.'

'Oh, thank you! It was a nice one, was n't it?'

'I give her some pickled beets, an' turnip-kraut, an' 'tater-salad made with that blackberry vinegar.'

I dizzily recalled a remark of Len's. 'That blackberry vinegar 'ud pickle a horseshoe.'

'Serena,' I began faintly.

She had crossed to a shelf and was looking fondly at a jar of strawberry-jam.

My voice died away; I could not reproach her.

Sweets, my friend had called it. And, my God, it was May morning on a mountain-top!

# THE LAST DREAM OF BWONA KHUBLA

BY LORD DUNSANY

From steaming lowlands down by the Equator, where monstrous orchids blow, where beetles big as mice sit on the tent-roofs, and fireflies glide about by night like little moving stars, the travelers went three days through forests of cactus, till they came to the open plains where the oryx are.

And glad they were when they came to the water-hole, where only one white man had gone before, and which the natives know as the camp of Bwona Khubla, and found the water there.

It lies three days from the nearest other water; and when Bwona Khubla had gone there three years ago, what with malaria, with which he was shaking all over, and what with disgust at finding the water-hole dry, he had decided to die there; and in that part of the world such decisions are always fatal. In any case he was overdue to die, but hitherto his amazing resolution, and that terrible strength of character which so astounded his porters, had kept him alive and moved his *safari* on.

He had had a name no doubt, some common name such as hangs, as likely as not, over scores of shops in London; but that had gone long ago, and nothing identified his memory now to distinguish it from the memories of all the other dead but Bwona Khubla, the name the *kikuyus* gave him.

There is no doubt that he was a fearful man, a man who was dreaded still for his personal force when his arm was no longer able to lift the *kiboko*, when all his men knew he was dying, and to

this day, though he is dead. Though his temper was embittered by malaria and the equatorial sun, nothing impaired his will, which remained a compulsive force to the very last, impressing itself upon all; and after the last, from what the *kikuyus* say. The country that drove Bwona Khubla out must have had powerful laws, whatever country it was.

On the morning of the day that they were to come to the camp of Bwona Khubla all the porters came to the travelers' tents asking for *dow*. *Dow* is the white man's medicine, that cures all evils; the nastier it tastes, the better it is. They wanted *dow* this morning to keep away devils, for they were near the place where Bwona Khubla died.

The travelers gave them quinine.

By sunset they came to Campini Bwona Khubla, and found water there. Had they not found water, many of them must have died, yet none felt any gratitude to the place: it seemed too ominous, too full of a doom, too much harassed almost by unseen, irresistible things.

And all the natives came again for *dow* as soon as the tents were pitched, to protect them from the last dream of Bwona Khubla; which they say had stayed behind when the last *safari* left, taking Bwona Khubla's body back to the edge of civilization to show to the white men there that they had not killed him; for the white men might not know that they durst not kill Bwona Khubla.

And the travelers gave them more quinine, so much being bad for their nerves; and that night by the campfires there was no pleasant talk, all talking at once of meat they had eaten and cattle that each one owned; but a gloomy silence hung by every fire and the little canvas shelters. They told the white men that Bwona Khubla's city, of which he had thought at the last (and where the natives believed he was once a king), of which he had raved till the loneliness rang with his raving, had settled down all about them; and they were afraid, for it was so strange a city, and wanted more *dow*. And the two travelers gave them more quinine, for they saw real fear in their faces, and knew they might run away and leave them alone in that place, which they too had come to fear with an almost equal fear, though they knew not why. And as the night wore on, their feeling of boding deepened, although they had shared three bottles or so of champagne that they meant to keep for days when they killed a lion.

This is the story which each of those two men tells, and which their porters corroborate; but then, a *kikuyu* will always say whatever he thinks is expected of him.

The travelers were both in bed and trying to sleep, but were not able to do so because of an ominous feeling. That mournfulest of all the cries of the wild, the hyena like a damned soul lamenting, strangely enough had ceased. The night wore on to the hour when Bwona Khubla had died three or four years ago, dreaming and raving of 'his city'; and in the hush a sound softly arose, like a wind at first, then like the roar of beasts, then unmistakably the sound of motors — motors and motor-busses.

And then they saw, clearly and unmistakably, they say, in that lonely desolation where the Equator comes up out of the forest and climbs over jagged hills — they say they saw London.

There could have been no moon that night, but they say there was a multitude of stars. Mists had come rolling up at evening about the pinnacles of unexplored red peaks that clustered round the camp. But they say the mist must have cleared later on: at any rate, they swear they could see London, see it and

hear the roar of it. Both say they saw it not as they knew it at all, not debased by hundreds of thousands of lying advertisements, but transfigured, all its houses magnificent, its chimneys rising grandly into pinnacles, its vast squares full of the most gorgeous trees, transfigured and yet London.

Its windows were warm and happy, shining at night; the lamps in their long rows welcomed you, the public-houses were gracious jovial places; yet it was London.

They could smell the smells of London, hear London songs, and yet it was never the London that they knew; it was as though they had looked on some strange woman's face with the eyes of her lover. For of all the towns of the earth or cities of song; of all the spots there be, unhallowed or hallowed, it seemed to those two men then that the city they saw was of all places the most to be desired, by far.

They say a barrel organ played quite near them; they say a coster was singing; they admit that he was singing out of tune, they admit a cockney accent; and yet they say that that song had in it something that no earthly song had ever had before; and both men say that they would have wept, but that there was a feeling about their heartstrings that was far too deep for tears. They believe that the longings of this masterful man, who was able to rule a *safari* by a glance of his eye, and could terrify natives without raising a hand, had been so strong at the last that it had impressed itself deeply upon nature, and had caused a mirage that may not fade wholly away, perhaps, for several years.

I tried to establish by questions the truth or reverse of this story, but the two men's tempers had been so spoiled by Africa, that they were not up to a cross-examination. They would not even say if their camp-fires were still burning.

They say that they saw the London lights all round them from eleven o'clock till midnight; they could hear London voices and the sound of the traffic clearly; and over all, a little misty perhaps, but unmistakably London, arose the great metropolis.

About midnight London quivered a little and grew more indistinct; the sound of the traffic began to dwindle away, voices seemed farther off, ceased altogether, and all was quiet once more where the mirage shimmered and faded; and a bull rhinoceros coming down through the stillness snorted, and watered at the Carlton Club.

# FEET — OR WINGS?

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

O TETHERED spirit, take for mate
No swallow-winged and windy one;
No wanderer strange and passionate
Beyond the strongholds of the sun.

And, wingèd one, beware that thou
Cast out to stars no earth-bound child,
Loving the hearth-smoke and the bough
Of lilac more than flight too wild.

Choose loneliness, before the slow
Torture of twisted leashing-strings.
Love should not be too blind to know
If the beloved hath feet — or wings!

# THE INVISIBLE GARDEN

BY CLAUDIA CRANSTON

THERE are many gates that open into the invisible garden, as many gates as there are many men; and the gates are all unlike, as the men are unlike, yet, like the men, are like. And so I cannot say just how, on that particular day, I entered the garden. I could not see it at first, but I could feel it — as if on a dark, soft, velvet night, when I could not see my hand before me, I had strayed from the beaten path into a wayside garden. Would I then have to *see* the flowers to know they were there?

The first persons I met that day in the garden were a picture and a certain rich man. On ordinary days, I would never have known the two belonged together. But in the garden, I saw the invisible chain that bound them.

I hurried with the hurrying crowd

across Forty-Second Street. I was late to my office that morning, but I stopped to look at the pictures in the windows of the Holland Galleries at Forty-Second Street and Fifth Avenue. There was a new picture in the window this morning — small, and on the Fifth Avenue side. It was a picture of a house, away off, as though one saw it from a row-boat far down the little river which led past the house. And the banks of the little river were low and yellow with grain, and the stream was foreign-looking, without the eagerness of an American stream. The walls of the house were yellowish, and flavored with years, unlike an American house. And beyond the house was a green hill far away. It was not an American picture, though the name of the artist was American; and I could not quite be sure what country it was.

Then I became conscious that beside me a man was gazing with surprise and concentration at the picture. He was striking in build, large, and with a face that on ordinary days I should have called formidable. His bearing was that of a person of great affairs — not affairs of art, or literature, or philosophy, but affairs of finance, doubtless. His hair was of that blond color, not flecked, but rather dulled all over, with gray, his complexion hardy and full, and about the upper lip the odd sagging lines by which one recognizes a face long accustomed to a moustache, and but recently clean shaven.

He was German; and suddenly I realized, and wondered that I had not seen it at once, that the picture was a German landscape, a German *Heim*. The man stood looking at the picture for what seemed like a long time. I knew, in some strange way, that he was going to turn upon me in a moment for the answer to the surprise in his face. I did not want him to do this. I did not know why he should, except that it was a day in my invisible garden.

And so I stood and waited for him to speak to me. I remember recalling as I waited that I had read somewhere that more people passed this corner in a given time than passed any other spot in the world, and I wondered why, of them all, I should be the one to answer whatever question this strange man was going to ask.

And then his eyes came eagerly from the picture to mine, and I started — for they were wet with tears.

I had not expected to say what I did, or to say anything; but suddenly, when his eyes met mine, I knew. And I said, 'Oh, that is a picture of your home!'

And as simply as if he had known that I knew, he said, 'Yes. See that little window, high by the red chimney: that was my mother's room.'

We stood there silent for a moment, looking at the high little window together. And then he said, or asked, for there was always a question in his voice, 'I shall go back? Back to my home? I shall buy the picture? And take it with me? And hang it on the walls of the room where I was born?' And he pointed a gloved forefinger at the high little window, as if we stood far distant, and he was pointing it out to me amid a confusion of other objects.

And as we stood so, the confusion of objects seemed to grow, and to be tremendous, and almost to shut out the sight of the window. And I felt that I was seeing through his mind the things that lay between his home and him.

He turned toward the door of the art gallery, and looked back at me with the questions still in his face. I said, 'Yes'; or I think I said, 'Yes.' Anyway, he disappeared down the brass-railed steps that lead to the exhibition rooms, and after a moment, I went on across Forty-Second Street to my office.

While I had my luncheon that day, I thought about the strange man and

the picture of his home. And after luncheon, as I walked down town, I still thought of him.

At Broadway and Thirty-Fifth Street, a fringy crowd was gathering. I was unwilling to stop. I did not want to be interrupted in my thoughts about the man and the picture. I hurried on.

But out of the corner of my eye, I saw that the crowd gathered about a young girl, an unprepossessing young man, and a very old man in worn clerical dress. The young girl stood up on a box on the curb, and put a megaphone to her lips. I hurried faster.

And then she began to sing, and through the brazen clangor of the city street came the words of an old song my grandmother used to sing, as in her arms I drifted off to sleep on summer nights: —

'He will keep you from temptation,
He will guard you everywhere;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.'

The street-cars clanged, an advertiser with an automobile full of chewing-gum brayed, 'If you *must* chew gum chew Wrigley's,' the elevated train rumbled by, soldiers strode past, their field-equipment strapped to their shoulders.

The crowd was so thin about the girl that, even from where I stood, I could see her poor little jacket, badly made, her badly chosen plaid skirt, her unbecoming hat.

But her voice was exquisitely high and sweet and swinging, and the words of the second verse floated out and suspended over Broadway: —

'Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!'

Still the stream of Broadway flowed past unbroken, and only a fragment here and there caught on the outskirts of the little crowd about the singer. I nodded encouragingly to a half-indifferent matron near me, and crossed the street to stand in the front row of the meagre gathering, the recruit I had beguiled beside me.

The girl finished her song, and then, with the red flushing all over her face under the thin white skin, she asked if anyone wished to come forward to be prayed for, and not a soul moved in his tracks. Then the unprepossessing young man gave a short talk. He also finished by saying that, if anyone would come forward, they would be prayed for now, and also, later, by the congregation of the church on Lexington Avenue. And none of us dared breathe easy even, for fear we should be prayed for.

Then there was something different, a sort of hush, as when in a great cathedral a great man ascends a pulpit, with something momentous to be said. But there was nothing momentous here, no hallowed lights, no perfume of lilies — only a very old man, the garish street, a shabby crowd. Slowly, stiffly, with the aid of the poorly dressed girl, he mounted the rude box. For a moment he stood quite still and straight; then he stretched out his arms, and bowed his head in silence — a strange imposing figure, large, gaunt, his gray hair stirred a little in the breeze, his eyes heavy-lidded like a piece of sculpture, his face seamed with study.

And then, without preface, without beginning and without ending of his own, he spoke: —

'Verily I say unto you, that whosoever shall say unto this mountain, be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.'

When he had finished speaking after

this manner, he held out his arms again, and closed his eyes, and said, 'If there be among you one who wishes to be prayed for, let him come forward.' And he did not open his eyes to see if any stirred among the people.

And not a living soul flecked an eyelash. I looked about the circle, thickened now, and six or eight deep all around, — say a hundred people, — and not one would permit this old man to pray for him. And lest he should think that his great personal effort had been in vain, and that he had cast his master's pearls before the unappreciative, I stepped out of the circle, quite close under the shadow of his thin white hands.

And he did not open his eyes to see what manner of person he prayed for. What manner of man or of woman he had drawn from the multi-throng of Broadway mattered not to one so soon himself to come into the presence of that one Indivisible and Omniscient, to whom all are alike.

I did not hear the words of the old man's prayer, but his voice ceased so soon that I was surprised, and raised my head, and saw that all the people had moved forward as he spoke, and that, instead of standing alone in the shadow of his extended hands, I was but one of all the crowd come forward to be prayed for.

And nearest me was the certain rich man I had seen that morning at the art gallery.

'After I left you,' he said, 'I remembered anew the great sorrow that lay between my home and me, between my people and my father's people, between my sons and my brothers' sons. And I gave up hope that I should be able to remove the mountains of grief, and hang the picture on the walls of the house where I was born.'

My lips seemed dumb, but I remembered that the old man had prayed for me, and that if it was for me to speak, I would know what to say.

And the strange man continued, 'But now we have met again, and I have found my hope again, and I shall remove the mountains; for has not the prophet just said, "Verily I say unto you, that whosoever shall say unto this mountain, be thou removed, and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass, he shall have whatsoever he saith"?'

And as there was a question in his voice, as there had been in the morning, I said, 'Yes,' again, as I had said yes in the morning; and we went our separate ways.

Do not ask me who the strange man was, he whom I met in the morning and again at noon, for I do not know. I know only that it was one of those days when I walked in my invisible garden, as you sometimes walk in yours, and that the next morning, when I looked in the window of the art gallery, the new small picture was gone. In its place was a ballerina with red-laced cothurns, and I paused to look at her, though I was late to my office already.

# A BIT OF PROPAGANDA

## AN ADVENTURE IN PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY

BY DABNEY HORTON

WE did n't go in for much of that sort of work in our escadrille. Most of the men were quite satisfied to make their two gun-spotting flights a day, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, and call it a day's work. There was no jealousy or over-competition, for each took his turn as it came, and no one was allowed to go up without his orders.

So everything was lovely until the G.Q.G. opened their Bureau of Enemy Psychology. Then they started to swamp us with clever ideas. Pamphlets began to arrive, bundles at a time — paper ammunition, intended to be rained down on the heads of the benighted Boche until he broke beneath the weight. And they were weighty, too. I could read a bit of German once, and I appreciated their appeal more than did my French comrades. There was, for example, a fake news-sheet purporting to emanate from Berne. This gave all the latest news of the Allied victories, coupled with most pessimistic statements of certain German Socialists. There was a similar page from Holland, the country that furnished the sand and cement for so many Boche forts in Flanders. The Holland news, as set forth in the Something *Tageblatt*, showed clearly that Wilhelm and his associates had been operating the business at a loss and were about to be sold up. Then there was a dainty little card printed in tricolors, that touched the heart by its human appeal. It was for the common soldier of Hun extraction, unused to involved arguments and economic theories. This was brief and clear. *Soi-disant*, it was a friendly little letter written by one common-soldier-of-Hun-extraction to all the rest of his comrades at present under arms. He was a prisoner in France, brave fellow, and so kindly was he treated by his captors, so generously was he considered, that he wanted to pass on the good word to all his fellow Boches. If there were any among them who felt ground down under the heel of the oppressor (meaning Germany), they could easily come over to a land of liberty, of victorious democracy (meaning France). And the way was clear. They had only to steal out of their trenches at night, crawl to within hearing distance of the French trenches, lift their two hands to heaven, and give the international password, 'Kamerad, ne tirez pas!' This was pronounced, 'Nuh tiray pah.' The charming picture of the deserter's reception in France made me feel like deserting to France myself; but I was already there.

As I said before, we did not use much of this ammunition. It came in firing-charges of five pounds, and took up so much room in the observer's seat that he could n't do his regular work. No one wanted to make a special trip over the lines, so the bundles slowly built themselves up into a small monument in the rear of the hangar, unconsidered

by all men except the cook, who started his matutinal fire with them.

In February, 1918, the escadrille arrived at Fîmes, where the Front was still tranquil. A few artillery *réglages* and a photographic review of the whole sector was the first week's routine. There were very few Boche machines to be seen, and we looked forward to a quiet month which would give us plenty of time to install ourselves comfortably. Our last camp in Flanders had lasted six months, so we expected at least as long a stay at Fîmes. Every morning the camp woke to the sound of hammers. Pilots and machine-gunners spent their idle hours in putting together haphazard furniture and shelves. Each evening was the opportunity for the needy to fare abroad in search of planks and window-frames from the ruined houses in the valley. These necessary odds and ends we could not acquire in the daytime; but once they were in our possession, they were irredeemable. Our quarters became ornate with all the flotsam and jetsam of a bombarded and deserted village.

The beginning of our sorrows was the finding, in a ruined paintshop, of three quarters of a roll of wall-paper. The lucky finder wove with it a gorgeous background of purple poppies upon two walls of his room. Envy and emulation seized us all. Bare boards for walls were no longer *de rigueur*, and every sort of material appeared to cover the honest pine planks. Barault had sheets of printed calico which he bought in the town; but this was paid for and was not considered either clever or fitting. Rehan tacked up several yards of fairly clean straw-matting, which kept out the winter breezes effectively. Another pilot used the painted burlap concealment envelope of a hangar. This was so inflammable that we insisted on keeping it soaked with water, and so, of course, he had to take it down. For my room-mate and myself there was nothing left except the white canvass landing T, which was large and clean. But although the T was never put out on the landing-ground, we had not the courage to requisition it. It was too much like stealing the *ligne de vol* itself from the headquarters office, where it was reported to be kept in a silver case. We complained that the 'crawlers,' the *caporals* in the bureaux and the other non-flying nonentities, were always the first served when it came to a question of house-furnishings. Being groundlings, they were evidently entitled to all that was found on the ground, such as roofing-paper, pine planks, and barrack-lamps. We, the fliers, the youth and beauty of the outfit, were entitled only to what we could find in the air. But Article 22 of the Military Code, *Chacun se debrouille comme il peut*, was now cited. This reflection was responsible for my papering our room with several pounds of the literature intended for German uplift.

It stuck well, thanks to a flour-paste made by our cook. Before the war he was the head cook in the Maritime Restaurant at Marseilles. His paste was delicious to the nose, and the entire barrack partook of it for twenty-four hours. But the work was well done. Along the north wall were twenty copies of Ludendorff's character, in black and white, mostly black. The rest of the space was taken up with Allied victories in Switzerland, trimmed with a neat row of the red-white-and-blue appeals from one deserter to his distant comrades still under the yoke. My comrades declared it exquisite; the officer observers said it was very practical indeed; and the captain thought it a bit exaggerated. Then the commandant of the group of escadrilles happened in to see how his pilots were lodged, and he was the only one genuinely interested. 'Yes,' said he, 'that reminds me. This

morning we received another bundle of propaganda to be dropped in the enemy lines as you dropped the others. I have sent it to your escadrille, for I suppose this work will be of interest to you personally. The service is intensely practical and comprises little risk. You will take up the pamphlets with you the first day there is a strong west wind, and drop them in such fashion that the winds will distribute them in the five kilometres immediately behind the German trenches. You have n't much work these days, and this will keep your planes in working order.'

Before I could reply he was gone.

I wanted to tell him that I would do my part in getting rid of his important pamphlets, 'in the same way we got rid of the others.' As for our being idle, we had our mess-room to furnish with our own hands and five stoves to put up. But the pamphlets came that evening. They were 'of interest to me personally' because they comprised about twenty pounds of Wilson's speech!

I had too often used my lucky nationality to gain favors that gave me advantages over the others. For two years I was allowed to celebrate our sacred national holidays, such as the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving, with a short furlough to Paris, where all good Americans go when they die. I had used my ignorance of the French language and regulations to allow me to pass where passing was forbidden. I had taken liberties, as an American volunteer, which would have put a French conscript in prison. True, my comrades bore me no grudge because of my racial superiority, and my Turkish cigarettes, from Connecticut and Virginia, were much in favor in a tobaccoless land. But for once I tried to make them forget these distinctions.

It was quite evident to the entire mess that I was fatally indicated for the chore: a two-hours flight in a heavy wind, a most uninteresting flight, which meant the loss of my turn for a really exciting discussion of targets with the heavy guns around Corbeny Wood. My argument was that such very special work was fit only for a much older pilot; that I had never done such a job; that it was a useless stunt and should be performed by the latest arrived pilot at the mess; that my plane was out of order and useless for three days; and last, that I did not want to lose my turn at the regular work. But I was crushed under their combined protests. I was American and so was Wilson's speech, and the two of us must go together. I conceded the point, so strong was their logic. For Washington's Birthday was approaching, which I hoped to present as a sort of American Quatorze Juillet, to be spent in Paris.

The following afternoon the weather was favorable for the expedition. One of the younger lieutenant observers went with me. He carried with him, in the rear seat, forty pounds of eloquence printed in German. The pages were done up in half-pound rolls fastened with an elastic. Our other weapons were two Lewis guns on a revolving turret. The west wind was behind us, driving us *chez eux*. Opposite, we could see the Plateau de Californie stretching long and raw to the east. The plateau was riven with galleries, of which we could see the entrances and the smoke that wreathed up from internal fires. Troglodytes lived in those caves, a race of men whose manner of living was that of their forbears who fought the cave bear and the sabre-toothed tiger. Where the engineers were digging their mines and countermines, they disturbed the bones of these earlier tunnelers of the clay, and mused on the circumstance which even in that day had forced men to hide themselves underground from their enemies. And many of these fighters with gunpowder and

steel left their own remains within the hill. Some five hundred years hence, in a future period of dispute, some soldier of the Nth Engineers, piercing the plateau in his subterranean tank, will find the bones of the men who first captured the heights from the Boches. And he will smile as he recognizes the relics of primitive war, the puny guns and digging tools that depended upon the strength of a man's arm. He will think, 'We are progressing.'

As I sailed overhead in my plane I also thought, 'We are progressing.' It was warfare in the ultimate degree. Instead of killing our enemy by sudden dismemberment, we rained down upon him the power of the printed word, to unjoint his moral strength and dislocate his will to resist. It was a triumph of reason over matter. But the idea was not entirely new. Several centuries before Christ an Assyrian king laid siege to the Egyptian city of Bubastes, of which the patron divinity was the Sacred Cat, and in which all other cats were worshiped for his sake. But the men of Bubastes were content to rest behind their solid walls and refused to try the issue of a doubtful battle. Whereat the Assyrians gathered together all the cats in the surrounding country and with them made propaganda in front of the Egyptian walls. The horsemen rode up and down, each with a mewing and struggling feline tied by the tail to his saddle-bow. Thus the Egyptians were compelled to come out and fight the desecrators, and fell victims to their rashness.

Behind me the observer was slipping the elastics from the rolls. Each roll, as he loosened its fastening, he threw downward so that it would not burst into a cloud of flying sheets before it was well clear of the control wires. We marched the air-lanes up and down, three miles behind our own first lines. The steady wind caught the message and floated it eastward to the enemy. It was a slow job, and we untidied the clean sky for two miles north and south. Five hundred metres beneath, we saw the fluttering leaflets we had dropped on each previous trip. At first I thought I was looking at flocks of swallows, whose darting wings twinkled in the sunlight; but it was only our own work going on beneath us.

We were quite alone. There were no Huns in the air to disturb us, and our own machines were not yet up. Even the 'Archies' let us pass unannounced. Generally the Boche battery in Corbeny Wood spoke to us as we went by. If they saw us to-day they must have thought us game unworthy of their powder. If, on returning, I could only say, 'They shot well to-day over Corbeny,' or, 'Another hole to patch in the left wing!' I should have been happy. But there was nothing to justify our carrying weapons on the aerial highway.

A cloud-bank formed in front of us, and I dropped a quarter of a mile to avoid it. The paper ammunition had all been shot off and we turned downward and homeward. I had my eyes on the oil-gauge when my motor began to give snorts of uneasiness and to buck. I worked the throttle to feel its heart, but could not coax it back into its accustomed stride. It snorted louder and pulled more feebly. I had two more wooded valleys to cross ere I could afford to slide down the long gravity road that ended on the home landing-ground. To land in the woods meant a broken machine and no dinner — and we were dropping fast. I did everything the inventor of the motor had provided for me to do. I opened the auxiliary gasolene tank; I pumped the auxiliary gasolene pump; I turned the auxiliary ignition switch, and I wished ardently for an auxiliary motor.

When still half a mile high and home

not yet in sight, I decided to give up and come down before I was forced to come down like Davy Crockett's coon. There was no place to land with any hope of saving the plane, but I was angry with the cranky machine and wanted to save my own precious neck. Below was a dark-green patch that I recognized for a little wood of dwarf pines, closely planted and only ten feet high. With a dead motor I could reach the pines, skim over their tops as over the daisies on a flying-field, and come to rest there when the plane lost its speed. This meant an insignificant ten-foot fall to earth, the fall broken by the tree-tops. And so I planned my descent. I made my last turn while still four hundred yards high, and sped the length of the wood, to be sure to touch near the middle of it. My observer was now showing unusual interest in the piloting of the plane — a thing rare in observers.

At last the sharp pine-tops were skimming beneath my wheels. The plane was leveled out and losing speed slowly. I saw clearly how the smash was going to wreck the poor old bus completely, and leave us without a scratch or a bruise. The swift moment of waiting was sublime. Curtius about to leap into the gulf, Joan of Arc mounting to the stake, Arnold Winkelreid facing the Austrian spears — I had all the sensations of these. And then chance spoiled the climax; the gulf closed before the horseman leaped; the fire refused to burn; the spears missed the heroic breast; and my undeserving plane dropped heavily and unharmed in a clearing in the wood, a clearing so small that I had not seen it!

We dismounted, my passenger and I. His was the mood of a man escaped from imminent death, and I took my cue at once. I became the experienced old pilot, accustomed to making forced landings in woodland clearings sixty yards square! '*Bon Dieu de mille bons Dieux!*' I panted, 'I was afraid for a moment that I'd miss it.' This with the accents of recent mental stress.

The cause of the motor-trouble was the cause of the expedition itself: a bit of propaganda, a bit of Wilson's speech, that had flown into the internal working of my motor when I ducked under a cloud and into a shower of my own paper. The motor had caught a couple of sheets between the cylinders, and the mouth of an exhaust-valve had chewed up an oily wad of it and ruined its digestion therewith.

This bizarre accident was kept secret. The eight escadrilles on our field knew of it, and my friends in Paris; but no one else. We feared that if the Huns heard of it, they might use the idea and make the sky untenable with a continual paper barrage. I write this account during the Armistice.

We reached home that night two hours late for dinner, but not too late to find sympathetic ears for my wonderful tale of pilot-craft. I told it in full, and even added that I had long had my eye on that sixty-yard clearing as an emergency landing-ground. They had to believe me, for the field was there and the plane posed in the middle of it.

Rehan was doubtful. He wanted me to explain how I planned to get the plane out again from the clearing. There was a runway of sixty yards and a ten-foot obstacle at the end of it. A dirigible could clear it, but not an aeroplane. I proved to them mathematically and aerodynamically that a plane could get out of any place it could get into — provided, of course, that the pilot knew his business. Rehan promised to come out with me on the morrow and watch me do it. He had been driving planes only three years, and he wanted to learn from me, he said!

That same night the wind rose and the gale howled and the trees of the forest bent beneath the storm. My

plane was overturned and torn into detached pieces by the tempest, so Rehan was disappointed. I felt the loss less keenly myself, for the result would have been the same in either case. Besides, not every pilot sees his plane a mangled wreck, himself not in it!

So ended the launching of propaganda by our escadrille. It was put down as dangerous and unprofitable and to be done only by volunteers. No one volunteered. We often calculated the probable results of this one attempt at it. Whenever the big guns made unusual noises at night, we got in the habit of saying, 'That's the propaganda; you've got the Boches aroused to their danger.' And when the nights were quiet, one remarked, 'They scarcely resist at all these days, since Wilson's speech got among them.'

The Big Show is over now, and perhaps this bit of propaganda did as much to bring about the happy ending as I myself did to bring down my plane safely in the middle of the wood. In any case, it's a good story for a man's grandchildren.

# RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS AND AMERICAN SCHOLARS

BY GEORGE ROBERT PARKIN

THE entry of the United States into the Great War led to the temporary suspension of elections to the Rhodes Scholarships throughout the Union. The same thing happened in all the many communities of the British Empire to which they are assigned. The conditions of age and physical fitness imposed on candidates for the Scholarships corresponded so closely with those laid down for military service in the draft law of the United States, the conscription law of Canada, and the military requirements of all the dominions and colonies, that there was practically no alternative to this policy of postponement.

It was enforced by other considerations. Out of the student population of Oxford, normally numbering about 3500, only two or three hundred remained in residence. These included freshmen waiting till they were of military age, medical students, who were excluded from military service, Indian students, foreigners driven out of the small countries overrun by Germany, and the physically unfit. The colleges had become billets for young soldiers in training; the examination schools, hospitals; the parks and playing-fields, places for exercise in infantry drill, bomb-throwing, trench-digging, wiring, signaling and all the other varieties of military preparation. A large School of Aeronautics brought hundreds of cadets to study the scientific side of their new business. In such an atmosphere there was little room for the intellectual and social intercourse which the Scholarships were intended to provide. Besides all this, the trustees felt that it would be most unfair to carry on the elections at a time when the most patriotic and promising candidates had, as a rule, debarred them-

selves from competition by taking military service in their respective countries. Their policy indeed will be, when the elections are resumed, to give the preference, other things being equal, to candidates who have shown their high sense of citizenship in this way. But the elections were only postponed. Now that the war is over and demobilization is under way, the Scholarships due to each state will be filled as rapidly as suitable candidates can be found, or as Oxford can absorb the flood of students which will now be pouring back into her halls.

Elections for 1918 and 1919 will be held during the autumn of the present year, those for 1920 and 1921 in the autumn of 1920, after which they will resume their normal course, when thirty-two states will elect each year.

This postponement of elections has furnished an opportunity of reviewing the whole scholarship situation, arriving at conclusions about the working of the system, and considering any changes needed to make it more effective. As it has now been in operation for fourteen years, the trustees have a wide range of experience to assist them in forming an opinion on its adequacy for securing the results which Mr. Rhodes had in his mind, or such as are worthy of so important a foundation. The Trust has had to deal with widely separated countries and varied educational conditions. In this paper it is proposed to touch only on the problems that have presented themselves in the United States, from which about half of the whole body of Scholars is drawn. Some of these problems seem worthy of careful consideration among those who have the direction of American education.

## I

The system as at present in operation was adopted after personal consultation with, and on the advice of, most of the highest university and college authorities of the various states. During the past year I have had the opportunity of consulting once more a large proportion of these same authorities or their successors in office. They are almost unanimously agreed that, with the knowledge then available, no better plan than the one hitherto tried could have been devised. They are equally agreed that it has in operation developed unexpected difficulties, has not achieved fully the results anticipated, and requires modification. It is perhaps well to begin by indicating the nature and extent of this failure to obtain the best results so far as the United States is concerned.

One noteworthy fact, the explanation of which I have tried to investigate, should be first mentioned. Of all the candidates for Scholarships throughout the Union during the last thirteen years, now numbering more than two thousand, about one half have failed to pass the qualifying examination, which is equivalent to what at Oxford is called 'Responsions,' the lowest standard on which a man is allowed to remain at the University. It is a singular fact that these failures have occurred almost as frequently in the older Eastern States as in the West, and in the North as in the South, where education is supposed to be less advanced. This seems to indicate that the underlying causes are general throughout the Union. The examination is considered quite elementary according to Oxford standards, and is usually passed by boys of seventeen, eighteen, or nineteen from the grammar, high, and great public schools. Those who take it in America are required to have at least sophomore standing at some recognized degree-granting university or college. They are more frequently graduates. In one state having an exceptionally large and

varied university organization and numerous student body, out of nineteen candidates who presented themselves in two years, only two succeeded in passing the examination.

Such a proportion of failures appears to indicate, either that there is something radically defective in the elementary training of the secondary schools from which the candidates come, or that the Scholarships do not appeal to American students who have been well trained. In the earlier years of our work, these numerous failures were attributed to the demand made in the examination for a certain amount of Greek, a study widely neglected in parts of America. But when the concession was made several years ago that Greek might be taken subsequent to election, the average of failures continued about the same, and occurred in arithmetic, algebra, and geometry as well as in Latin. The almost irresistible inference is that there must be some lack of thoroughness in the training given in American secondary schools. It is probably too much to say that our tests, which are applied in every state in the Union, and are meant merely to find out whether a candidate has the necessary basis for a liberal education, have enabled us to discover the weak link in American education; but the case for this view at least deserves examination.

I have recently discussed it pretty exhaustively with presidents and faculties in more than thirty states, and the prevailing opinion is that this inference is correct. They find that their own higher work is seriously handicapped by the inadequate preparation of a large proportion of the students who come to them. Local feeling, dependence on popular support, competition for students between institutions, and other influences make it difficult in many instances, but not, of course, in the greater universities, to insist upon an adequate entrance standard. While, therefore, our experience in this particular must modify the policy of the Trust in ways to which reference will be made later, it has obviously far deeper significance for those engaged in higher education in America itself.

It has been suggested as an explanation of the failures referred to that students of sophomore, or, as is more commonly the case, graduate standing, are too far away from their secondary-school work to do justice to an examination based upon it. But it is difficult to imagine that any such student who has the examination papers of previous years to guide him, the prospect of one of the largest scholarships in the world before him, and plenty of time to prepare, could fail to meet the small demand made upon him if he had originally been well grounded. There may be more in the further suggestion that American students are not accustomed to the written tests of accurate knowledge which Oxford employs. On this point it should be said at once that their hopes of success at Oxford will depend on acquiring the ability to stand such tests.

Before leaving this side of the question, it may be well to mention an explanation suggested to me by the head of one of the large and successful secondary schools of New England. His opinion was that the real root of the difficulty lay further back, in the preparatory or elementary school. Boys came to him at the age of thirteen or thereabouts, so poorly grounded in elementary work that it often involved for them a constant struggle throughout the whole of their secondary-school and university life to remedy the defect. The English boy sent to a good preparatory school at ten, he thought, received, while his mind was most plastic, a drill in elements which made his later work easy and more effective. He

was speaking, of course, of boys whose parents were able and anxious to give their children the best training that could be got. American parents, he thought, in their desire to give their children a 'good time,' free from serious work, through this earlier period of their lives, really laid a heavy burden upon them in the later stages. Of the justice of this opinion American educators will be best able to judge.

It will be readily seen that, where the standard of eligibility is placed so low, with the result that one half of all the candidates fail to pass, an opportunity is given for weak applicants to secure the Scholarships. This has not infrequently happened. The men themselves are among the first to acknowledge this. Numbers of them have told me that they found themselves imperfectly prepared to meet the keen competition and severe demands of the scholarship standard of Oxford, not only in classics, but in all the other wide range of subjects open to them at the university. Any effort to raise the standard will have no stronger supporters than the ex-Rhodes Scholars themselves, who are sensitively anxious that the United States should be adequately represented at Oxford. Considerable groups of them have given it to me as their considered opinion that of all the men sent from America not more than one third were, in ability and preparation, in a position to compete with the best-trained men from English public schools; others had the ability without the necessary preparation; while a further considerable group fell distinctly below anything that could be considered a good scholarship standard at the University, while not strikingly superior in the other qualities to which Mr. Rhodes attached importance.

My own observation, the opinion of university tutors, and the test of the final honor examinations all tend to confirm the accuracy of this judgment of the Scholars themselves.

It has become clear that every inadequate Scholar sent to Oxford lowers the prestige of the Scholarships in the United States, and diminishes respect for them. The reasons for this are fairly obvious to anyone who understands American conditions. When a man is selected in any state for a scholarship, he usually receives a good deal of notice in the local press, as the winner of a large scholarship, founded by a great man, at a famous university, and by inference is therefore a brilliant scholar and an exceptional man, from whom much may be expected in after life. He leaves home stamped with this popular reputation, which is not at all justified by the preliminary examination he has passed. Should he not be of this type, should he be unfitted for the keen competition of the University, should he pass through the three years at Oxford without making any marked impression either in scholarship or personality, and return to his own country to sink out of notice, the blame for the failure is placed upon Oxford, whereas it really rests in the original inadequacy of the man. Oxford has no magic beyond any other university to produce the best results, unless furnished with material which makes such results possible. It is evidently the business of the Trust, — it is most certainly for the advantage of America, — that every reasonable precaution should be used to secure as Scholars men who possess the ability and force of character which will, both at Oxford and in after life, fully justify their selection.

Extended observation has shown me, and our experience has proved, that there are conditions widely prevalent in America which create distinct difficulties, many quite reasonable and natural, in the attainment of this end. In the first place, it is a country which

offers unusual opportunities of a material kind to young men of exceptional force and ability. The great railway systems, the manufacturing and commercial trusts, and other vast business organizations are constantly on the look-out for such men, and pay a high price for their services. They aim also at getting them comparatively young. Over large areas of the Union this condition alone handicaps us greatly in securing candidates of first-class ability. It probably represents a temporary stage, due to the rapid industrial and commercial development through which the country is passing, but it is one that must be reckoned with at present.

Again, the ambitious young American is much more disposed than his European contemporary to attack the problems of actual life and begin earning money, even in professional employments, at the earliest possible moment. Years of severe preparatory training for his work do not appeal to him so much as years of practical experience. Each course has its advantages, the one perhaps giving more speedy, the other more permanent success. The choice will usually be decided by temperament.

Another serious limitation to our field of selection has come from a view about scholarships common in America. In most educational institutions throughout the United States, the emphasis is laid, not upon the distinction of winning a scholarship in free competition, which is seldom provided for, but on its money-value in helping a struggling student through his course. There are exceptions, but the rule holds so widely that scholarships have come to be popularly regarded mainly as charities. The sons of people in comfortable circumstances and able to pay their own way are unwilling to contend for them. This disposition is natural, honorable, and altogether right where the object of the scholarship is charity. But should it prevail in regard to the Rhodes Scholarships, it means the practical exclusion from the competition of all students in America who happen to have private means — an exclusion fatal to the highest success of the system and unfair to the American representation at Oxford. Rhodes evidently aimed at securing strong men far more than at aiding struggling ones, though these are by no means excluded.

One seldom hears the holder of an American university or college scholarship spoken of in the way in which we would speak of the winner at Oxford of the Ireland, the Eldon, a Balliol Scholarship, or an All Souls' Fellowship, namely, as a man on the path to distinction. Rich and poor alike compete keenly for the honor that these intellectual prizes bring; their money-value may, or may not, be important to the competitor.

I doubt greatly whether among all the hundreds of American Scholars who have come to us, more than a small proportion have come from homes of competence. Many come from homes of culture, the sons of clergymen, university teachers, and like professions — as excellent material as we could wish for, but not as fully representative of all sides of American life as it should be. I suspect that the son of a wealthy man would feel himself prejudiced by this fact if he presented himself to most of the committees of selection who have acted for us in America. This can be corrected only by some change of opinion. The honor of winning must be given the first place and competition must be such as to make the honor real.

The ideal solution for this problem in America seems quite simple. Should a rich man be the winner of a Rhodes Scholarship, he can easily pass on to those who need it the money advantage which it gives him, while retaining the

honor he has fairly gained; the poor man who is a winner may freely enjoy both the distinction and the financial aid that the Scholarship gives. On this understanding all may honorably compete, and our Scholars become representative of the various sides of American life.

Another point should be mentioned. Even when willing to spend some years in additional study, American students often find practical advantage in doing this at one of the graduate schools of their own country rather than abroad. In this way they keep in close touch with those who can best help them to get positions when they have completed their course. Scholars who come to Oxford lose this touch for three full years, and when they return home are apt to feel themselves adrift in communities where the value of what they have gained is not fully understood.

## II

In this enumeration of the hindrances to the full success desired, I have left to the last one of the most marked. A professor in a Southern university lately said to me that, so long as it made any demand for Greek, Oxford would be regarded as mediæval by the average American student. The correctness of the statement or the wisdom of the judgment I shall not attempt to gauge. But it does represent a widespread prejudice largely based on lack of information. It is true that Oxford is still a chosen home of Classical study and deems it one of her highest honors. The thinkers, writers, jurists, and statesmen of world-wide fame trained in her Classical schools justify this pride. But she honors all studies, and steadily enlarges her means of dealing with them. A medical school which has Sir William Osler at its head as Regius Professor will not in the United States be suspected of mediævalism. 'Honor Schools' leading to the B.A. degree are established, not only in Litteræ Humaniores, but also in mathematics, physics, chemistry, animal physiology, zoölogy, botany, geology, astronomy, engineering science, jurisprudence, modern history, theology, Oriental subjects, English language and literature, and modern languages, any of which may be studied exclusively with a view to the degree. Students whose previous training fits them for advanced study or research may be admitted to read for an 'Advanced Degree,' such as the B.Sc., B.Litt., or Ph.D. Diplomas may be obtained in geography, education, economics and political science, or forestry, anthropology, agriculture, classical architecture, and rural economy. Rhodes Scholars have taken all, or nearly all, these courses.

In this connection one fact of experience may be placed on record. We have now had at the university some hundreds of American Scholars. All of them had at least sophomore standing at their home universities, a majority of them were graduates, many were men of exceptional ability. They have had the opportunity to pursue their studies for three years without any distraction through financial anxiety. Yet I think every ex-Scholar will agree with me when I say that not one of them has achieved in any of the subjects mentioned — as many of them have — the higher honors that Oxford has to give, without working strenuously throughout his course.

In spite of all the drawbacks I have mentioned, the Trust has every reason to congratulate itself on the quality and spirit of a large proportion of the American Scholars drawn to Oxford by its first and tentative methods of selection. But it is bound to seek the highest possible results from a foundation of such importance. The circumstances of our

time create an opportunity for this that has not before existed. The universities of Germany, to which many American students have hitherto gone, will probably be closed to them for years to come. The desire for Old-World study will still remain for many who wish to get a varied training and educational experience. To such the ancient universities of Britain, as no doubt those of France, will give the warmest welcome. The fact that Oxford and Cambridge, as well as some of the newer universities of Great Britain, have lately established a Ph.D. degree, is likely to attract a class of men naturally anxious that their post-graduate work should receive due academic recognition.

The problem before the Trust is, how to discover among the great body of university and college students in the United States, thirty-two men each year to whom the scholarships will be a real boon, who will reflect credit upon the Trust, and who will confer the greatest advantage upon their own country, by taking the opportunity offered to them of study abroad.

In considering the methods by which the standard among our American scholars may be so raised as to command general respect in their own country as well as at Oxford, we are faced by several serious problems. First among these, I am disposed to place the fact that the Scholarships are by the bequest allotted to each of the forty-eight individual states of the Union. Our experience has shown that many states do not regularly supply suitable candidates. In some the educational facilities are inadequate, in others the whole trend of public feeling and educational effort is toward training for practical work rather than encouragement of scholarly interests. Unless he possesses such interests in a fairly marked degree, no student can make a successful course at Oxford or secure the advantages which it has to offer. There have been cases in which a state would not have a candidate to present unless applicants were imported from other communities. By migrating from a state where there is strong competition to one where it is absent or negligible, and pursuing his studies there for one or two years, a comparatively inadequate student could, under our earlier regulations, gain the right to enter for the Scholarship and secure it, though barely able, by special preparation, to pass the very elementary qualifying examination. This tends to discredit the system, and it seems imperative that steps should be taken to guard against such a possibility. Fortunately the bequest gives the Trustees the power to fix the conditions on which the Scholarships are awarded.

The conclusion has been forced upon the Trust that for the United States, where the opportunities for education are so many, a standard must be established much above that of the qualifying examination hitherto used, and more on the level of the ordinary Oxford scholarship, no award being made to candidates who fall below a fairly high standard. Even while keeping this end in view, there is no wish to make the test entirely scholastic, as this would contravene the suggestions made in the will. Every allowance will be made for marked personality and indications of power in a candidate, even where precise scholarship is lacking. This is in keeping with Oxford methods. The head of one of the most distinguished foundations of the University has told me that, in selecting its scholars, the college is guided more by indications of power than by mere accuracy of performance in examination.

When a preliminary test based on English standards has been so effective in thinning the ranks of candidates, the

discontinuance of the examination altogether may seem a singular step toward securing a higher standard among the Scholars. This is the experiment which the Trustees have, after careful consideration, decided to make. It means that success at his own American university, not an English examination, will be the chief intellectual test by which the candidate will be judged. Any regularly constituted degree-granting college or university will be entitled in each state to put forward as candidates a strictly limited number of its students. They must have the approval as candidates of the institution to which they belong, and they may be selected by any method which the institution itself may see fit to use. From among all the candidates thus put forward by different institutions the Committee of Selection for the state will proceed to elect the candidate whom they consider to possess the highest qualifications. The decision will be based on comparison of school and college records, and on the evidence the candidates furnish of possessing those qualities of character, virility, and leadership to which Mr. Rhodes attached importance at least as great as to intellectual superiority.

It seems certain that in the selection of American scholars more weight should be given than has sometimes been done to proof of mental ability. The suggestions made by Mr. Rhodes in regard to a taste for and success in athletic sports among his Scholars have attracted much attention, and under some circumstances have much to recommend them. But the highly specialized form which athletics have taken in the university life of America lessens their value for the purpose intended. In the great public schools of England some form of athletic sport is practically compulsory for all; in the universities fully seventy-five per cent of the students take an active part in athletic contests. Under such conditions few good candidates would be excluded from competition by an athletic test. But we have found that to limit the competition in America to successful athletes narrows the field of choice to a very small number of the whole student body. I have frequently been told by university authorities and students that the proportion would be less than five per cent, and that proportion would be from a section of the students not the best qualified intellectually to do justice to the scholarships.

There is a further decisive reason against such a limitation. The sound physique and personal vigor which Mr. Rhodes rightly had in view, as well as the habits of self-control, the spirit of fair play, and the power of managing others acquired in the sports of English public schools and universities, are often gained in other and more practical fields by American students who never took part in a football or baseball match — in adventurous exploration, in vacations spent on lake or river, on railway or forest surveys, on farm and ranch, and in the many other employments and relaxations of the varied life of a great continent. Full allowance for this difference must be made in applying the ideas of the founder to the selection of his American Scholars. The instructions given to committees of selection will emphasize this point. The spirit of the founder's suggestions must be kept steadily in view, though it may be unwise to apply them according to their strict letter.

It is believed that careful and confidential inquiry among those who have trained candidates, supplemented if necessary by any test of general ability which the committee may impose, will, with what is mentioned above, furnish sufficient data on which to make a reliable decision. In the Oxford colleges

a written essay on some question of broad human or national interest is found a useful gauge of general ability; and it is not unlikely that such a test will often be applied by committees to assist their judgment.

III

I may now turn to another difficulty which has been met with in the administration of the system. In every state, machinery had to be created for the careful and impartial selection of the Scholar from among the qualified candidates who presented themselves. Committees of selection were formed for this purpose, of which the President of the state university, — where there was one, — or other leading university, was chairman, and had the assistance of three or four other heads of college institutions. This arrangement gave promise of both care and impartiality. In large numbers of states this promise was amply fulfilled, and the Trust cannot be too grateful to men of the greatest educational weight throughout the Union who have given time and thought to the successful working of the Scholarship system.

But in some cases these committees did their work under serious difficulties. The members were usually among the busiest men in the state; they were often called together from great distances; their work had of necessity to be done hurriedly and without the opportunity for close inquiry and comparison which such work needed. Their difficulties were increased by the suggestions made by Mr. Rhodes in regard to the principles of selection.

Examiners in a strictly competitive test of scholarship have abundant and accurate data to guide their judgment. But our committees of selection are asked to compare imponderable qualities, such as character, athletic tastes and success, or qualities of leadership in candidates drawn from various institutions with widely varying standards, and have to place dependence on testimonials, the value of which it is not easy to gauge.

But a more fundamental difficulty lay in the fact that the committees of selection were mainly composed of men who were, as heads of institutions sending in candidates, themselves interested parties. Anyone who knows how keen is the rivalry between the different colleges of some American states will understand what an obstacle to impartial selection this fact has proved to be. The intense loyalty of American students to their own college increases the difficulty. The student body in each institution expects that its representative on the committee will stand by its candidate, and is inclined to criticize him for lack of energy or of influence should he fail to secure his election. Considerations of this kind do not, of course, affect the larger universities with a broad national outlook. But in some states they are difficult to overcome. Sometimes they spring, not from rivalry, but from exceedingly generous impulses. The heads of large universities, which naturally attract the ablest youth of a state, do not like to press the claims of their own better candidates against those from smaller institutions which send the best they have.

The tendency, admittedly rather prevalent in America, and assumed to be democratic, to 'pass round' any public honor or emolument, has also to be reckoned with. The result is that the business of selection often ends in a compromise, which practically means that the appointment is made alternately among the different colleges or universities. This leaves us without assurance that the best man has been chosen at each election, and tends to lessen the number of candidates and the

keenness of competition. It often happens that, when the Scholarship has been awarded to a candidate from one institution in a state, its students feel that it is useless to apply till the supposed 'turn' of their institution has again come round. I have had convincing proof that this impression has greatly reduced the number of competitors in many states.

The existence of these difficulties is fully recognized among university men everywhere in America, and a change of system in our methods of selection will now be welcomed by those who have hitherto so liberally and cheerfully given us their assistance. The Trustees have agreed to make a new experiment in this direction by making use of an agency through which, I believe, with proper organization, the work of selection can be carried out more satisfactorily than in the past.

We already have between three and four hundred old Scholars scattered throughout the United States. Many of them are men of marked ability; some are already making for themselves a considerable position in various walks of life. They are genuinely devoted to the interests of the Scholarship system and believe that it may become very advantageous to America. They are men who know from personal experience what Oxford is, what advantages it offers to an American student, and on what type of student it is likely to confer the greatest benefit. They are as a rule closely in touch with young America and the college or university life from which candidates are drawn, and are in an especially favorable position to make careful and intimate inquiry through their college societies, as well as through college authorities, about the character and qualification of candidates. As years go on their number will steadily increase and will ultimately reach about fifteen or sixteen hundred, distributed throughout all parts of the Union. Thus in the future we shall have at our command a large and weighty body of men specially qualified for the work and capable of undertaking the most serious responsibilities. The proposal for remedying the defects referred to is to transfer gradually, as circumstances permit, the selection of new Scholars to the hands of ex-Scholars.

What is the type of man, we may now ask, who can, in America, with the most advantage to himself, take a Rhodes Scholarship, or can with the fullest confidence be advised to make it an object of his ambition? Certainly, first of all, he should be one who is eager to get what Oxford has to give in mental training or other preparation for the work of life. What this is can be pretty clearly defined. If on the intellectual side a student's inclination is toward the humanities, — toward Classical or English literature, philosophy, history, political science, theology, or jurisprudence, — he will find at Oxford opportunities and an atmosphere as favorable for good work as in any centre of education on earth; and should he aim at winning distinction among his fellow students in these lines of study, he will assuredly there find himself subjected to tests and competition which will tax all his powers. If his turn is for mathematics or medicine, natural or applied science, modern or Oriental languages, geography, forestry, and similar lines of special study, he can depend upon receiving in these also a quite adequate training, and on meeting with abundant competition, even though Oxford does not claim to offer superlative advantages in some of these subjects, and has not the same completeness of equipment or fullness of opportunity which may be found in other highly specialized centres of training.

If, once more, his aim is chiefly that

broad culture which comes from general study and observation, from mingling with men of various types, from living in a highly intellectual atmosphere, amid inspiring traditions of great men and great movements, in easy touch with the greatest libraries and galleries of art known in the world — all this is open to an energetic Oxford student who uses judiciously both terms and vacations to enlarge his experience and cultivate his mind. The opportunities are of a kind that Scholars drawn from newer countries cannot expect to find in their own lands. Personal temperament and purpose in life will determine the value attached to them.

What, we may ask again, is the type of man in the America of to-day who will best fulfill the ideas which Cecil Rhodes had in his mind when he extended his Scholarship system to the United States. Certainly it was the type which combines the qualities of the scholar and the man of affairs — the type of student likely to take an active part in the public life of the community from which he comes. My own observation, now extending over many years and to every state in the Union, leads me to think that if we can secure from America as our Scholars men aiming at high academic position, we shall go further toward attaining the aims that Rhodes had in view than in any other way.

The history of the past five years has given a new meaning to the subject discussed in this paper. The penetrating vision of Cecil Rhodes foresaw that a mutual understanding between the people of the British and American commonwealths would become a necessity for the future peace and security of the world. The circumstances of the Great War, and the confusion in which it has left the world, have revealed as never before the breadth and accuracy of that vision; have placed the question in the very forefront of human interest. Rhodes believed that intercourse in their university life between the young men of the two nations would help toward this understanding, and founded the American and Colonial Scholarships as his contribution to the end in view. If some American of like imagination, and with a like command of means, would open the way for British scholars to study close at hand the educational and national ideals of the United States, his act would be a splendid and useful supplement to the original idea of our founder. It would, I am sure, meet with eager response from the ambitious youth of the old and new nations which make up the widespread British Commonwealth. Meanwhile, every effort to make the most of the opportunities created by Cecil Rhodes has a claim on the sympathy and support of thinking men in both nations.

# THE WONDER OF IT

BY GEORGE BOAS

AT Péronne the retreating Germans left a large wooden sign on the ruins of the Hôtel de Ville. The sign read:

*NICHT ÄRGERN, NUR WUNDERN*

After three months in Germany, I realize how universally applicable the sign is. The whole character of the people, their outlook on life, and their social relations, were so unlike anything I had ever dreamed of, that I could not analyze the soul beneath it all. Before it one stands aghast, perplexed over the possibility of its being real. Of this German soul, as well as of its works on the field of battle, one can only say, 'Nicht ärgern, nur wundern!' Every German should wear those words embroidered on his coat, or carry them like a sandwich-man, to be seen on his approach and on his departure.

## I

'I wish,' said the general, 'you would draw up a general order for the governance of this delightful suburb of Coblenz. The adjutant will get you all the necessary material, and you can, by stealing the ideas of others, work out a scheme for running B——, which will not only reflect glory on the brigade and its beloved commanding general, but perhaps instill a little milk of human kindness into the Boches.'

'Yes, sir,' said his aide-de-camp; and not being a decorative aide but a working aide, he set to, and had completed by the next morning a municipal memorandum which would have brought tears of envy to the eyes of Von Bissing. He had neatly codified all the functions of the utopian city, and had a military official to perform each of them. He had provided for everything called for in G.H.Q. instructions and a lot besides. It was a work of art, and written in that peculiar military style which seems quite precise and is about as definite as the oracle at Delphi.

The general O.K.'d it and signed it, and it was immediately noted by his command and filed.

The general's aide had had a certain experience as zone-major in France. He had billeted, it seemed to him, almost two thirds of the A.E.F. He used to say that he knew all the peculiarities of one corps commander, six division commanders, and eighteen brigade commanders. He maintained that he could tell to a centime how many fruit trees had been robbed by any American division in France; and as for fields of wheat, barley, alfalfa, luzerne, rye, hay, and oats which had been trampled on by troops during drill, manœuvre, and friendly promenade, that he was a living card-index. He was known in forty-two villages in the Haute-Marne as a tight-fisted, capitalistic tyrant, and at the same time as a charitable friend. Monsieur Arsène Warin of A—— tells to this day how the *espèce de chameau* refused to honor his reclamation for a *sanglant* ten *ares* of grass-land on the ground that it had already been paid twice. But while Warin laments, Madame Veuve Bergerin-Huot throws her hands in the air at the mention of the

aide's name and says he is a veritable saint. 'Oh, qu'il est gentil!' she cries; 'qu'il est doux, qu'il est bon, le petit lieutenant!' And, wiping her eyes, she says that all Americans are angels.

This is what the aide said about himself and what others said about him. Hence it was but natural that the general should appoint him Ortskommandant of the town. The appointee begged to be relieved, but it was written that this particular A.D.C. should be a ruler and a boss. 'Kismet!' he said, and went down to see the Bürgermeister.

The Bürgermeister of B—— am Rhein was a person who looked like a white rat that had been thoroughly soaked and shaved. And he had the faculty, which all male Germans have, of congealing his cords and muscles at a moment's notice, and could assume the rigor of an epileptic in the presence of superiors. To watch him slide into your office, uncover his teeth, espy you, and suddenly straighten himself up in obedience to an unspoken *Achtung*, was an impressive experience. The aide often wondered why the arrest of every vital function and the elimination of all emotion should be considered polite. He distrusted that German salute. It was too much like playing 'possum.

When the Bürgermeister came into the Ortskommandantur, the aide told him that, in so far as he behaved himself, he would have nothing to fear from the American army; and that in so far as it did n't interfere with the satisfaction of American interests, he was to continue governing the town as usual.

The Bürgermeister stiffened himself and withdrew.

The aide was pleased. His first official act, he felt, had been kindly yet firm, just but not harsh. If he had his way, B—— would not suffer as northern France had suffered. He was going to show these Boches that the Americans were n't there to terrorize, or to Americanize, but simply to occupy territory according to the terms of the Armistice.

But he could not see the scene in the Bürgermeister's office overhead — the holding of cheeks in hands, the striking of chests, the weary and rapid breathing of bewilderment, the groans of despair. And the next morning, when he went to the Ortskommandantur, he was met by a request that he grant an audience to his German colleague. It was 10 A.M., the exact hour of yesterday's meeting.

He granted the request, and in a moment the shaved rat slid in through a slit in the open door and ran his tongue over his pink lips. His little black eyes shone like shoe-buttons, and he kept scratching the palms of his hands.

He wanted to know if the Herr Oberleutnant had any orders for him.

The Herr Oberleutnant wanted to know why.

'Ach!' cried the Bürgermeister, 'before the Americans came, we had a government. Now we have none. How then can I run the town of B—— as I used to run it? There is no one to tell me what to do. If only the Herr Oberleutnant would express his wishes!'

The aide narrowed his eyes and looked at him in disgust.

'Have the streets cleaned,' he said, and turned to his work.

The face of the Bürgermeister was radiant. He had found a boss.

In less than thirty minutes a platoon of Boches was assembled in the street before the Ortskommandantur. Every other man carried a broom at right-shoulder-arms and the man at his side a shovel. The Bürgermeister stood on the steps of the building, with a pencil in one hand and a long list in the other, and checked off their names.

Then, 'Hup!' said the Bürgermeister.

Out of the ranks jumped four men, saluted, and faced the platoon.

'Hup!' said the first of the four; and a little squad of broomers and shovel-

ers faced to the right and marched off briskly northwards.

'Hup!' said the second of the four; and another little squad trotted off, to the east.

'Hup!' said the third, and 'Hup!' said the fourth, and soon all points of the compass had received their squads. And the voice of the *Gefreite* was heard in the land. Clouds of dust hung over B—— am Rhein, shovels clanged on the cobble-stones, brooms scraped the roadways. The town was being cleaned.

The Bürgermeister stepped into the Bürgermeisterei and jabbed his pencil three times into his right ear. '*So-o-o,*' he said with pride and satisfaction.

And from that day on the aide gave him orders punctually at 10 A.M.

II

The Inferior Provost Court was in session. The aide sat in his office behind his table, his interpreter on his right, the Bürgermeister on his left. The first person on the docket was Herr Anton Kahn; charge: violation of billeting orders. Kahn had kept a whole room from occupation by the American army, on the ground that his sister was coming to occupy it. After waiting three weeks for the sister to come, the American army decided that her visit was indefinitely postponed.

Kahn was brought in.

The interpreter was asked to ask the Bürgermeister to explain the crime to the accused.

The accused, on hearing of his vile deed, assumed an air of injured innocence.

'But I could not know, Herr Oberleutnant, that the American army wanted rooms to be by my female relatives occupied.'

'Tell him,' said the aide to the interpreter, 'that the room had no female relatives in it, and that he had better admit at once that none were coming.'

'Ach, Herr Oberleutnant, it is true that my sister to B—— has not as yet come; but if she will come is also an undetermined point.'

The aide lost his patience. He had no leisure for the delicate and the scholastic.

'You had an empty room, did n't you?' he asked.

'A now-empty-but-soon-to-be-occupied room, Herr Ortskommandant.'

The Bürgermeister look worried.

'Kahn,' he said, '*um Gotteswillen,* be polite.'

'An *empty* room,' thundered the aide.

'*Ja,* Herr Oberleutnant.'

'You told the billeting officer that it was occupied.'

'About to —' He looked at the Bürgermeister. '*Ja,*' he said quietly.

'Then you concealed billeting space. Go into the other room.'

He saluted and withdrew.

'Ask the Bürgermeister what he thinks of the case,' said the aide.

The Bürgermeister moistened his lips.

'It is clear that he is guilty,' he said.

'And the sentence?'

'One hundred marks for concealing the room and twenty-five marks for lack of discipline.'

'No,' said the aide, 'fifty marks for everything.'

The accused was brought in and the floor given to the Bürgermeister.

'For concealing space from the billeting officer of the American army, the Herr Oberleutnant, Ortskommandant of B——, has decreed that you the sum of fifty marks in notes of the Reichsbank to him shall pay. The fine must in the Ortskommandantur by six o'clock to-night be. Do you understand?'

Herr Kahn looked white. His starch was gone. Gone was that martial air he wore on entering the tribunal, and gone that tendency to argue.

'*Ja*,' he said in a weak voice. 'I understand.'

He saluted and turned to go. But when he reached the door, he formed a great resolution; he drew himself up, turned, and said, 'May I have a word with the gracious Herr Leutnant?'

'*Ober*leutnant,' said the Bürgermeister.

'Pardon — *Ober*leutnant.'

'Surely.'

'It is true that I concealed an about-to-be-occupied room from the Herr billeting officer, which the Herr Ortskommandant had decreed was empty. So I am willing to pay the fine. But Peter Günther has an empty room and he pays nothing.'

'Where does he live?'

'Number 72 Bachstrasse, by the Colonialwaren-shop. He has a fine empty room on the second floor, which he is keeping from the Herrn Americans — much nicer than mine. Why does n't he pay?'

'He shall. Take this down, Roesselmann,' to the interpreter.

'And Frau Gustave Werner, of number 64, or is it 54, Hauptstrasse, she too has an empty room. And the Lutheran priest has a room, and Hermann Werner on the Marktplatz has a room, Herr Oberleutnant.'

'Fine; they shall all be investigated.'

'No need to investigate. The rooms are there.'

'They shall be investigated. Have you anything else to say?'

He stood as if waiting for a tip, and then, seeing that his fine was neither remitted nor decreased, left in a daze.

The aide put his head in his hands. He saw the German Captain Milnos, Town-Major at Autreville, whose first official act was to have some prisons built. He wondered for a moment if German rule in France had not been formed on the basis of German character; if in their supreme egotism the Germans had not seen their own type of mind in the souls of all the world; and if he was not making the same mistake in treating these disloyal people as if they were Americans. When the Germans went to France, no doubt they thought it was immoral that the French did not furnish them with whatever information they needed. It is not surprising then that they killed Edith Cavell for refusing to give over to them wounded Belgians and British. They would have done it in her place. To the German High Command her act was a defiance of international morality, just as at Chauncy it was against their law to carry a watch that did n't tell German time. Kahn was being true to type. And the Bürgermeister approved of what he did.

The aide soon discovered that he had only to catch one rascal to catch all. Every time a man was convicted on any charge, he gave away everyone else who might be culpable. And when these others were convicted, they too had information to disclose. It was never necessary to cross-examine them; it was enough to convict them.

And thus the American Secret Service built for itself a tremendous reputation in B—— am Rhein.

## III

Can a people which is unable to move without an order, and which is disloyal to itself, be self-governing? Can a people meet in town council and pass laws and initiate politics, when all its independent ideas have been crushed out? Those Germans of B—— were unable to move when given the use of their limbs. They were like mechanical toys which had run down. They had no doubt a vague feeling that they should like to be free, but they did not know how to be free.

I remember waking up in the middle

of the night in my stateroom aboard a transatlantic liner. The white wall was covered with black dots I had never seen before. I reached out to touch one, and immediately all the dots moved rapidly away. So it was with the Germans. They stood motionless over the landscape, and when a powerful finger was put down among them, they moved. In that, they might be like everyone else; but it must not be forgotten that they have never had a successful revolution. They are at this moment in as bad straits as the Russians — no, worse. For the Russians know what they want. The Germans seem willing to take anything.

But even if their spiritual paralysis were cured, their disloyalty would remain. One of the first souvenirs they sold to the Americans was the Iron Cross. You could buy Iron Crosses of every grade, not only in Coblenz, but in every city and village. Imagine Americans selling Distinguished Service Crosses to the Germans, had they been our conquerors. There actually was offered for sale in Coblenz — the sale was stopped and the merchant prosecuted — a watch-fob of black-and-white ribbon, holding an Iron Cross, and on the ribbon above the decoration two crossed American flags in enamel. It is incredible. For it was not done through a sense of defeat, through hatred of the government which produced the Iron Cross, through admiration for America, but through a desire to make money, unhampered by good taste. Before the end of February, helmets, belts, sabres, bayonets, epaulets, every insignia and decoration known, were on sale openly in the shops. A few newspapers protested without effect.

Can such a people have a popular government? Their solidarity seems to have been made of their wholesale love of the Kaiser's person, and in no way of their love for Germany. There is no denying that they loved and still love the Kaiser. Catholic and Lutheran alike satisfied all their needs by revering him. Americans marching from Luxembourg to the Rhine saw lithographs of him, of his wife, of the Crown Prince, in every inn and in every cottage, and photographs in every château. None of these were destroyed or removed after the Armistice — at least, not by the Germans. They did show a certain dignity in sticking to their guns in that instance, toy guns though they were.

But to have a popular government, more than that is needed. And a people which cannot hold together in adversity, with an enemy army occupying their country, cannot expect much success in a venture whose very service is self-sacrifice and a regard for common rather than special interests.

But this little paper has grown too solemn. Let it end with one more incident from the Ortskommandantur at B——.

When the aide took over his office, there were no orders published for the disposal of moneys collected as fines. The Bürgermeister was naturally interested in this matter, and it was arranged by the general and the division commander that the funds should be used for the town's running expenses.

The Bürgermeister was informed.

The next day Ehefrau Gertrude Müller was arraigned for stealing a ham and can of lard from A Company's kitchen. Of course, she pleaded not guilty; but fortunately for the sake of justice, her former servant asked to be allowed to testify. She informed the court that not only had the Müller woman stolen the said food-stuffs, but also that she had sold a bottle of cognac at 8 P.M. to a soldier.

The aide gave a withering glance at the culprit, who swore before heaven that it was a lie. But alas! the very name of 'fat' (like the syllable Om) was

a magic name, the hearing of which caused the Teuton heart to beat abnormally and the Teuton breath to pant. Women in the occupied zone would go to any lengths for the sake of soap; and who could doubt that Gertrude Müller had fallen for a ham and a pail of lard? Her kitchen was across the yard from A Company's. She saw the good things daily. She had to cook with *Schweinefett-ersätz,* and ate nothing choicer than a *Schincken-ersätz* sandwich, and those pig-dog Yankees had huge pans sizzling every day with real white lard. It would not have been human to resist. So there was every reason to think that she was guilty.

But when Cook John Hanson swore that the aforesaid servant had shown him the wrappings of the ham hanging on Frau Müller's clothes-line after the sacred grease — and printer's ink — had been boiled out of it, the court and the Bürgermeister decided that there was no doubt whatever of her guilt.

When it came to the fine, the court thought she should be fined one hundred marks for stealing food.

'Two hundred and fifty marks, Herr Oberleutnant,' said the Bürgermeister sternly.

'And one hundred marks for the sale of cognac to a soldier,' added the court.

'And fifty marks for lying,' said the Bürgermeister.

'And close her place to soldiers for thirty days for selling liquor after hours,' said the court, as if they were doing responsive readings.

'May I suggest something to the Herr Oberleutnant?' said the Bürgermeister.

'Certainly.'

'Let us fine the woman five hundred marks — that is a round figure. What business is it of hers how it is divided?'

But the aide, though he could see the humor of the situation, could not see its justice. Frau Müller was a thief and an all-round bad character, but that was no reason why her sentence should not be explained to her.

'*Also,*' said the Bürgermeister, as if making a concession, 'two hundred and fifty marks for stealing, two hundred for selling the cognac after hours, and fifty for lying.'

'No, her lie consists merely in pleading not guilty. She had that right. We shall fine her four hundred and fifty marks.'

After the case of Frau Müller, the Kommissar kept bringing in case after case. The Bürgermeister showed himself fearless and inventive in fining them. He objected strongly to any finding of not guilty. Never in the history of B—— had so many fines been collected. The Bürgermeister began to lose his ratty look and took on the appearance of a pampered dog. He wore a scarlet satin tie, his collars grew higher and shinier. He stopped scratching the palms of his hands.

But at the climax of this effulgence, at the height of his parabolic flight, an order arrived from G.H.Q. saying that all fines collected in provost courts must be sent to Trèves weekly. And the order was retroactive.

Need I say more? Need I point out that, from that day on, a more clement Bürgermeister did not exist than Herr Winkel of B—— am Rhein? He called his colleagues together, and made up the sum required, and became a charitable and kind-hearted man. No official was more tender toward those who sinned, no pastor more earnest in reclaiming the strayed sheep. Whereas previously he had laid all crime to innate viciousness and disregard for the law, now he laid to it hunger, to cold, to the sorrows of defeat.

And, needless to say, crime dropped seventy-five per cent in this lovely Rhineland village within a period of three days, and within a week it was almost nothing.

# THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS OF DEMOCRACY

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

I

Now I saw in my Dream one who went to and fro in a certain place with an anxious countenance, crying out, 'What shall I do? What shall I do?' And he bare a great Burden on his back.

Then I saw one coming to him and asked, 'Wherefore dost thou cry?'

He answered: 'Sir, I am called Citizen. I dwell with my Wife and Children in the City of Confusion, and would fain escape, but cannot find the way.'

He who had met him was called Theorist, and he said, 'I can point you the way.'

Said Citizen: 'It hath been told me that somewhere is the City of the Perfect a-building, and a command is laid upon me that I must find it and lay a foundation stone therein.'

Then said Theorist: 'Do you see yonder Wicket-gate?'

He said, 'I think I do.'

Said Theorist: 'Go directly thereto, and mistake it not for any other, but go through it, and the Way will be clear to the City of the Perfect.'

Now I saw in my Dream that Citizen began to run, and the Neighbours also came out see to him run. And, as he ran, some mocked and others threatened, but he fled toward the Wicket-gate. Anon, as he crossed a wide Field, another met him and questioned him, and, finding his need, said, 'Go to yonder Bars, and when these are down you will see the Path lying clear to the City of the Perfect, but avoid the Wicket-gate.'

Then Citizen asked him his name, and he said, 'I am Theorist, and I alone can point you the way.'

Now was poor Citizen beside himself, and, as he went on, one foot would fain go in one direction, and the other in the opposite; nor was this the worst, for there came another and counselled a Gap in the Hedge, and another a Stile, and another and another, all pointing in different directions, saying, 'It is here, it is there, it is yonder,' so that the whole world seemed to be pointing Fingers, and poor Citizen was well-nigh crazed.

Now with the Neighbours that had run after Citizen to make him go back was one Pliable, and he too fell into the hands of the many that were called Theorist; and he went this side and that, whichever way they twitched his coat, and climbed through every Gap, and went through every Wicket-gate and every pair of Bars, and they that were called Theorist had at him on all sides. And the last Citizen saw of poor Pliable he was running mad in the Field.

With that he put his fingers in his ears and ran from all of them, for he knew that, if the Way were to be found, he must find it himself, for none could tell him.

And anon he hit upon a little stony Path that had neither Bars nor Wicket, and he went stumbling along it.

Then as he went forward two men pursued him, and before he knew, they were come up with him. And the name of the one was Want, and he was of a

sickly countenance, as of one that was ever an-hungered, and he was clothed in Rags. And the name of the other was Luxury, and he was clothed in rich Cloth and Furs, and wore a gold Chain on his bosom, and his face was that of one who feasted too well. Both were old men and gray, and had fought all their lives long together, yet went they ever side by side, for they could not endure one the other, nor let each other alone. And they both plucked at poor Citizen's garment, and he had much ado to make any headway between them.

Then there was hard complaining: Luxury, that he got not the good of his Pleasures because of the importunities of Want; and moreover, ever and anon Want robbed him; and Want, that Luxury had first robbed him, so that he was come to this pass.

Then said Citizen: 'Be content, good neighbours, and go along with me, for in the place to which I am going are no such troubles as you have. Rather would I settle this dispute between you than to save my own soul.'

'What,' said Luxury, 'and leave our Comforts behind?'

Then he had long discourse with them, and tried to make peace between them, talking pleadingly with the one and sternly with the other; but in vain, for ever Want threatened Luxury, and ever Luxury shook his fist at Want.

Then said Want: 'Tell us what manner of place it is whither you are going?'

*Citizen.* There shall be no more hunger.

*Want.* Verily, then will I go with you.

*Citizen.* There shall be no more surfeiting.

*Luxury.* Come, Neighbour, let us go back.

*Citizen.* It shall be a land of lasting peace and accord between man and man. No man shall oppress another, and each shall love his neighbor as himself. Every man shall toil —

Before he knew, Citizen was walking solitary by himself, for the others had turned back; and with that he fell into a very miry Slough called the Slough of Despond, and because of the Burden that was on his back began to sink in the Mire. And when he had wallowed there for a time, he got out as best he could, for there was none could help him.

Now as Citizen went on his way, he espied one afar coming to meet him, and he said that his name was Socialist, and that he belonged to a large family, much scattered in body and in opinion.

Said Socialist: 'Things be vastly wrong.'

'Yea,' said Citizen, 'they are so.'

Then said Socialist: 'I have a remedy for all this.'

Said Citizen: 'Let us hear it.'

Then, when he had listened to Socialist above an hour, he asked, 'Why talk you so much of Things?'

'What mean you?' said Socialist.

Said Citizen: 'You speak but of Monies and of Wages, of Apparel, of Houses and Lands. But I have heard or read that the Perfect City consists not wholly in these things. One Plato has set down that it is builded by them that have set their desire beyond that which can be seen and touched.'

'But,' said the other, 'when all things be shared, and Monies, Lands, and Houses are held in common, then will the better desire come.'

Said Citizen: 'Nay, if you speak and think but of Things, then will the need of that which is higher desert you. It hath been told me that if one start not with a hope beyond, one will not find it by the way. Can a man hit a Mark at which he doth not aim? One Jesus said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."'

Said Socialist, 'I understand not your discourse. Met you one Want hand in hand with Luxury?'

'Yea,' answered Citizen.

'Know ye not that this state hath come about through the corruption of Rulers? Should one man go hungry while another surfeits?'

'Nay,' said Citizen.

'Then,' said the other, 'when all is taken so that no man owns anything any more, and put into the Hands of them that govern that it may be evenly distributed, will not all be well?'

'Far from it,' said Citizen. 'If rulers have done ill in the past when they had not all in their power, why put all into their hands that they may do worse? Let us keep some check upon them, till they are purged of all desire for possession. Men's Natures change not with the changing of their Clothes, nor are men made angels by being named after you.'

Now they were come to a hill, and at the side of it was an Arbour. And here Socialist invited Citizen to sit; and he showed him a broad estate of Fields and Meadows and said it was all his own. And ever he discoursed bitterly of how he could in no way bring to pass that which he hoped for when all men should share alike.

'But,' said Citizen, 'if you think this, why keep you this wide domain? You preach a doctrine that any can put into effect on the instant. Every man can begin Socialism whensoever and wheresoever he pleaseth. As one Bunyan hath said, "The Soul of Religion is in the Practick part."'

Nor did Socialist like this, for he was of those that dwell in the Parlour.

Now would Citizen away from him, so he stood on his feet to go. And he said, 'Friend Socialist, they that want are welcome to the little that I have; it is good to share meat and drink, but it is not enough. Your Nostrum sufficeth not, for this matter is deeper than appears to you. Were all that you say done, yet is our work but begun, for the City of the Perfect hath need of more enduring foundation than Raiment or Food. These and more must all men have, yet will not contentment come therewith. 'T is more than Things that be vastly wrong; 't is minds; we must find some way to shape the Souls of men to finer Desires. You content me not, Neighbour Socialist; I must seek further beyond your thought.'

## II

Then Citizen began to gird up his loins and address himself to his Journey. And he as came out on the Highway, one met him who asked him whither he would: and, when he knew his errand, directed him to go to the House of Madame Democracy, who would shew him excellent things. So he set out with right good speed to find her, and knocked at the door till at last one opened to him, and took him to the mistress of the house.

Now Madame Democracy was a large woman, of a perplexed Countenance, and she asked what he would have. When she had heard, she had him into an inner room, and Citizen saw the Picture of a very grave Person hang up against the wall. Then said Madame Democracy: 'This man pleads a measure that would help me more than aught else in my difficulties, and it is called the League of Nations; but there be many of my family that turn a deaf ear.'

Then I saw in my Dream that Madame Democracy took him by the hand and led him into a little room where sat two Children, each one in his chair. The name of the eldest was Passion, and his other name was Revolution; and the name of the other was Patience. Now Passion kept kicking and breaking

the legs of the chair he sat in, but Patience sat quiet.

Then said Madame Democracy: 'This is Passion who would upset my whole house, and Patience who would set it to rights. Patience is the Child I love the best, but Passion is stronger in the arms and legs, and continually hath his will.'

Now Madame Democracy had much ado to keep her House in order. She was all for an honest management of affairs, but was constantly let and hindered by those of her own household, who agreed not together. Forthwith she led Citizen into a large Chamber, over the door of which was written: *For the People, of the People, by the People.* Yet here was Mr. Filibuster, a noisy knave, and Mr. Senator, and a little group of the family called Wilful; and with them were Mr. Facing-both-Ways, Mr. For-and-Against, and Mr. Take-it-Back-Again. Mr. Daylight-Saving and Mr. Daylight-Wasting were squabbling on the threshold about the winding of the Clock, and Mr. Proletariat was in the Parlour giving himself airs. What with committees, meetings, dissensions, debates, caucuses, motions and counter-motions, riders, amendments all over the House, and Mistress Suffrage in the Pantry crying out and breaking the Plates, there was Noise enough and to spare.

Now was Madame Democracy all of a twitter, for, besides her own family, Strangers of all kinds and nations were gathering in the Courtyard to learn the ways of her Household, and it seemed not altogether well to teach those ways as they were. Moreover, Mr. I.W.W., a very scurvy Fellow, went in and out among these people, and Mr. Anarchist, a sorry Rogue. There were, also, Mr. Alien, Mr. Undesirable, Mr. Black Hand, Mr. Illiterate; and they were met by Mr. Beg-Votes, Mr. Buy-Votes, Mr. Stuff-Ballot, Mr. Roaring, Mr. Wheedling, Mr. Rioting, Mr. Striking, Mr. Thump-Cushion, and other attendants and hangers-on. Mr. Integrity, Mr. Good Intent, Mr. Honesty, and others good and staunch were there also, but they could not make their voices heard, for there was ever Mr. Dishonesty to talk against them, and of a sudden there was Mr. Bolshevik got in among them. Then one came running to say that Madame Discord who was abroad in the land was arriving in her carriage with all her train.

Then said Madame Democracy: 'I must make ready my House before this woman enters.' And therewith she seized a broom and began sweeping. Now the House had never been swept, and before she could make much headway Mr. I.W.W. and Mr. Bolshevik began trampling and putting about them, and the Dust began to fly so abundantly that poor Citizen was well-nigh choked. So he took his leave, and went on his way with his eyes full of dust.

Now I saw in my dream that there met him one called Mr. Walking Delegate, who had once been of the household of Madame Democracy, but was no longer there, having gone forth, taking great numbers of people with him, and set up for himself. And he was a man of masterful countenance. Then Citizen remembered him that this man was Steward of the family of Labour, which was a large family, well known in those parts where he had dwelt, and thought well of itself. Yet they were very different one from another, for, whereas one worked hard and got little therefor, another did but talk in the Streets and on the Corners about what he lacked and what he would have. And this man, Citizen recalled to himself, he had heard in the Market-place of the City of Confusion, talking to all passers-by about the condition of their Pockets.

I saw in my Dream that, as they walked on together, they talked, nor could Mr. Walking Delegate be drawn from speaking of what he would have for himself and those that followed him; and he talked very large of the help Mankind should get through him.

Now as they went on they saw a man ploughing in a Field, and another was harrowing, but the Steward said that these were not of his Family, nor should he strive to benefit them. And Citizen was sore puzzled, for, on the one hand, this man kept telling him how he strove with Words in behalf of men, and on the other, he was loud in crying out against ragged fellows and hungry that came running in from foreign parts, asking for work; these he was unwilling to let snatch so much as a Crust. And Citizen gathered from his talk that it was his design to set himself up Ruler in these parts, for he said, 'We want the Earth.'

Then Citizen, growing bold, said that it seemed to him Mr. Delegate counselled but things of this world and not the highest; and the other answered, 'You talk as one whose head is in the shell until this day. From whom did we learn this but from them that called themselves our betters?'

And Citizen was silent, for he knew that this was true; and he set out afresh on a run for the City of the Perfect, for he was aware that it lay far away from these parts. Nor would those he met of the family of Labour be induced to go thither with him.

Now had Citizen gone but a little way from thence when one came running to tell him that the House of Madame Democracy was in Flames, having been set afire by one Imperialist, and that many had rushed thither to put them out. And first among them that came tumbling to help was young Lord Privilege, and the heir of Earl Pedigree; and the eldest son of Sir Grasp-All was with them, while the second son held back; and there were three of the sons of a poor scholar dwelling thereby; and two of the sons of Luxury had plunged in to save the house and had perished in the flames, though their brothers stayed at home; and with them that went was a son of Capitalist, now an orphan, or about to be an orphan. And while some of the family of Labour worked with right good-will, many stood by with their hands in their pockets, fingering their coin and saying, 'How much do I get?' Nor would they fall to before they knew what their wage should be. At that Citizen stood still and marveled, and thought it pity that men who bare the same name should be so different one from another.

And he heard how there was one called Pacifist who held himself higher than any other, who went even about with a pitcher of Oil in his hand, with the thought that he would pour it on troubled Waters; and he poured it on the Flames, whereby they greatly increased and mounted higher and higher; and Pacifist stood with a rueful countenance, nor could he understand how it was that people flocked not together to praise him.

## III

Then Citizen went on his journey, and he lay for one night at a house that was built for the relief of Pilgrims, and the name of the house was Beautiful. Here he slept in the chamber called Peace, and he dreamed that he saw all men walking hand in hand together in harmony, no man asking anything for himself alone. And he awoke, and behold, it was a Dream!

Now as he went on his way, with his Burden still on his back, he perceived that he was in the Valley of Humiliation, and here he espied a foul Fiend coming to meet him: his name was Anarchy. Now the Monster was hideous

to behold; he was clothed with Soviets as with scales (and they are his pride), and out of his belly came Bombs, Fire, Smoke, Pamphlets, and deadly Gas. The ground was red with the blood of those he had slain, and strewn with their bones.

When he had accosted Citizen and had heard that he was trying to escape from the City of Confusion, he straddled over the whole breadth of the way, saying, 'Prepare thyself to die; here will I spill thy Soul.'

With that one came running thither swiftly, and it was young Mistress Boudoir Bolshevist, clad in silver Slippers and silken Scarves, and she was the adopted daughter of him who had got in lately among the household of Madame Democracy. She would fain make friends with the Monster, patting his head and saying coaxing words, and it was plain that she feared lest Citizen might hurt him. Now the Fiend was quiet for a moment, but his mouth was watering, for that he would forthwith eat her alive. So Citizen got between him and Mistress Boudoir Bolshevist, though he had no Mask to his face nor armour to his back; and with that Anarchy let fly and there were explosions, strikes, executions, massacres, revolutions and counter-revolutions, riots, so that Citizen could neither see nor hear, and young Mistress Bolshevist ran screaming away. Then, when the air was somewhat cleared, Anarchy came at Citizen with Teeth and Claw to make an end of him; but he nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, which was called Arbitration, and caught it, saying, 'Rejoice not against me, O mine Enemy,' and gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal Wound. And with that Anarchy spread forth his dragon's Wings and sped him away, so that Citizen saw him no more.

Now Citizen must needs go through the valley through which Anarchy had come roaring to meet him, and he found it every whit dreadful, being utterly without Order. Here was the path exceeding narrow, because of the deep Ditch on the right, into which the blind have led the blind in all ages; and the very dangerous Quag on the left, which hath no bottom. Now the Valley was as dark as pitch; and he heard on the right side groans and lamentations and curses of kings, princes, princelings, popes, dukes, lords, and all that have been tyrants in past time, and on the left, howling and yelling of the rabble, mobs, brutes, dynamiters, lynchers, assassins, and he saw that the Valley lay very near the mouth of Hell.

So he came to the end of the Valley, and there saw bones and ashes of Pilgrims who had gone this way before; and while he mused what should be the reason, he espied a cave where two giants, Imperial and Capital, dwelt in old time, by whose tyranny Pilgrims to the Perfect City had been cruelly put to death. But Citizen went past without danger, for Imperial is quite dead, and Capital, though he is yet alive, is, by reason of many shrewd brushes he hath met with of late, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints, that he can now do little more than sit in his Cave's mouth, grinning at Pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails.

## IV

Then I saw in my Dream that, when he was got out of the Wilderness, he came to worse, for he presently saw a Town before him, and the name of that town is Vanity. And in that Town is a fair kept called Vanity Fair; it is kept age long. Here are sold all such Merchandise as Titles, Lands, Honours, Places, Preferments, Kingdoms, Principalities, Countries, Offices, Cabals, Caucuses, Hustings, Secret Treaties,

Graft, Intrigues, Plans, Schemes, Theories, Protestations, Fine Professions, Dissensions, Debates. Here also are booths where all manner of apparel and of jewels is offered. Now could not tongue tell all who were there cheapening the wares. There was Mrs. Scattermind, Madame Limousine and her daughters, Mrs. Fur-Coat and Mrs. Tiara; Mistress Short-Skirt, Madame High-Shoe, and many others. There was raffling for Lands and for Houses, for Silken Skirts and for Feathers. Here was Madame Talkative, with her son, Academic Freedom, holding forth in the Market-Place, and there were many men gambling in the street called Wall, with their feet caught fast in the Stocks, so that they could not do their duty as Citizens, nor ever look for the way of Pilgrims.

And there were many others who were let and hindered for divers reasons from serving their fellows. Some were men of Religion, who should have been kindling abroad a living Faith, imprisoned in cages fashioned of certain hard Articles of Belief. Some were men of Law, manacled by long and heavy Words. And there were Women on Pedestals, falsely set up for men to worship, in such case that they could not do their part. And others were moving about in the Fair, but so bound fast in hobble skirts of Silk and Lace that they could not lift hand or foot to help. Many men were idle, though of good families that in former generations had served their Country. These kept crying out that all was bad in Vanity Fair, but lifted never a finger to clear out its Stalls and its Booths.

Now as Citizen went through the Fair, the Town was moved against him, for he spoke not their language, and cared not so much as to look at their wares, or to offer a farthing for any of them. One said mockingly, 'What seek you then?' and Citizen answered, 'I seek my way to the Perfect City, and in truth I find it not here.' At this, some mocked, others threatened, and there was hubbub and a great stir at the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Then was Citizen taken and beaten and brought for trial at Dustyfoot Court. The Judge's name was Lord Openmind. The Indictment was: 'That this man had scorned all that was offered at the Fair; that he had kept his eyes fixed steadfastly on that which others could not see, and that he had well-nigh won a party to follow him.'

Then Proclamation was made that they that had aught to say against the Prisoner at the Bar should forthwith appear and give their evidence. So there came two witnesses, and behold, they were Want and Luxury that Citizen had met with on his journey. And when Luxury was sworn, he said, —

'My Lord, this is one of the vilest men in our Country. He hath no respect for money, nor position, nor any of the gods that I and my family have worshipped from old time. Nay, he told me I had no right to the rich coat on my back while Neighbor Want was an-hungered.'

Then they sware Want, and Citizen thought in his heart, 'Here is one will speak for me.'

But Want was loud in his accusations against the man, saying that, though Citizen had seen his Need and known his hunger, he had counselled a moment's Patience, and had advised him not to commit Murder, nor engage in Torture, nor to make many suffer in order to compass his desires.

Then came a Crowd of witnesses who desired to speak faster than they could be sworn, and lo! most of them that Citizen had met in his journey were there to testify against him. All those called Theorist accused him, inasmuch as he had not taken the direction point-

ed out by any of them; the whole family of Socialist, root and branch, cried out against him, in that he had held his path toward the Perfect City and had refused theirs. Labour was for having him hanged forthwith, and many of the Household of Madame Democracy, who knew well the way to the fair, let fly at him in an angry manner. Also Mr. Democrat and Mr. Republican were loud in his condemnation, for that he had said certain adverse things of the Estate which they managed in turn.

It was held on the one hand that he had railed against the noble Lord Materialist, who is Chief Lord of the Fair, and owns all the Country thereabouts, for indeed the World has well-nigh come into his keeping, and against all the rest of the nobility, Lord Carnal Delight, Sir Grasp-All, and the rest; and, on the other, had refused to bow the knee to Mr. Proletariat, who had recently come into a large Estate, and was exacting from his tenants higher rents and deeper homage than Sir Grasp-All, who had owned the Estate before, had required. The charges against him were so many that it seemed there would not be ways enough, when the time came, to put him to death.

In the face of all this came Neighbour Pliable, who was ever at the heels of those called Theorist. Now Pliable was moved with Compassion toward his Neighbour, and for a few minutes Citizen thought he saw help; for one had started a petition in his behalf, and Pliable was all for signing it. But no sooner had he done this than one started a petition against him, and Neighbour Pliable signed this also, for he was one that liked ever to oblige and was at any man's whistle.

So when all that had spoken had signed against him, the Judge directed his speech to the Prisoner at the Bar, saying, —

'Thou Runagate, Heretick, and Traitor, thou hast heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee: what has thou to say?'

Said Citizen: 'What should I say? For they affirm very different things. Wherein is my guilt?'

Judge Openmind: 'In that thou didst not agree with them all.'

'Nay,' answered Citizen, 'that can not I do, for I learned at my mother's knee to know wherein I believe, and to stand by it, though all the powers of death and hell be against it.'

Then asked the Judge with a sneer, 'What then dost thou believe?'

Citizen: 'That it is not that which a man has that matters, but that which he is. If he be not right within, full of Integrity, of high Intent, of Love for his Neighbour, no outer rule nor government can set him right, nor any manner of possession make a true Man of him.'

Then the Judge called to the Jury, 'Gentlemen of the Jury, you have heard the case against this man; it lieth now in your breasts to hang him or to save his life.'

Then went the Jury out, whose names were: Mr. Conservative, Mr. Graft, Mr. Privilege, Mr. Old Guard, Mr. Multi-millionaire, Mr. Soft-Life, Mr. Radical, Mr. Anarchist, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Red Terror, Mr. Riot, Mr. Strike; and they unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty of death before the Judge, the first half for reasons that contradicted those of the second half.

Now while the Jury were crying out, 'Away with him!' 'Hanging is too good for him,' and were disputing about what way they should put him to death, Citizen slipped out from among them and escaped and went his way. Not long after, as he fell to thinking of what he had seen, and how all those he had met, whether of good intent or evil intent, were convinced that a man's life consisted in naught but that which he

possessed, he fell to wondering whether men were capable of learning better. And before he knew, he was in a meadow called By-path Meadow, not far from Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair. Now the Giant, getting up early in the morning, caught Citizen asleep in his Grounds, and with a grim and surly voice bid him awake, and drove him into his Castle, and put him in a Dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits, and here he lay for three days and nights without a bit of bread or a drop of drink, or any to ask how he did. And ever and anon the Giant took his grievous crab-tree Cudgel and went down into the Dungeon and beat Citizen without mercy, so that his courage was spent, and he was near to repenting that he had gone on pilgrimage; nor did there come a day of sunshine weather when the Giant sometimes fell into Fits.

Now Citizen cared little for his own safety, but through beating and starving he well-nigh lost hope of rousing the finer desire of mankind. Then of a sudden he fell into a passion with himself, for he remembered that he had a Key in his bosom that would open any lock. And he took it out, but the lock went damnable hard; so he opened the gate and made his escape with speed.

And the name of the Key was, 'Carry on.'

And after he came into the King's Highway again, he went on until he came to the Delectable Mountains; and here from one place very high he thought he saw something like the gate of the Perfect City. And after he had gone on he espied one in the Highway coming to meet him, with his back to the Perfect City, and at last he came up to him. His name was Skeptic, and he asked Citizen whither he was going. When he had heard, he fell into loud laughter, and said, 'There is no such place as you dream of in all this World.'

'Then,' said Citizen, 'we must make one.' And he went on his way.

Now I saw in my Dream that he came at length into the country of Beulah, and here, because the Air is very sweet and pleasant, and because of the singing of Birds, and the Flowers that appeared at his feet, he had a view of the Perfect City, clearer than any he had yet seen, and the sight thereof somewhat eased his Burden.

He saw that it is fashioned of the finer Dreams, and the fairer Hopes of Mankind; its foundations also are made of the Souls of Men. Here he saw all men walking in happiness because all had given up something of Desire. None were quarrelling about Money, or Jewels, or Apparel, or Lands, because these things were no longer held in esteem. Nor did one Principle rule one day and another the next, according as it would bring more Gain. Even though he was afar off he could see that men toiled eagerly for joy in their toil, and not for Wage only. Here was inward Peace, because Carnal Desire no longer reigned. None were vain-glorious; none boasted of that which he had achieved for humanity; no man pretended high doctrine of sharing all, yet held fast to that which he possessed. Love, shown in Deeds, not Words, was law in that Land.

So Citizen went on with his Pilgrimage, with his Burden still on his back, but somewhat lightened, and ever he hoped that each step was taking him nearer that which he had seen. Yet I saw in my Dream that there was a way back to the Slough of Despond even from the Gate of the Perfect City; but whether Citizen took it or not was hidden from me.

# CAN THESE THINGS BE?

## A PERSIAN EXPERIENCE

### BY JESSIE LEE ELLIS

[JESSIE LEE ELLIS, the writer of the letters from which the following excerpts are taken, is the wife of Dr. Wilder Prince Ellis, a missionary physician in the American hospital at Urumia, Persia. A little over three years ago the young couple, then only a short time married, managed to reach their station in Persia. There they were associated with a group of medical and teaching missionaries who, with their predecessors on the ground, have strongly influenced the life of West Persia for more than two generations. In addition to the well-equipped hospital, there is, or was, a college, and there are also an orphanage and other centres of work in the city and on the Urumia plain.

From the very beginning of the war, all the elements of disaster were present. The native population is part Moslem and part Christian — Persians and Syrians. From the western edge of the Urumia plain rise the rugged mountains of Kurdistan, from which have issued, even in peace-times, the savage bands of marauding Kurds. As they are not subject to any constituted authority, the conflict gave them their supreme opportunity for brigandage with all its attendant horrors.

Further, this western arm of Persia lay directly in the path of the contending Russian and Turkish armies. Three times the tides of war swept back and forth over the Urumia plain. The waves of the conflict broke all about the walls of the hospital compound; but for some reason it was never submerged until those fateful days of July and August, 1918.

In the midst of battle, murder, rapine, pestilence, and famine, this group of American missionaries all stuck to their posts. For four long years, with hardly a scrap of news from home and only rumors of how the Great War was going, they continued steadfastly caring for the sick and wounded, friend and foe alike, feeding the hungry out of their scant stores, and furnishing a refuge in their compound, now for the Syrians from the Moslems, and again for the Moslems from the Syrians, as the fortunes of war changed.

The entire story of those years, with their tragic record of heroism and devotion, is yet to come. Mrs. Ellis's letters constitute a fragment of the little that has filtered through. Her story begins on that memorable day in July, 1918, when a daring English aviator of the British forces far to the south of them landed in their midst.]

I

THE aeroplane visited us on July eighth. The fourth of July had been a fearful day, and we felt impending disaster, with bad news from all around. Suddenly, one morning about seven o'clock, like a white-winged messenger from heaven, that aeroplane dropped

down among us and brought us the first news from the outside world in months. Can I ever describe to you the thrilling sight as that daring English airman swooped in his machine down among the hospital sycamores, after circling over Urumia! Shots had rung out from the city and from the neighboring hills, for the Syrians had thought it an enemy plane at first. But, when we saw the flag of the Allied armies of Europe, everyone went nearly wild with joy, and like a great wave rose the shouts and cheers of the people. When the plane lighted, the aviator was worshiped like a god; his feet and hands were kissed for very joy. I do not suppose that in these days there was ever a more worshipful reception than these poor beleaguered people gave that young hero.

Later in the day he was brought to the hospital compound; and when he reached our home, we heard of his plans for the Syrians and something of what the world was doing in the war. We were greatly cheered, for we had heard nothing but terrible tales of murder, and seen nothing but rape and bloodshed and robbery, with starvation stalking at our doors. Things at that time seemed unbearable. We thought they could not go on that way, and they did not — they just got steadily worse.

The expected succor from the south did not come, because of the failure of our own Syrian armies to meet their agreements. Meanwhile, pressure from all sides kept steadily increasing until the flight occurred. I can never adequately describe the little I saw of it. We retired at ten o'clock of the night of July 30. Dr. Packard called through our bedroom windows at two o'clock the next morning that he wanted to speak to us. We slipped into dressing-gowns and coats, and were soon assembled in the Packard parlor. In our house at that time were Miss Lamme, Miss Schoebel, Miss Burgess, Dr. Dodd, and Mr. and Mrs. Richards. After a brief conference, we decided the momentous question and determined not to flee. Indeed, it was impossible for us to do so. Our boy Edwin was sick, our carriage was very old, and our horse aged twenty! and I was scarcely able to walk after my recent operation. Then, too, we did not want to be mixed up with an assortment of cutthroats and robbers such as made up a part of the Syrian army. At daybreak, Dr. Packard, Dr. Ellis, and Mr. Richards went into the city to arrange for guards for our premises, fix up necessary monies for Dr. Shedd to carry, and help him to get off. I did not see Wilder until the next day.

Those early morning hours witnessed the removal of the Syrian nation from their homes — many of them, alas! never to return. It was a pathetic sight to see the ox-carts, donkeys, Red Cross wagons of the Russians, and every conceivable kind of vehicle, bearing away our native friends. The little children were on donkeys or on foot. Slowly the creaking wagons, some drawn by oxen, moved out.

What took place in our yards was of course not a circumstance to what was to be seen on the roads. About half-past nine, from the neighboring hills, shots and wild noises began. From the roof, with Edwin in my arms, I listened, but could not believe that things were to happen so soon. By the time I got downstairs, Dr. Dodd and Miss Schoebel were desperately engaged in making a Turkish flag to hang with our American one over the gate. Hardly was it up when the shots and noises increased. Past our compound gate rushed wild horses, with mad Kurdish riders. Shots rang over our heads and whizzed through our great trees. The poor frightened children, and the infirm, the old, the helpless, and the servants, — in all a company of two hundred, who had

come to our yards for protection, — began to run into our houses. Some crowded into the parlor where I stood, and clung to my knees beseeching me to save them. You can never know the awful terror these people experienced. They know too well the frightful cruelty that will be meted out to them; at the mention of a Turk or a Kurd they are pallid and shaking, and fall on their knees before their torturers, imploring mercy.

A few minutes later, — I don't know how it happened, — our family found themselves all together in the parlor. Mr. Richards and Dr. Dodd had had a terrible experience with the Kurds and had nearly lost their lives while trying to save their horses. Just as I had finished bathing and nursing little Paul, there came a mad rush up our kitchen stairs. The door between the kitchen and dining-room was bolted, but it was burst in with blows before Dr. Dodd and Mr. Richards could open it. In rushed three wild Kurds, armed, and the most terrifying men I have ever seen, with fringed turbans surmounting faces as black and evil as could be imagined. They were filled with lust and madness and came in pell-mell with guns drawn, shouting 'Pool! pool!' (money). We showed them the room where Wilder's treasury safes (recently brought from the city in an attempt to save the money) stood, and in they rushed. I shall always be thankful that Wilder was kept in the city that morning, for I fear he might have resisted the attack, and in that event he would certainly have been killed. We in the other room heard the shots and shouts and pounding, and wondered what was happening to Dr. Dodd and Mr. Richards. Not being able to find the keys, the Kurds attempted to blow open the safes by shooting into the keyholes. In the meantime those who were busy breaking open and looting Wilder's desk turned over the safe-keys without recognizing them.

Three times these men rushed out upon us and, leveling their guns, demanded our jewels and money. Each time, as we looked down the gun-barrel, we were sure our last hour had come. When we held out our hands and proceeded to give them our watches, rings, and so forth, and then said we had no money, they insisted on searching for it. It was horrible, but the perfect calm with which their handling was received I think amazed them, for they are in the habit of seeing women fall before them in an agony of terror. I shall never forget Miss Schoebel's face as a vile Kurd ran his hand into her bosom. She did not flinch, nor did the expression of calm leave her face; but she stood her ground, and he, somewhat amazed, passed on to me. Paul was asleep in my arms, but little sick Edwin, who was being held by Miss Lamme, clung to her terrified when the shots were thickest. The Kurds demanded my rings. I wore three — the little Utah turquoise that guarded my wedding-ring, and a little gold band that had been Wilder's mother's. I took off the turquoise, and then they asked for the other; but just at this minute Dr. Dodd began frantically to direct their attention to his cuff-links, in order to save me from such a loss. For the time they forgot me, and in the few moments that elapsed I drew off my wedding-ring, and, as I was standing near a big pot containing a lemon tree (my anniversary present from my husband), I pressed the ring down into the soft earth. Three days later, all danger for the time being over, I unearthed it.

The Kurds then proceeded to smash up our sixty-dollar typewriter, and would have broken my desk, because it would not open immediately, had I not shown them how to get into it. They ripped the rugs off the couch and some

off the floor, to see if they could discover hidden riches. Then one of them attempted to kidnap Betty Coan Richards, and this was the greatest ordeal of all. She resisted the man, and he tried to shoot her. She seized his gun and, though she is a mite, the way she wrestled with that Kurd was amazing. She must have had superhuman strength lent her for that hour. They swayed back and forth, she clinging desperately to the gun and he trying to level it. Thinking it might go off any minute and in any direction, I drew back into a corner with Paul and prayed, as I watched that terrible struggle. All that saved Betty was the hurry the men were in.

The others rushed out of the little office where the safes stood, picking up here and there a few things, including my raincoat, Wilder's winter overcoat, and Dr. Dodd's shoes, making us all rip ours off in a flash as they clicked their rifles. They snatched Wilder's medical bag (little they knew the use of the medicines contained therein), and one of them sat calmly down on the piano bench and put on Dr. Dodd's shoes. They went out in the same whirl in which they had come, passing drawers of silver and my silver tea-set, which stood before their very eyes. Their haste was understood when, a few minutes later, the regular Turkish army arrived. Of course the Turks were robbers, too, but a little less bold about it; and the Kurds, knowing they would be sore at their getting so much loot, hurried away.

In the meantime, Mrs. Packard, learning that the Kurds were in our house, was telephoning frantically to the city to have Wilder and Dr. Packard send guards to our relief. When they heard of our plight, they were almost crazy, and tried more desperately than ever to secure men to send to us. We nearly embraced the dirty, ragged crew that finally arrived after the fray was over. How changed one can become in one's likes and dislikes! There were some high-class Kurds whom we had been protecting in our yards against the Geloo (Syrian) army for months. We had all entertained them at tea several times. One of those women was a queen! I have scarcely ever seen such a beautiful woman (Kurdish women are ahead of Moslem physically, and mentally too, I think, and they do not veil). Dressed in crimson velvet and a high-peaked velvet hat, she stood off ten wild Kurds who wanted to enter our gate to rob and kill. I heard from those who saw her that she actually disarmed them. She was no weakling, I assure you. After our experience she arrived, and was aghast at the disorder and at the story which we told. She sat down and talked with us, and we implored her to stay all day; but she had other military business to attend to in the yards, and so reluctantly we let her go. All that day we saw her about the compound with a big stick attacking marauders. (Just here I want to add that this lovely woman was later taken from her husband, whom they killed, and married to another, because of her sympathy with us.)

Before going on, I must tell you of Miss Burgess's narrow escape. She was not present during the attack on our house, and we were so excited that we did not miss her. But just at the end she came rushing in, breathless, from the home of Rabbi Yohannan (John Mooshie), who had been lying at death's door with typhus. She had gone to give some professional assistance to his faithful wife-nurse, when the Kurds arrived at their gate and rushed into the house. They shot our faithful helper three times, in the presence of his wife, Miss Burgess, and some of the children; and that too in spite of the fact that Mrs. Mooshie was

pouring money before them. The Kurds tried to take Miss Burgess, but she was hastily escorted over the roof to safety by Tamar, the faithful Kurdish servant of the Packards.

The rest of the day was one of great strain, for our protection was in the hands of enemies and we knew not at what moment they might choose to turn upon us. Our ragged crew was well filled from our board at dinner-time. We stayed closely huddled together in the parlor all that day, and did not even venture into the dining-room for dinner. Outside, the shooting continued irregularly, but was often so close that I heard the singing of the bullets outside my window. Finally I moved Edwin's bed to the other end of the house, into the room occupied by Dr. Dodd, and there my little boy dropped off to sleep.

That night I talked with Wilder over the telephone and found out what to do for Edwin. I went back to my little ones with a steadier heart, but we had rather a restless night. Miss Lamme stayed with me, and I don't think we slept one wink. We could hear the constant cry of the guards, 'Kim galur?' (Who comes?) and in the morning learned that a Kurd had tried to enter one of our downstairs doors and was caught. How good the next morning's light was! I had another little telephone talk with Wilder, and the day wore on. The thing that haunted me was that Wilder and Dr. Packard might be held for ransom and not allowed to come home. Late that afternoon, however, they arrived; and though at first the escorting officer would not say whether they could remain, they were finally allowed to.

## II

All the busy activity that Wilder had had for months now came suddenly to an end, and it was very hard for him. For about two months he had carried on both hospital and treasury work, doing all the operating, having general oversight of about one hundred and fifty wounded Syrians and managing an immense treasury business. Now, in an instant, all that was over. He could no longer ride in each morning to the city to business, but instead, we all sat quietly at home. The horses and cows had been taken, and the carriages too. I really thought I could not bear it when they took the cows, for to buy the dirty stuff that the Moslems called milk was unthinkable. I remember how I paced up and down the lawn with poor little sick, weak Edwin in my arms, and my heart was filled with anguish. But the Lord was truly caring for us. We had brought some condensed milk from the hospital before the occupation, and we secretly got the rest — Mrs. Cochran so managing it that the marauders did not get the keys to the supply cellar where the milk was kept. We had got it from the one-time Russian hospital. It saved the day, I truly believe; and after a while we were able to buy some two-thirds-water stuff carried on a Jew's back in an earthen jar through the dust and dirt clear from the city. Edwin was so emaciated that we greatly feared for him. We could not get him to eat the things that he should, and he cried for *bussra* (Syriac for meat) and for toast. It truly hurts me now to write of the agony of those days.

In the meantime, Mrs. Cochran and Miss Burgess were asked to vacate their rooms in the hospital, and we invited Mrs. Cochran to take our bedroom downstairs, which had a big balcony opening from it. We moved upstairs to the *ballakanna*, as they call it. Miss Burgess went in with the ladies in a large room that Dr. Dodd had occupied all summer, and he took the front

balcony for his sleeping quarters and used a small back room near the kitchen for his bedroom. The Richards had the other *ballakanna* room upstairs, and with servants and dependents numbering about twenty, we sandwiched ourselves in. When the Turks came round, seeking to steal these people in the yard, they would hide themselves in our closets and pantries and lie hidden often for several days. It was truly nauseating to open one's pantry of a morning and find a whole family of six or seven, with their dirty quilts and clothes, the air so awful that one could cut it, and all huddled on the floor round the cupboards where the food was kept. It nearly finished what little appetite I had left. And yet you cannot imagine how hard it was to say, 'You cannot stay here'; for the poor frightened people were in real danger of being taken.

Our roof was a veritable village; all sorts of operations went on there for weeks. Children died on our balcony and languished at our doors; a large number died on our back lawn, and there was no place one could step where one did not see the sick, the dying, the sorrowing, and the starving. We stood it all pretty well until our servants began to get sick, and then it was terrible indeed, for they lay everywhere and there was no place I could take the children except Dr. Coan's garden. But, in spite of all the tragedy that was about us, our big family was really a happy one, and for people of so many varied tastes and dispositions we got along famously and made the most of every occasion for a little fun. If we had not done so, we could not have stood the strain. Miss Schoebel, Mrs. Richards, and I took turns at housekeeping, and it was some family to prepare for! It was a fortunate thing that we had had enough faith to plant our gardens in the spring; for after the occupation we might have been put to serious straits from lack of food.

I must not forget to tell you of the Orphanage tragedy. One afternoon, three days after the Turkish occupation, as I was wheeling Edwin down the avenue in his go-cart, I noticed a strangely familiar group approaching. As I got nearer, I saw it was the pitiful remnant of the once flourishing Orphanage. Walking a little unsteadily, and resembling little the happy woman who had been with us the previous Sunday, was Mrs. Pflaumer. Beside her was Miss Bridges, for whom Mr. Pflaumer had laid down his life. They wore no hats, for little was left them save life. Scarfs had been given them by some Persians. Mrs. Pflaumer's face was haggard and drawn, a look of helpless anguish was in her eyes, though she was outwardly calm; Miss Bridges's face was bruised and purple. Clinging to their skirts and in their arms were the little ones, who, homeless like themselves, were seeking safety. A Red Crescent officer came out of the hospital, demanding to know who they were; and slowly and painfully, yet with infinite fortitude, those two brave women told their story. I listened with growing pity and amazement, and found myself choked and weeping, for never was a more tragic tale wrung from human hearts.

It seems that, on the day of the flight and of the Turkish occupation, the Orphanage was visited by Kurds and Turks, who looted and carried off all the possessions of the inmates. The Kurds killed a number of the children, then decided that Miss Bridges, who was young and good to look upon, was desirable as a wife, and proceeded to kidnap her. Mr. and Mrs. Pflaumer at once sprang to the rescue, and clung with a grip that was not relinquished till death took Mr. Pflaumer. Stripped of most of his clothing and bruised by

blows from the brutal foot of a Turkish officer, he had clung to the end, undaunted, and had been cruelly shot when he refused to let go. The Kurd then took Miss Bridges and placed her on his horse outside the gate. But the Lord's hand spared a greater calamity than death; for about this time some Turkish officers arrived, saw what was going on, and ordered the Kurd to relinquish her. Mrs. Pflaumer and Miss Bridges were then taken to a camp across the river, where they were treated kindly and later taken to the home of the governor of the city. Here they were kept for three days, and at the end of that time brought to us.

The summer moved along. About the time Edwin began to mend, the rest of us became ill. Everyone in the yard took sick, either with typhus, smallpox, dysentery, typhoid, or malaria, and finally with a terrible kind of influenza which, we have since heard, swept practically the whole world. Some people died because they saw nothing further to live for; some died from fright. All the children in our yard died except Edwin, Dwight, and the little child of one of our native doctors. This includes all the small children of two and three years and under, of whom there were very many; and in the Orphanage every child under nine years of age, of whom there were twenty or thirty. Every morning a stretcher passed our house carrying three or four dead children. It was most depressing, when I felt as though I were tugging for the life of my child with all my strength.

Then, too, the continual sicknesses of ourselves and our servants became very disheartening; for we wondered if some morning might not find us all in bed with fever and no one to care for the children. The way never seemed so dark as in those days, yet always a light shone out which gave us hope. One day perhaps half of us would be in bed, and another day it happened that Miss Schoebel and I were the only ones without fever and able to attend supper. We looked at each other rather seriously that night. The Turks had brought a very virulent kind of malaria and it infected all the mosquitoes. Wilder had several attacks, but after the one I had at Paul's birth, I never had another. No one in the house appeared to have any fatal trouble, but each day brought increased depression and weakness. Finally, Miss Schoebel was prostrated with her third attack of chills and fever. She was ill only ten days, and during a lucid time, when I went in to see her, she told me of the great suffering she had endured and of its being the most severe experience she had ever had. That was the last time I saw her till she lay freed from pain and suffering forevermore.

III

We had been in the garden about five weeks. It was October, and rapidly becoming unsettled weather. Wilder and I still had a dread of the house, but saw that it was inevitable, so decided to clean the rooms thoroughly. Wilder beat rugs for two days, for there was no help to be had at that time, every man, woman, and child either just taking the fever or recovering from it. We decided to wind up our stay in the garden by celebrating Edwin's birthday and recovery. Wilder was busy finishing up the rugs and I was setting a long table in the garden, when the sound of heavy automobile trucks came to my ears. I was so busy that I did not investigate until Dr. Dodd came running over and exclaimed, 'We are going to be deported!'

'Where?' I asked.

'Perhaps Stamboul, perhaps Kars, perhaps Tabriz.'

I simply would not believe it. If I only had! But no one did, and Wilder

and Dr. Packard started on foot to the city, to try to interview a high official. They were turned back, however, because of the scheming of the Shatan doctor at the hospital. It was then dinner-time, and no one had prepared the meal, all our friends expecting to eat it with us. Consequently there was nothing ready to take on a journey. And I had planned so for this day, as one of particular gladness for us all!

We stood round the table with white faces and bated breath, while two brutal Turks ordered us to go and climb on the wagons at once. 'You have fifteen minutes,' said they.

We implored, protested, and accused, but nothing but some gold and some heaping plates of chicken and *pilau* softened the decree. We were then given five hours in which to get together as many of our possessions as possible.

My heart failed me at the thought of the journey, particularly as the wet nurse I had for my baby was having the most severe of her numerous attacks of fever, and I felt that I could not take her with me. I sent word to another Syrian woman in our yards, the wife of a wealthy native doctor who had been forced to flee and had come to us. I had been letting her have some of our very insufficient supply of milk for her little child, who was just Edwin's age. She was a lovely woman, and I was anxious to save her, for her own sake as well as Paul's. But more of her later. Meanwhile I hurriedly got together all our silver which had been brought over for the dinner, collected the children's clothes which were in the garden, and some bedding, and then tried desperately to find an able-bodied person to carry it over to the avenue. It was some time before I could manage this, and meanwhile Wilder was in the basement, working away at packing our clothing in the big trunk. I packed the steamer trunk with all the condensed milk, Nestlé's and Mellin's Food that I had, and the rest of the semolena (a sort of Russian cream of wheat). The remainder of the dinner and what little food-stuffs we could carry were also packed, but all my lovely canned fruit, catsup, gallons of beans, which we had put in brine for the winter, parsnips, squash and so forth, had to be left behind.

As I look back on it now, it seemed as if I should have done more than I did; but really you cannot conceive our plight. Our house was filled with Syrians who were weeping over our departure and begging for things. Honestly, it was hard to move about, let alone collect one's scattered goods and wits. We did not know whither we were bound, and so could not tell whether to take winter or summer clothes. Oh, the agony of that departure! I left all my pictures, all my trousseau linen, my trinkets, — precious because of wedding associations and of memories of friends from whom we were so widely separated, — and took only what I thought was necessary to sustain the lives of my children and Wilder. If it had not been for Wilder, I myself would have had nothing. As Mrs. Packard said, so say I: 'I shall certainly go crazy if I think of my things that were left behind'; and the only way of stopping regret and grief over them is to think of the hour of our departure, and how we prayed, and vowed that, if God would only spare the lives of our precious ones and bring us to a haven of safety, we would praise Him all our days.

Some Turkish officers stood waiting to seize loot as soon as they could decently do so, and the thought of those men makes me wild even yet. Some rough springless wagons were waiting for us outside, piled so high that I could not possibly find a place to sit with my baby. Finally, however, I found a seat

on top of some traveling-bags, a most uncomfortable one even for a short trip. Edwin was quite excited at the idea of having a ride behind the mule Teddy, and Paul soon went off to sleep.

The scene we left was heartrending. Our poor Syrian folk whom we had been protecting and the young girls whom we had been hiding clung to us, and their weeping and wailing was terrible. I felt as if I had become numbed. I could scarcely utter a syllable, and Mrs. Packard afterwards told me that she felt the same way. The Shatan doctor was a vile, vile beast (whenever I think of the unspeakable Turk I think of him in particular), and I cannot write on paper his bestiality to the innocent girls in the yards. We hid a mother, who was trying to preserve the innocency of her two daughters, in our bedroom closet for three days, then in a cellar-room; but when we left they had to walk out, and he met them and laughed like a fiend. We hear that he took one of them to grace his harem in Stamboul. When he saw the Syrian woman, whom I had brought as a nurse, sitting beside me with her little one, he shrieked, 'Bin!' (down), and with a face like an angry bull seized her and dragged her off.

We were again counted, and finally out we drove, and the wail that rose from those left in the yards was the wail of lost souls. At the compound gate were several additional wagons filled with some Kurdish and Moslem prisoners. We bumped over the roads to the city and round to the lake road. My arms soon began to ache, and my whole body also, from the uncomfortable seat, and when we went over a ditch or down a hole I nearly rolled out with the baby, as did Wilder with Edwin. Finally, I seized the rough coat of the Turkish muleteer, who was very pleasant and willing to have me do so, and the servants behind held on to Wilder. And so we proceeded. One of our servants hid a little girl called Shaker (sugar), who had been a refugee in our house all summer, in some rugs under Miss Lamme, who knew nothing of it. After we had gone half a mile, what was our amazement and consternation to hear an order given for all the wagons to halt, and this little weeping girl was set down on the roadside. Wilder stepped down and claimed the poor little thing, and everyone held his breath, for it looked as if the Ellises were in for trouble. But the man with the iron crescent round his neck laughed roughly, though not unpleasantly, and set her back on the wagon and made no fuss. She is with us still, but might have been left to an awful fate on that road.

It was dusk when we left the compound, and darkness soon settled down. Then we all began to sing, and it sounded pretty cheery as we rolled along, and we forgot some of our discomfort in the unity of spirit with which we sang. Finally, long after ten, our wagons drew into Gumrichkanna, the Urumia lake port. Orders were given for us to keep our seats, and again we were counted. After a long pause we were allowed to descend under careful guard, and the first night's orgy began. All of us, sixteen people, with our trunks, hand-baggage, boxes of condensed milk, pots and kettles, and jars of cooking grease, were packed into one small room, with enough dirty Kurds and Moslems to bring the number up to forty-five. You can't even imagine what it was like. Fleas, lice, and other creeping things were so thick that our misery was sufficient from them alone; but we had no room to stretch in, and those Kurds and Moslems talked and laughed and coughed and spat all night. My darling Paul was under the very spray of one of the guards seated in the window, and the thing that saved him was the

little go-cart in which he lay comfortably, shielded by its hood. Fortunately my wits were working when I packed the baby's things; for I had not forgotten the net that protected him from flies and other insects all the way. His splendid constitution and regular habits, kept up as nearly as possible throughout the journey, helped greatly. I bathed him every day but one, I think, and Edwin too, although I had only a small bowl. The Kurds were greatly impressed by this performance and thought it wonderful to give a baby such care. They frankly told me that it made little difference to them if their babies died: they could always get some more. They marveled that Paul did not cry, and especially that he was not nursed every five minutes.

Three days later our boat steamed in to take us on the next unknown stage of our journey. We were not allowed on the little steamer, but were packed down into the deep black hole of the towed barge. There was a small, square hole over the section where we were, which afforded some air when the boat was in motion. The rest of the captive crew, Kurds and Moslems, were packed into our small corner, too. The remainder of the hold was crowded with the worst mess of sick people returning to Stamboul. The barge's deck was packed with Turkish soldiers and German rapid-fire guns. It was nearly evening before they got the engines running, and the sickening movement of the boat upset our Moslem and Kurdish neighbors completely. Dr. Packard said that the best aid against sea-sickness was a full stomach, and not one of our mission party was ill; but a crack in the floor all too near us was the serve-all of our friends, who kept it busy all night. And such a night! But there was even worse to follow, for the sleeping quarters were even more abbreviated the next night. All the fleas and other vermin had acquired families, and were working hard for a living, and our only consolation was that the children were able to sleep peacefully, notwithstanding the deafening music, the jests, and stomach-evacuations of our companion Kurds.

It was noon before we had anything to eat the day we arrived in Sherif-khana, and we were all nearly starved. The Turks escorted us from the boat to a very decent bungalow, built by the Russians, with a high board-fence round it. Dr. Dodd, Hubert, and Wilder stayed on the dock with the things, and had such a hard time getting them moved to where we were that we did not eat till noon.

We spent one night at this very clean and pleasant spot, and had a chance to stretch out, for each family had a place of its own. To our surprise, the next morning the Turks told us that the train which, since the Russian evacuation, had run only occasionally, had arrived and would leave in a few hours. We still did not know where we would be sent, for again Kars, Stamboul, and Tabriz were mentioned. The uncertainty was rather depressing to us all, but let me tell you that for cheerfulness this crowd could not be beaten. There was no grumbling or glumness, even though we had to carry a large portion of our own baggage, including some trunks, to the track. Dr. Packard, not long up from a very hard sickness, came along with a heavy trunk on his back, and Wilder helped a Moslem carry our big four-hundred-pounder. We were all placed in a box-car, quite a little smaller than the American kind. Fortunately for us, the Kurds and Moslems were put somewhere else.

It now looked as if we were bound for Tabriz, though we could not be certain, and we hoped to reach there by night. But alas! When we were only a little way from Dofian, the first stop out of

Tabriz, the oil fuel ran out and they started men on foot to bring some back. These latter must have been so glad to arrive that they quite forgot us who were perched out on the Persian desert. Finally, the engineer, tired of waiting and having enough oil to run the engine alone, disconnected and went off. Meanwhile we got down and strolled up and down the track, and, as evening approached, the men built a fire. Here we could heat water to warm up some semolena for the children, and they were fed and put to bed.

Edwin had fever all night and asked for water regularly every fifteen minutes. We were in pitch blackness, for our small candle was nearly exhausted. This was the crowning experience in point of discomfort. I had a terrible place to sleep, directly before the door, which was shut, to be sure, but a perfect gale was blowing outside and the wind sifted in everywhere. My head reposed on a samovar, and my feet stuck out somewhere in mid-air. I was still quite wide awake when a big Russian samovar came tumbling down on my head. That was the one and only time I really felt like crying. But it was not worth weeping over, for everyone else was too miserable to be bothered with sympathizing over such a simple matter.

I had just got uncomfortably settled once more when Edwin from his perch, about as unattainable as Pike's Peak in A.D. 1700, began his water-wagon ride. To climb up in the darkness over fifteen pairs of tired legs mingled with heads, to change places with Wilder, was the feat of an acrobat. I finally got there, leaving Paul in charge of Laya down below. I had to have Paul hoisted up to me several times; and when the two of them had a short concert over having my sole attention at one and the same time, I was nearly desperate, for Mrs. Packard was having chills and fever and the servants were almost out of reach in the darkness! During the night we reached Tabriz, and wished for the day.

Next morning we were unloaded about eight o'clock and set down beside the track under guard. It was some time before we were removed from the heat and dust of the road; then we were carefully counted once more and packed into comfortable carriages, the bills for which we had to pay ourselves. Our servants and baggage followed in some wagons, and we were driven eight miles into the city. We were certainly curious about our destination, and each one in his heart was praying about it. On reaching the city, we drove through the great bazaars and passed the high walled-in gardens and residences of European and Persians, and still on and on we went.

Finally we halted before some high, fine gates, and were told that this was our destination. It was the home of the Russian bank people, now gone, and we were ushered up into big, clean, empty rooms. It was good to know that at least the first stage of our journey was over, and that we should have two or three days' rest before going on; for we still thought we were to go to either Stamboul or Kars. The common comforts of civilization — beds, ticks, washbowls, and chairs — were lacking here, but our tired bodies could at least stretch out, and we found sweet repose. After the second night, the Turks furnished us with two meals a day: black bread with sticks and stones in it, and sometimes soup or beans or *lawash* soaked in a greasy stew. One of the first things that we heard after our arrival was that Dr. Vanneman and Mr. Jessup had been in jail for forty days.

After a week of this life, suddenly and most unexpectedly we were set free. No reasons were given for our having been brought to Tabriz, and of course,

as we see it now, it was only an underhanded trick of the Turks, a mild sample of what had happened all over Turkey and everywhere their armies went, as taught them by their leaders the Huns. They have looted and carried off all we had. Records of years and priceless manuscripts are lost. Soon after our release, we and the Packards moved down to the girls' school, where Dr. Jessup had fixed up four very comfortable rooms for us and a suite for the Packards. Later, we decided that we would open up the hospital here, which had been entirely looted, together with the residences and property; and soon masons, carpenters, glaziers, and other workmen had the place in a habitable condition.

Dr. Dodd and Wilder have opened the hospital and already have as much work as they can handle with their limited supplies. We are living in the beautiful residence of Dr. Lamme, who as you know has returned permanently to America. We enjoy this big, lovely, sunny house, especially after coming from our unsanitary one in Urumia. All our station are hoping that it will tumble down this winter, for it is not fit to live in, and after the war we hope a new one can be built. Our compound in Urumia is in a sad state of filth. It is like a great cemetery, and the whole surface of the ground should be turned over after the residence there of so many sick and filthy people who knew little, and cared less, about sanitation. The very ground stunk so that we could not draw a wholesome breath for months. Here the sunlight pours into the rooms of the house nearly every day, and the whole building is planned so beautifully. The compound is out from the city, or rather on its edge, and away from all charcoal fumes. Edwin and Paul have both thriven since coming.

# THE CHURCH AND THE CIVILIAN YOUNG MAN

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

There seems to be a difference of opinion as to whether or not the war has had a good or bad spiritual effect upon those who received in it the experience of battle. At one extreme are observers like Donald Hankey and Ian Hay. At the other are not a few of my own correspondents, — officers, chaplains, 'doughboys,' and 'gobs,' — who seem to agree rather with Stephen, in Mr. W. L. George's *Blind Alley*, when he says, 'War-books make me sick. Fighting like gentlemen! The English Tommy as nature's gentleman! Idealistic bank clerks! Temporary gentlemen out there, temporary fools here! Don't let's pretend. They don't fight like knights in a beastly tournament, but like rats in a common drain; that's more like it — bayoneting men in the back instead of the front, because its safer; that's more like it — hitting below the belt when you get a chance, because it's softer.'

A few of the men who have been really in it grow mystic-eyed when one mentions God and battle; but the dis-

quieting majority seem to grin with unpleasant amusement. Possibly one chaplain hit it off when he said, 'Battle is to a man what developing solution is to a photographic plate. It brings out what's already in him. It gives him nothing new.'

This much has been said because we need to recognize that the average spiritualized veteran is, just possibly, as big a myth as that Puritanical, unsexed saint in khaki painted by the advertising department of the Y.M.C.A. That some men have seen God during the war as never before, few doubt. That a majority of our fellows have done so, most of the men themselves deny. All agree that it has been only battle itself which has illuminated even those who have spiritually grown.

It is not with the men who have been baptized with fire that this paper deals. Almost all that has been written about religion during the war has dealt with them. They are, however, so far as the United States is concerned, a minority fraction of our armed forces. Most of our men never left our shores. Most of those who were over never saw a man die and never stood face to face with danger to themselves.

The lads who did suffer and endure — all honor to them — do not constitute our spiritual problem. In estimating religious forces and the religious task, the really important people to consider are those who had all of war's dreariness and none of its excitement, the boys who never got into the thick of it at all. They remained essentially as they were. It is with a feeling that the religion of the returning veteran is not so much the thing about which church people should worry as is the religion of the civilian young man as the camp revealed him, that this article is written. For the former, the church deserves neither praise nor blame. To the alarming condition of the latter, she should speedily turn her concentrated attention.

First let me say why I dare to make the sweeping statements which follow. They are not conclusions evolved from preconceptions. Some of them go dead against my former notions. Nor are they the patter of one who has gone hither and yon on preaching trips through the camps, or spent six months as an overworked, overworried, and overabused Y secretary. They are the cool, calm synthesis of some thousands of careful observations of men.

For eighteen months I acted as civilian aide to the Senior Chaplain at Great Lakes Naval Training Station. For a year of this time I superintended all chaplains' work in 'Detention,' where the men spent the first three weeks of their stay. I took a religion registration of nearly every man who came in. How many there were, I do not know exactly; but my records show that I gave the chaplains' instruction on religion and morals two hundred and forty-seven times to groups composed of eighty-one thousand men. Almost all of these who were of my own communion were looked up by myself or my assistants. Several other communions looked up their men, too. Card-records of over four thousand men are available, all Episcopalians; and conversations with other pastors and chaplains have given me the results of work done by them among the men of eight other communions, Catholic and Protestant. It is safe to say that the observations leading to the following conclusions covered at least twenty thousand individual men, studied one by one by nine clergymen of various faiths.

Now that the source of evidence has been revealed, it is possible to state seven things upon which the vast majority of those with whom we talked seem to have been in essential agreement.

I

Most modern American young men care little or nothing about organized religion. They are not anti-religious. They render to the churches a formal respect. Only two per cent who entered the station denied a preference for some church or other. For the most part, however, this connection had been purely nominal. Religion as a real motive-power, it is safe to say, is unknown to at least eighty per cent of them. Spirituality as presented by the churches has impressed them as not mattering much. With a majority of them church-going is a thing done almost solely for family reasons, or, in smaller places, for social reasons. In many little Western towns the church is the only rallying-place for young people. Many fellows go because they want girls, not because they seek God. When they leave home, they naturally stop going. Despite all the Sunday schools, young peoples' societies, clubs, guilds, parish-houses, and the rest, *the churches ought to recognize that they have never gained the interest and the enthusiasm of eight out of ten of the generation just coming to maturity. As far as vital motivations go, these fellows are not Christians at all, but merely more or less decent young pagans.*

II

Most of the men themselves are none too proud of their irreligion. After work in camp one realizes as never before that 'man is an incurably religious animal.' When asked why the churches have failed to touch them, they are, naturally, for the most part at a loss. Few of them have thought much about it. They try hard to put it into words, however, glad to find parsons who admit that possibly all is not well in Zion. They are very frank, yet kind enough withal.

It is interesting to note what are some of the things which they do *not* mention as alienating young men. Rarely does one hear that the ancient creeds are difficult to believe. Apparently the healthy, simple man in the street shares little of the intellectual doubtings of the musty browser among books. Few cite the selfish inadequacy of a faith which bids men save themselves from hell. That quaint and fearsome Calvinistic motive, so bothersome to Mr. Wells and Judge Lindsay, has, apparently, save in a few rural neighborhoods of the Southwest, never been presented to most young men of this generation. The disunity of Christendom bothers almost no one. Partly with regret it must be said that apparently the need for a reunited Church is felt at present chiefly by the clergy.

Most of these young men had no fault whatever to find with the churches as such. All their criticism was leveled at church members. They had a notion that they did rather like Christianity — little as they know of it. They were sure that they did not like Christians at all. Their feeling came to this in most cases — that, if Christian people would only endeavor to be Christians, the ordinary young fellow would like nothing better than to come along and try it with them; and that, if Christians wanted them to be interested, *those Christians might well stop criticizing the Church and start criticizing themselves.*

III

The men believe that those who have the Church's teaching in hand are largely to be blamed, in that the instruction given, both from the pulpit and in classes, is either over the head of the average man, or hazy and indefinite, or both. People justifiably desire a religion the basic principles of which they can clearly comprehend.

In this respect the ordinary Sunday school seems quite to have failed. It has imparted a certain number of disconnected Biblical stories, more or less interesting, about people long dead, and a few moral maxims; but most boys seem to pass through it with little knowledge gained of who or what God is, of how to get power from Him, of how and why to worship Him. Part of this is no doubt due to inadequate teachers; but much of it can be laid to the modern tendency to substitute ethical culture for religion, which bewilders and bemuses the ordinary man.

This same tendency, combined with clerical overestimate of the intellectual complexity of the man in the street and clerical thinking in terms of abstract ideals rather than in those of personal relationships, seems to be the explanation of a common resentment at sermons. Men hate them, not because they are uninterested in God, but rather because most sermons tell them nothing much definitely about God.

The Christian religion is not at all a difficult and complex thing, requiring great intellectual gifts for its comprehension. The Apostles were unlettered and untraveled men. Most of the saints have been quite simple folk. It must be, then, if men to-day so generally find it hard to discover what Christianity is, that the preachers are not good preachers and the teachers are poor teachers.

After much talk with the men, the following simple line of thought was propounded to a Roman Catholic priest and to Methodist, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Baptist, Disciples, and Episcopalian clergy, all at Great Lakes, and inquiry made as to whether in their judgment it was a correct expression of the essence of Christianity.

'Man grows great by sacrifice willingly undertaken, and small by selfish acquisitiveness. To succeed, a man must become an unselfish sacrificer. To live a sacrificing life is difficult, since it requires power to control a body inherited from the beasts and full of selfish impulses, and also an ability to tell the canny, cautious, compromising world that its wisdom is folly. In fact, this is so hard to do that the ordinary man cannot accomplish it unless he is conscious of God, the Great Heart of Things, back of him, with him all the way. To know and feel God is necessary for moral achievement, at least with most men. Some exceptional people get this contact with Deity by a sort of subjective mysticism; but most men find this normally impossible. God, therefore, knowing that man must have a Deity expressed in those human terms which alone are comprehensible to him, became man. Jesus Christ is God, the only God that can be real to most people. In the light of Him and through Him, alone, are the eternal Creator, called the Father, and the mystical God who speaks within human hearts, called the Holy Spirit, understandable and knowable. The Father, the Christ, and the Spirit are One God, and the point of contact is the Christ, met in prayer and sacraments.'

The various ministers consulted all agreed that this was, in very essence, the Christian religion. Admitting that it is, why have the great mass of young men never grasped it? Apparently our teachers are to blame, in that they have beclouded the simple faith in mazes of intellectual liberalism and oceans of words. *If we are not to continue to lose young men, we must return to the teaching, in concrete definite terms, of the essence of Christianity.*

## IV

There is among the men a widespread resentment of sentimentality in worship and 'the cult of the pretty-pretty.' It is hard, but not impossible, to get particulars. To put it in some-

what more philosophic terms than they use, it would seem that they condemn contemporary worship on two grounds: first, that it is vicarious; second, that it is introspective.

They do not like choirs, complicated canticles, elaborate anthems, or sweet solos. Though they may do it badly, they like to sing their own praises to the Most High. The minister does too much, also, and they themselves too little. They miss the corporate note in devotion.

Since they are healthy-minded young things, they resent having their spiritual attention turned inward. Their interests are in things outside themselves. The God they want is a friendly Deity from Somewhere Else, who comes to meet and help them. The immanence of God is not to them so helpful a truth as his transcendance combined with his willingness to meet them. This is probably the reason why the men in service, Protestant as well as Catholic, love the Holy Communion, and want it. However they may explain it, they feel that it is one act of worship where God comes from Out There to strengthen, and be reverenced by, men Down Here.

*The externalizing of God and the congregationalizing of devotion seem to be the best ways of desentimentalizing worship and fitting it to the desire of young men for virility in the services of our churches.*

V

Lack of friendly fellowship in the churches is another great difficulty. The men feel that many congregations are maintaining religious clubs for their own pleasure, instead of houses of prayer to God and places of spiritual inspiration to all men. These clubs are of two sorts, equally to be avoided. One variety gives the chance visitor the impression that the people who belong to it resent his coming in without first giving them the chance to 'black-ball' him if they desire. The other sort is so anxious for more members that it effusively canonizes him the instant he enters the door. When he goes to church, he would like to have people make him feel that, as a child of God, the place is his to use — that he is already a member of the congregation simply by virtue of his desire for worship and instruction. Of course, he does not like rented sittings. They are to him patent evidences of the club idea. *He misses that casual, quiet friendliness which he instinctively feels is what Jesus Himself really stands for. He wishes that with God's people, as with God, there were less respect of persons in God's House.*

VI

Probably the most difficult criticism to meet is that professing Christian people are not really in earnest in their desire personally to imitate Jesus. It seems to many men, and those the most worth while, that the moral standards of church people are too low. Not that men desire more negative morality, more 'Thou shalt nots.' Far from that! It is positive morality that seems to them defective. Christians do not strike them as conspicuously more kind, more charitable, more loving, and more sacrificing than other men and women — particularly, more sacrificing. They see prominent church people quite content to live in luxury, to enjoy the good things of the earth, earthy, even while thousands of well-meaning, honest, hard-working men, women, and children have too little; carefully and cannily to take thought for the things of to-morrow.

Clergy as well as laity seem to them equally guilty. That a minister should live at ease while his neighboring fellow minister half starves seems strange to

them. That a clergyman should ask and get six weeks or more in which to play in the summer does not to them seem an evidence of zeal for souls. They find 'gentlemen-parsons' somehow incongruous with the worship of a penniless Christ.

Of course, a good deal of this criticism of ministers and people is harsh, cruel, unjust. Most of it, however, is honest and ineradicable.

*No one thing, save simple teaching, is so necessary for the holding of young men to Christianity as the revival, in very real, apparent, and concrete terms, in the twentieth century, of the spirit of Franciscanism.*

VII

Last, but not least, young men wonder why it is that Christian people are unwilling to tell to others the strength and joy that there is in their faith. Does one who finds a new brand of very good cigars at the canteen keep the discovery to himself? On the contrary, he gladly commends the brand to his comrades. If he sees a good show while on liberty, he passes the word along. If indeed Christians have discovered the greatest thing in life, a faith which makes God real and kind and near and human and helpful, which makes, with power from Him, weak men strong to attain to real manhood instead of mere educated beastliness, how can they keep quiet about it? *To professing Christians their reticence may seem an evidence of reverence. To the man in the street it signifies merely disbelief.*

Such are the charges leveled at church people by actual young men. Some of them were college men. Others could scarcely more than write their names. They came from every profession and trade — and from none. Most of them were from seventeen to twenty-five years of age. Some were from great cities, some from small towns, some from villages, some from farms. They were a cross-section of American civilian young manhood.

They were not irreligious. They were pathetically ready for spiritual leadership. They threw no bitter slurs at the faith that has made saints and heroes of men like them in the ages past. One could not help but feel that many of them might become simple and happy Christian men, and that their younger brothers might never drift away at all, if only Christians might with penitence reconsecrate themselves, clergymen and people, to definite preaching of the fundamental faith, social worship of an objective Jesus, quiet fellowship in devotion, humble seeking to live a Christ-like life, and unaffected utterance of the faith that is in them.

# HOW THE TARIFF AFFECTS WAGES

BY F. W. TAUSSIG

I

THE form in which the argument that the tariff raises wages is commonly presented is that of a simple comparison of money wages in the United States with money wages in foreign countries. To most people this is a plain and convincing way of putting it. If A pays only fifty cents a day to his workmen, and B pays a dollar a day, it seems clear that A can undersell B, and that B cannot compete with A unless he reduces his wages to A's rates. The application of this reasoning to our protective duties is familiar enough: if duties are lowered, American employers must either pay lower wages or abandon the field.

This belief is not merely widespread: it is something like an article of faith with millions of Americans, probably with a majority of our people. It is congenial to the average man's way of thinking about economic matters, and is as firmly held by most of the business men and well-to-do as by the manual workmen. It has been incessantly dinned into the ears of both by protectionists for half a century. That it is a potent device for bolstering up protective tariffs is shown by the fact that it is utilized, not only in our own country, but in others also — in those with low wages as well as those with high. In Germany France, and Italy the appeal for the safeguarding of the laboring man's wages against foreign competition is as universal and probably as fetching as in the United States. And the appeal is sincere. No doubt, manufacturers and others engaged in protected industries push it for all it is worth, but not usually with conscious demagogy. Certainly in our own country those who make the appeal and those moved by it believe in their hearts that our standard of living and the very basis of our prosperity rest on the maintenance of a system of high duties. Only this will prevent the pauper-paid laborer of Europe and Asia from sending us cheap products which will compel the lowering of wages to a pauper standard.

And yet the verdict of economists is unanimously the other way. Perhaps unanimous is too strong a term; but virtual agreement there is. I know of no economist, certainly none in England or this country, who would sanction the pauper-labor argument. The extraordinary perversion of thought on all international matters which has resulted from the inflamed rivalries of Continental countries during the last half century has affected their economic thought on all matters relating to trade; and persons of academic repute can be found who give sanction to the talk of the vulgar. A lack of clear thinking and of honest statement has been among the many lamentable consequences of the mad struggle for power. Even so, no economist of standing would maintain that a protective tariff is the one decisive factor in making a country's rate of wages high.

There are familiar facts in plenty which run counter to the argument. They are familiar, but, as is so often the case, people fail to see the significance

of that which stares them in the face. A plain fact, universally known, is that we regularly export from the United States goods to the value of billions of dollars. How can this be if low-paid labor can always undersell high-paid labor? Wages in terms of money, and in terms of commodities also, are higher in the United States in all occupations, of whatever kind. Yet we know that not all employers of every kind are undersold by their foreign competitors. The simple existence of an export trade proves that they are not; nay, that so far as there is any underselling, it is the Americans who undersell the foreigners.

We export an extraordinary quantity and variety of articles: agricultural products like cotton and wheat, crude and semi-manufactured products like mineral ores, timber, and copper, and all sorts of manufactured goods — cotton fabrics, iron and steel in all stages, machinery and tools. All the laborers who are employed in making these exported articles get higher wages than those employed in making similar things abroad. Yet the very fact of exportation proves that the articles are sold at least as cheaply as the competing foreign articles. Wages in agriculture are higher here than in England or Russia. Thirty years ago, the English agricultural laborer got ten to fifteen shillings a week, or somewhere between ten and fifteen dollars a month, and out of this had to pay his own board and lodging. In the United States a farm-hand then got eighteen to twenty dollars a month, and got his board and lodging in addition. In recent times, wages in both countries have risen greatly; yet the difference in favor of the American has persisted. The Canadian farmer has been paying no less than the American. Notwithstanding this sustained higher rate of pay in the United States and Canada, agricultural products have continued to be regularly exported. American and Canadian farmers, while paying higher wages than the British, are sending their wheat to England, even under the handicap of high freight charges by land and water. They are meeting the British farmers in the British market; and meeting not only the British, but the Russians, whose wages are even lower.

So in semi-manufactured and manufactured articles. Copper-miners in the United States, and the men engaged in the smelting and refining plants, get higher wages than men doing the same work anywhere the world over; yet American copper is sold the world over. The laborers and mechanics in the agricultural machinery and sewing-machine industries get high pay; yet these are great articles of export. One of the striking changes in our international trade during the first decade of this century has been the enormous increase in the exports of the semi-manufactured forms of iron and steel. The total exports of structural steel, rods, rails, and wire rose to hundreds and hundreds of millions in the years 1912 to 1914 — years preceding the war, which were not affected by abnormal war conditions.

Still another set of facts may be adduced, not so familiar as those relating to our enormous export trade, yet familiar enough, and equally inconsistent with the belief that a country where wages are high must be undersold under free trade by one where wages are low. Great Britain has maintained complete free trade since the middle of the nineteenth century. The situation has endured without change for over half a century — ample time for testing the matter. No import duties have been imposed, except a few of strictly revenue character on articles such as tea and coffee. Commodities of every other kind have been admitted to Great Britain from foreign countries free,

competing on equal terms with those of British production. India, Japan, China, Turkey, Italy, France, Germany — some of them with wages vastly lower than the British, all with wages considerably lower — could send their goods to England without let or hindrance. India, with hundreds of millions of the cheapest labor, and in closest commercial contact with Great Britain; Japan, fast outgrowing her old industrial system and keen to enter modern trade; France and Germany, just across the Channel and eager for exports — everywhere wages were lower, and in the Orient lower to an extent that would well-nigh paralyze with fright an American protectionist contemplating free trade with such regions. And yet England grew and prospered. British India, apparently the most dangerous competitor because so directly linked with the imperial country, so far from threatening English industry, actually asked for protection against the competition of the English cotton manufacturers who paid wages much higher. So did the French and Germans; their protective measures were directed against the country of higher wages. And British wages, high at the beginning of the period, not only remained high, but advanced markedly between the middle and the close of the nineteenth century.

The explanation of all such facts is simple. Turn to the most familiar fact of all — the continuing exports from the country of high wages to those of low wages. The workman whose labor is embodied in the exports is paid more; but he also produces more. The labor is more effective, and the employer can therefore afford to pay more for it. Sometimes, as in the case of wheat and iron and copper, the same exertion produces a greater quantity of identically the same article. Sometimes, as with our exported cottons, it produces a greater quantity and also a better quality. Sometimes again, as in the case of our sewing-machines and agricultural implements, the greater effectiveness consists in producing an article which is better made and better adapted to its purposes. The greater (or better) product yields a larger gross return to the employer, even though not a larger sum per unit, than the return from similar labor elsewhere; and the employer is able to pay higher money wages. Not only is he able to do so, but he must: for thousands of employers compete with each other for laborers; and the result must be that wages will be high in some proportion to the productiveness of the laborers.

Beyond doubt this is the fundamental explanation of the differences that prevail in the various parts of the world. The plain reason why wages are very low in India and China, higher but still meagre in countries like Italy and Austria, comparatively high in England and Germany, and highest of all in the United States, is to be found in the varying productiveness of labor in these countries.

The relation between Great Britain and Germany under British free trade illustrates in another way the same simple principle. The illustration is not so obvious, yet rests again on broad facts of general knowledge; it involves no labored investigation. In Germany in the middle of the nineteenth century, when Great Britain entered on her free-trade career, wages were considerably lower than in that country. Yet, it was not Great Britain's industries that feared Germany's, competition, but just the contrary: it was Germany that adopted protection (not extreme in those days) designed chiefly to keep out British manufactured goods. As time went on, the trend of wages came to be upward in Germany as well as in Great Britain; and the rate of advance,

though not the actual level, was even higher. True, wages in Germany did not attain the British range, either in money or in commodities, at any time up to the Great War. But starting as they did from a level much lower, they showed a more marked advance.

Now, it might have been supposed that, as wages rose in Germany, this country would have become a less dangerous competitor in the 'markets of the world,' which play so large a part in the ordinary discussion of international competition. Not so: German exports grew and German competition came to be feared during the very period in which German wages were steadily rising. And the explanation is again simple. One and the same fact underlies the advance in wages and the growth of exports — increasing effectiveness of German labor, especially in the exporting industries. The causes of that increasing effectiveness were various: partly that Germany, starting from a low level, acquired with rapidity the methods and machinery of modern industry; partly the exercise of care, persistence, and skill in some branches of applied science; and partly a burst of leadership which was associated with political and military ambition. It matters not for the present purpose what the causes were. The main thing is that advancing wages proved no obstacle to exports and no stimulus to imports.

## II

The general proposition that a high rate of wages is the result of a high productiveness of industry is simple and undeniable. In a sense it is superficial; it may be said to be a truism, though it is one of those truisms which are constantly forgotten. Beyond doubt there remain questions much more difficult. Just how and through what channel or mechanism does high general productivity lead to the high wages? And what determines the share of the total product, be that great or small, which shall go to the laborer, the employer, the owner of capital, the owner of land? But these questions, the most important and perhaps the most complex in the field of economics, lie quite outside the tariff controversy. Wide-ranging as that controversy is, this limitation of its scope seems to be generally recognized. In popular discussions of the tariff, the relations of labor and capital and the distribution of wealth and income are not usually touched, and we need not here concern ourselves with them. It suffices for the purpose in hand to get a broad explanation of the differences in wages in different countries, such as we find in the varying productiveness of labor. The explanation is so simple, and the notion that a high tariff causes general high wages is so flatly contradicted by plain facts, as well as by simple reasoning, that any elaborated discussion of it would call for an apology if the tariff-and-wages argument were constantly repeated.

In truth, few intelligent and unbiased persons would seriously argue that protective duties are the chief cause of high wages in the United States. But many would doubtless say that the duties *keep up* the wages in certain industries, and therefore at least help to maintain them, not in those only, but in all others. On the other hand, the opponents of protective duties generally argue that duties keep wages high in no industry whatever, and that, when they affect wages at all, they always tend to lower them. An examination of these conflicting views will enable us better to understand what is the real situation.

Begin with the line of argument which maintains that high wages are never the result of duties, but always and invariably of greater effectiveness of

labor — a not infrequent answer by the free traders to the protectionist contention.

To this it must be replied that high wages in the United States, at present, are not in all cases the result of greater productiveness. If not caused by the tariff system alone, they are at the least dependent on it. They are the result of the tariff system in this sense: as they are and where they are, they could not be paid but for that system. Many workmen — not so many as is often supposed, but still many — could not be paid in their present occupations what they now earn but for the barrier against foreign competition. It does not follow that, if duties were removed, they could not get wages as high or higher in some other occupation; but, where they are, their present wages could not be paid but for the duties.

When a system of protection has been established, it is not true, as we are often told by writers opposed to protection, that high wages are an invariable sign of productiveness, of great effectiveness of labor. In the United States we do have a great and dominant range of industries in which labor is effective, cost is low, commodities are produced with less exertion than in other countries, and in which wages therefore are high. But side by side with these, the protective tariff has established industries in which labor is no more productive than in other countries. Chinaware of the finer grades supplies an example. If there were no duty on such ware, very little would be made in the United States, perhaps none. The employer who should try to make it could not afford to pay wages at the high rates set by other more effective industries. It would be imported, and would be paid for by the exportation of commodities for which our conditions are more favorable. But so far as the individual employer and workman are concerned, the duties on chinaware serve to offset the lack of favorable conditions. The duties enable the ware to be sold for more here than it will bring abroad; it can sell in this country for the foreign price *plus* the duty. The employer is put in the same position as if his labor were more effective than the foreign labor. The tariff enables him to get more money for his product than the foreign employer gets for the product of the same labor abroad; therefore he can pay higher wages than are paid abroad. And he *must* pay them. The standard is set by farmer and steel-maker and implement manufacturer, who get a larger gross return per unit of labor than their foreign competitors, and will under any conditions pay higher wages. The manufacturer who is dependent on protection must pay as much; and he is enabled to pay as much, even though his men produce no more in quantity or quality than those of his foreign competitors, because the duties make it possible for him to sell identically the same product at a higher price than prevails abroad.

But the staunch protectionist will ask: Given the situation as it now stands and must be dealt with now, is there any other possible way in which the wages of these men can be kept high? And not only of these men, but of all workmen in all fields of industry? Suppose the duties removed, the chinaware industry wiped out, a quantity of other industries to meet the same fate, workmen to rush into those more productive or effective industries which free traders extol — what then? Will not the competition of the added numbers bring down wages all around, and will it not appear that wages everywhere will be lowered under free trade? Can they be *kept* at their present high rates without the aid of protection?

To these questions the free trader has his answer ready. Yet there are prob-

lems and possibilities which compel the unbiased inquirer to pause, and to reflect carefully before giving an unqualified opinion or offering unqualified advice.

It can be reasoned, as the free trader will reason, that, if the protective tariff be abolished, the men freed from the protected industries will ultimately find their way into the others not dependent on protection, and will there be employed at the same high wages that now obtain — nay, at wages probably higher. These industries will expand; and the market for their expanding output will be found abroad. An extension of international trade and of the international division of labor will take place. Things formerly made at home will be imported, while other things, which the foreigners formerly made for themselves, will be supplied to them from our exports. The result will be in the end that we and the foreigners alike gain. Each set of people will produce the things which it can produce to best advantage, and each will be better off by utilizing the best services of the other. All this is but a restatement of the proposition that international trade depends on differences in the productiveness of industry, and largely on differences that are comparative rather than absolute. The material prosperity of the United States is increased if we confine our labor and capital to the commodities in which we have an advantage and in which our employers can afford to pay high wages. The most effective way to get those things in which our productiveness is no greater than that of foreign countries is to import them, and to export in exchange those things in which our productiveness *is* greater.

The reasoning is beyond attack, granting its assumptions. But it assumes, in a country which has long maintained a protective system and in which there are many industries dependent on that system, a great shift and an expensive transformation. No doubt the shift in the United States, even with the sudden adoption of complete free trade, would not be as vast as the protectionists commonly state or imply. Their version of the consequences is that every single manufacturing plant would have to be given up — not to mention the even more dire prophecy that all industries of every kind whatever would crumble in universal ruin. Just how many industries would succumb, no one can say; but I am convinced that they would form a minority among the manufacturing industries themselves. Our manufacturing industries are not in general such bottle-fed weaklings as their ardent supporters allege. None the less, the change would be absolutely large. There would be shut-downs, attempts to meet the situation by lowering wages, strikes, slow transfer of laborers to other regions and other industries, business failures, empty mills and villages, a trying readjustment of prices and probably of the general scale of money wages, hard times and uncertain employment. A considerable period of transition would have to be gone through before the new and better alignment of industry was finally reached. Those whose present commitments and investments have been made in business ventures dependent on protection could not be expected to do otherwise than oppose the change with might and main; oppose it too with the firm conviction that right and justice, as well as the need of maintaining general prosperity, were on their side.

Further: that expansion of exports which the free trader expects, and which he rightly regards as the complement of expanding imports, will not take place by an easy or rapid process. The ills which the protectionist predicts will appear at once and conspicu-

ously; whereas the predicted gains on the other side will appear so slowly as to be recognized only after a considerable interval. True, imports are paid for by exports, and cannot long continue unless so paid for. But there is no automatic connection. Each transaction in import trade and in export trade stands by itself, as Ricardo long ago remarked. Exports will grow only when they become profitable in consequence of the relation between prices of particular articles in this country and in foreign countries, and this relation will not be immediately changed. The economist may discern in the troublous period of transition the trend toward a developed and presumably more beneficial state of international exchange. But the average man will see only hard times and business troubles. The case is but one of many — the introduction of new processes and improvements is of the same sort — in which the immediate effect of a general economic change is unsettlement and depression. The ultimate good result, when it comes, is accepted as a matter of course, with no attention to the causes which brought it about. It is in this way that we accept unfettered free trade throughout the length and breadth of the United States, rarely stopping to think what far-reaching consequences it has for our material prosperity.

So great are the difficulties of an abrupt shift from one industrial policy to another, — the real ones, not the imaginary ones of universal collapse and perpetual ruin, — that no country, it can be safely predicted, will ever adopt such a ruthless procedure. If a change takes place, it will be by slow and gradual steps; and the first steps will be for a short start in a new direction, not at the moment of much consequence. Meanwhile, the bulk of the established industries will be safeguarded. And within the range of the industries thus protected it will remain true that wages can be kept high only so long as the protection is maintained. And since most persons jump from a single thing which they see to sweeping generalizations, their conclusion will be that the tariff keeps all wages high.

There is still another case which leads to the same sort of unwarranted generalization. The drift of the preceding reasoning is that, where the productiveness of a country's industries at large causes its rate of wages to be high, that high rate will be transmitted to the protected industries which could not otherwise afford them; while yet in the long run no workmen anywhere are really benefited by protection. But there are conditions under which protection may bring substantial and permanent advantage to some workmen, not only in the sense of keeping their wages up to the general level, but in that of lifting them higher. These are conditions of labor monopoly. A tight union of highly skilled workmen can get wages above the average, if it can not only keep the union closed within the country, but obtain legislation for keeping out foreign workmen and the products made by foreign workmen. Apparently this was achieved, for example, for a considerable time by the glass-blowers; and in olden days, for a shorter period, by the iron-puddlers. In both cases the exceptional advantage was wiped out, as such advantages usually are, by new processes which dispensed with the urgent need for the special skill. But the advantage lasted during the period of limited labor-supply and favoring industrial demand; and the tradition lasted long after the golden era itself.

The trade-union spirit of selfish exclusion fits perfectly into the general scheme of protectionism; just as does the employers' spirit of combination and monopoly. It is rare that either

kind of combination succeeds in maintaining high gains permanently — either high wages or high profits; at all events, experience proves that a tariff barrier will not avail, unless other and stronger forces are behind. And it is to be borne in mind that the chances of effective monopoly are better for the capitalists than for the workmen; because the general trend of modern industry to large-scale operations works that way, whereas the general trend toward equalized opportunities among laborers works to prevent even the highest trade union from holding a privileged position indefinitely. Nevertheless, rare and insecure as are the conditions under which anything like monopoly wages can be secured by any set of workmen, the possibility and the occasional realization strengthen the tradition that a high tariff leads to high wages.

Most persons, and virtually all spokesmen of the organized workmen, see only one outstanding thing at a time, and generalize therefrom at once. To them it seems axiomatic that any conditions which increase the wages, even of the smallest group, keep up the wages of all. The well-to-do and educated are entitled to no absolution on this score; they are perpetually and naïvely urging fallacies or half-truths to justify this or that arrangement profitable to a knot of their own people.

But when all is said, every qualification made, every exception granted, the fundamental proposition remains intact. The general rate of wages in a country is not made high by protection and is not kept high by protection. I will quote what I have said elsewhere:

> In current discussions on the tariff and wages, it has often been alleged that in one industry or another the efficiency or skill of the workmen is no greater in the United States than in England or Germany; that the tools and machines are no better, the raw materials no cheaper. How then, it is asked, can the Americans get higher wages unless protected against the competition of the Europeans? But it may be asked in turn, suppose *all* the Americans were not a whit more skillful and productive than the Europeans — perhaps quite as skillful, but not more so; suppose the plane of effectiveness to be precisely the same throughout the realm of industry in the countries compared; how *could* wages be higher in the United States? The source of all the income of a community obviously is in the output of its industry. If its industry is no more effective, if its labor produces no more, than in another community, how can its material prosperity be greater and how can wages be higher? A high general rate of real wages could not possibly be maintained unless there were in its industries at large a high general productiveness.[1]

## III

The general and dominant productiveness of American industry — how comes it about and in what directions is it likely to be found? A full answer would carry far beyond the limits of the protective controversy proper — limits which unfortunately are often passed in popular debate on this subject, which strays into any and every phase of economic inquiry. On the causes of varying effectiveness in industry much might be said; but the essentials can be stated briefly.

Those who reflect at all on the fundamental causes of general productiveness would probably emphasize two: more fertile land and more efficient labor. Both tell; yet others tell also, and are frequently ignored.

True it is that American agriculture

[1] *Some Aspects of the Tariff Question.* In the chapter from which this passage is quoted, I have considered more in detail the causes of differences in industrial effectiveness between different countries; and in the volume at large have taken up the causes in specific American industries (sugar, iron and steel, textiles). — THE AUTHOR.

long was the mainstay of our prosperity; on the whole it is so still. True also that we are blessed with great stretches of fertile land in a temperate zone. But the natural resources alone do not explain our favored position among the nations. That position is due no less to the intelligence with which the American farmer has learned to adapt methods of cultivation in such way as to get the best yield from the plenty of good land. And he has been powerfully aided by the inventors and business men who have supplied him with agricultural machinery unique in its excellence, and by the railroad promoters and builders who have provided a transportation system which, as regards long-distance hauls, is also unique in its excellence. The American farmer is able to raise and to bring to market more wheat per unit of labor applied than his European competitor, not only because he has abundance of good land, but also because he works more intelligently, uses more and better machinery, takes better advantage of the plenty of land, and gets his wheat to market more cheaply.

And — to turn to an analogous case — the copper-miner of the United States produces more copper per unit of labor applied than the miner of Europe or South America, not merely because the deposits of copper ore are richer, but also and mainly because the mining methods are better, the machinery more perfected, the transportation of ore and materials cheaper, the dressing and smelting and refining processes more advanced, all the advantages of large-scale operations better utilized. Invention, ingenuity, enterprise, management, are of a higher stamp than in competing countries. The human factor counts immensely in agriculture and mining, as well as in manufacturing industries. And it counts in the whole complex of operations: in the work of the farmer who ploughs and the miner who digs, as well as in that of the engineer, the inventor, the business man.

The reader may have observed that in preceding paragraphs I have spoken, not of the 'efficiency' of labor, but of its 'effectiveness.' Efficiency, as the word is commonly used, implies greater output by the individual workman, alone and by virtue of his special excellence — greater physical vigor, better intelligence, better use of tools. Now in this regard the American of native stock does excel; the first native-born of foreign stock usually does; even the immigrant may, under the influence of example and environment. Most important, however, is what may be called, for want of a better term, the general *effectiveness* of industry — the accumulated result of all the factors that unite in making a people's work yield a given physical output. And among those factors a commanding place must be assigned to direction and management — to the business leaders. The business men of America who 'make' clocks and watches, boots and shoes, furniture and building hardware, steel in its semi-finished and more advanced shapes, tools and machines of all sorts, — to specify some striking cases, — turn out from their establishments, with the same capital and labor, more than the foreigners do; and this not solely, or even primarily, because their workmen are stronger or steadier or more skillful, but because of superior management.

When we try to define, not the physical causes of effectiveness, but those that rest on the character and genius of a people, precision is impossible. The characteristics that most pervade a people are often the most difficult to explain. Those of the Americans go with the spirit of democracy, the universal tradition of a free career for every talent, conceptions of large possibilities that correspond to the large scale of the country, the ubiquitous and

restless energy in money-making — elements both good and bad. Business schemes, business ambition, business leadership, have played a larger part in our social and political development than in that of any other country. Only in Great Britain is to be seen anything comparable. And this has led to a general effectiveness of industry, not only wherever natural resources have been abundant, but often where there has been no such favoring foundation. The national genius has led to a high level of productive capacity over a wide range of mechanical industries. By far the greater part of what are classed as manufacturing industries have an inherent strength. They are able to pay the American rate of wages, not because they are bolstered up by the tariff, but because their output per unit of labor is large. They are among the strong and self-sufficing industries, not among the less effective which are upheld by those that dominate.

It is in the large-scale, standardized manufacturing industries that this strong position is most often found. Anyone who looks through tariff demands and debates will be struck by the fact that competing foreign products are likely to be specialties or handicraft articles. Where a thing is turned out in great quantities, all of a single pattern, the American producer is almost sure to hold his own. Sewing-machines, for example, are made in the United States by the thousand and hundred thousand, and are exported in great quantities to all parts of the world. Yet certain special types, of which a very few are in demand for unusual bits of stitching, are imported. Since only these few can be sold in any case, the American manufacturer does not find it worth while to set up the apparatus of moulds, patterns, machines, systematized continuous output, which he organizes for the standard types. The European maker is willing to take orders for a few pieces, and makes the specialized machines by using a much larger proportion of handicraft-labor.

Again, table-knives are standardized, innumerable dozens being made of each pattern; pocket-knives, on the other hand, are of infinitely diverse patterns, no one marketable in great quantities. Hence table-knives are made in the United States unhindered by foreign competition; whereas pocket-knives have been steadily imported in face of high duties. Among textiles, the more ornate and expensive fabrics are commonly imported. Not many yards of any one such fabric can be sold; the American producer does not find its production worth while. But where there is mass production of an enormous yardage, he takes hold with success. His success is most conspicuous in the great range of ordinary cotton fabrics, easily marketed by millions of yards, and made as cheaply in this country as anywhere in the world.

It would give a false picture to sketch in these broad terms the general traits of American industry without calling attention also to the exceptions. Often the success of a given establishment, or even of an industry, is due to that elusive element, the personality of an individual. An Englishman may devise a system of highly standardized production for a given article. An American may have a bent, perhaps an artistic gift, for a specialty. Sometimes the division of the market between domestic and foreign producers is quite inexplicable on any general grounds; it seems to be a matter of tradition or accident or mere inertia. Idiosyncrasies of this kind are as common as the departures from the standard type which the biologist finds in the living world. Probably not a single generalization in economics can be laid down to which there are not significant exceptions.

And yet the general propositions remain the significant ones. For the present purpose these are: that our country's high rate of wages rests on a high general effectiveness of industry; that effectiveness is not merely a matter of natural resources or physical causation, but is largely the product of national spirit, temper, adaptiveness; and that it appears over a wide range of manufacturing industries, in which the keynotes are labor-saving devices, the utmost use of elaborated machinery, large-scale operations, mass production.

## IV

Finally, a word must be said in criticism of an argument with which the free trader sometimes meets his opponent. He compares the wages paid in protected industries with those paid in industries not protected. In the former class conspicuous cases are adduced of wages below the general range and below the rates in non-protected industries; therefore, the free trader reasons, protection cannot be said to have any effect in keeping wages up. Nay, it is sometimes argued that protection is thus proved actually to bring them down. Some years ago, when there was a great strike in Lawrence, Massachusetts, figures were cited to show that the operatives in the woolen mills got wages unusually low. Here, said the opponents of protection, is an industry which notoriously has the advantage of high duties and yet pays its employees wretched wages. How can it be maintained that protection benefits the workingman?

On this issue judgment must be given for the protectionist. The free trader perhaps is fairly justified in using this sort of fetching rejoinder as a tit-for-tat to the harping on tariff and wages which constitutes the campaign ammunition of the other side: he may be entitled to fight the devil with fire. But the impartial judge must rule that the facts are misinterpreted, the inferences not warranted. In any country, whatever the tariff system, and whether the general level of wages be high or low, some workmen will earn more than the average and some less. Differences in education and training, in skill, intelligence, and character, will always cause divergences from the general scale. The range is great from the common laborer to the highly skilled mechanic. Tariff legislation has as little to do with fostering or checking these divergences as currency legislation or railroad legislation. Far more significant in its bearing on these matters is the course of legislative policy on immigration, and even more important is the education of the masses.

It may indeed be alleged that the protected industries employ the lower grades of labor in unusually large proportions. Some of them do so — as for example the silk and woolen manufacturers. But other industries not dependent on protection do so also, such as iron- and steel-making, formerly a child of protection, but now quite grown out of tutelage, and the meat-packing trade, never under tutelage at all. American business leaders have shown singular adaptiveness in utilizing any and all resources at their disposal, both the natural and the human. They have directed the skilled mechanics to the construction and operation and repair of the most complex machinery; they have directed the drudges supplied by immigration to monotonous but effective mass-production. But there is no clear evidence that the employment of the one class or the other, or the relative rates of pay, have been modified by the country's protective policy. Through it all, the wages of the lowest stratum have been higher in the United States than in foreign countries; and so have those of the upper strata. The

difference in favor of the American workmen has not indeed been on the same scale throughout. The skilled mechanic has enjoyed, at least during the last generation, a larger differential than the pick-and-shovel man. But this special advantage has appeared quite as much in the industries not dependent on protection as in those that are dependent. It is due to general social causes quite different from those that bear on the tariff problems.

It is possible, nay, probable, that in the next generation marked changes will take place in this part of the social structure. The supply of human cattle will be much abridged by the application of the illiteracy test to immigrants, conceivably by the future application of tests even more narrowly selective. Further, the tendency of democracy and of universal education is toward lessening the stratification of labor; and that tendency will be no longer counteracted, as it has been in recent decades, by a steady congestion in the lowest stratum through immigration. A most desirable and welcome smoothing of the differences will gradually result, opposed by the employers, opposed also and bitterly resented by the semi-aristocratic crafts, yet not to be resisted. It may not take the form of a lowering of the craft wages; possibly these will simply remain stationary, while those of the unskilled gradually rise; but some smoothing away of the differences may be expected.

The development of American manufacturing industries may be much influenced by this social change. The industries which had been planned and organized on the basis of being able to draw cheap common labor from a vast reservoir will find conditions less propitious than before. Both protected and non-protected industries will have to adjust themselves to altered conditions. But it would be hard to say that the adjustment will be greater or more difficult in one set than in the other. Important though the new situation will be for our social and political problems, it is not likely to bring consequences significant for the protective controversy.

To return to the main question: it is reduced again to its simplest elements. Wages at large, and the prosperity of the laboring class as a whole and so of the country as a whole, are not kept high by protection. True, in those branches of industry which are really dependent on the tariff, the workmen there engaged could not there remain, at the current high wages, if the tariff barrier were to be removed. True, also, a transfer of labor and of capital to other industries not dependent on the tariff could take place only with great difficulty and great hardship; and here are problems which the free trader cannot lightly dismiss. But none the less it is untrue that high wages in general have been caused by protection, or are now made possible only by protection. They rest not on that feeble prop, but on the solid foundation of general effectiveness of industry — on the resources of the country and the genius of the people.

# THE WORLD SITUATION

BY THOMAS W. LAMONT

THE situation of the world, especially of the European world, is that of a man who has just come out of a deep and consuming fever. This time it has been the fever of war. During the height of the malady the fever itself was so violent as to yield an artificial strength; and then, too, the sick man was kept alive with great doses of stimulants. But now that the fever is gone, the patient is lying weak and prostrate. There are some rather faint-hearted doctors who pronounce that he is too far gone ever to recover; that, even if he succeeds in getting off a sick bed, he will, for a half-century to come, be crippled and useless.

It is, to be sure, not easy to be cheerful over the situation; but after spending five consecutive months in Europe, during most of that time in intimate contact with leaders of all the great and small powers, I am one of those who are sanguine, who believe that the patient is going to recover, and recover more quickly perhaps than any of us imagine.

In order, however, to discuss the situation intelligently we must first look at the worst: we must pick out one by one the patient's bad symptoms. Then, after we have them all docketed, we can discuss what remedies are to be applied to them.

What then, are these bad symptoms in Europe? Here is the list as I make it: greatly impaired moral; slackness of labor; shortage of food; shortage of raw material; disorganized transportation facilities; demoralized currency systems; huge bank-note inflation; great war debts; shortage of working capital; lack of capital for permanent reconstruction; Germany's huge indemnity; difficulty of changing from economic control to economic liberty; heavy taxation; a spirit of imperialism; and, finally, Russia.

*Greatly impaired moral* — with a tendency to social debauchery, as evidenced in the antics of the Bolsheviki and their threats to spread their doctrines throughout Europe. The answer is that war always saps vitality, both physical and moral. The permanent values which we place upon life become distorted. But those changes are due largely to the fevered fancies of the patient. When his fever is gone, his fancies vanish, too. Just as the physical body regains its vigor, normal standard of conduct will come back into strength. And as for Bolshevism, that phenomenon is already on the wane. In Russia it is still hanging on; but over the rest of Europe, which that dreaded spectre once threatened, it is beginning to grow dim.

*Slackness of labor.* In many countries government allowances and general war-weariness have got the laboring man in a mood where he would rather idle than work. But these government allowances (*chaumage* is the technical name) will soon be cut off and the men will be compelled to work or starve. It is the business of industry to see that there is work for them to do.

*Shortage of Food.* Owing to the loss of man-power and the devastation of agricultural regions, Europe's food-production is far below normal; far less than that required to keep the community vigorous, and strong enough to work to the full. But Mr. Hoover says that, taking the world as a whole, there will be food to go round, provided it can be distributed and paid for. It will become, for the next food-season, the business of those people who have food to spare and to sell, to see to it that those other people who are short of food and who have not the gold wherewith to buy are enabled to purchase food on credit. This is where America comes in.

*Shortage of raw material.* Stocks of cotton, steel, copper, etc., are well-nigh exhausted. Original stocks of these commodities have been used for war purposes. Now, when there is urgent necessity for such stocks for peace purposes, in order to get European factories humming again and labor fully employed, the raw materials are not there.

On the other hand, the world-supply of raw materials is ample. The commodities which Europe needs most, in order to get started anew on her economic life, are cotton, steel, copper, and coal. America has large supplies of all these commodities, and she would like to sell them. In order to effect large sales, America must extend liberal credits. If she does not grant credits, she cannot sell the goods. But America will grant credits; she will sell the goods; Europe will obtain them; she will thus secure the necessary raw materials, and she will be able to start her life afresh in the near future.

*Disorganized transportation facilities.* On the ocean, submarine warfare has made great gaps in the world's tonnage. On land, railway systems in almost all the countries of Europe are in bad shape. Yet the shortage in shipping is much less serious than most people think. Shipbuilding, especially in the United States and Great Britain, has been going on at a furious pace. Already the wastage by submarine has been largely repaired. Figures show that the world's tonnage is already only eight per cent below that of 1913. (Of course, normally there would have been a substantial increase.) By 1920 the world's tonnage will be normal, or even a trifle above that.

As to the railroad situation in Europe, things are badly down at the heel. During the pressure of war it has been possible to find neither the time nor the labor for necessary repairs. But now both those commodities are available. Hence the question resolves itself into a matter of securing railroad material and equipment. As to the material, I have just pointed out that America has for sale enough and to spare. As to equipment, America again can furnish plenty of locomotives and cars. Construction, to be sure, will take time; but six months, which is a short period in the convalescence of a patient who has been desperately ill, ought to see heavy shipments of railroad material and equipment, and a decided improvement in the whole European transportation situation.

*Demoralized currency systems.* While expansion of the currency is something of a problem in Great Britain, and more of a one in France and Italy, this symptom is most serious in the regions which were until recently under German occupation. The German armies printed hundreds of millions of paper marks and forced them into circulation in Belgium, Poland, Roumania, and Serbia. It is impossible to compel Germany to redeem these notes in the near future. They are hopelessly mixed up with the old domestic issues. For instance, in the

regions formerly a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire the old Austrian *kroner*, normally at par with the French franc, is now worth not more than one fourth as much. In these countries and in Belgium it may take several years to clean up the old and debased currencies and to retire from circulation a lot of the worthless paper which Germany and Austria forced on them. But some of the new governments are already tackling this problem manfully, and are getting rid of the old paper. In Czecho-Slovakia, for instance, a new standard, the franc, has been adopted in place of the kroner, and one new franc is being issued for three or four of the old kroner. Still, it must be admitted that, even with measures like these, the currencies of Central and Eastern Europe will be a bad drag upon commercial activity and upon all exchange operations unless some scientific measure is adopted to establish new and sound currency systems. The proposition was put forward at Paris, and discussed with great earnestness, that the United States should join Great Britain, and perhaps France, in furnishing to countries like Poland, for instance, a certain amount of gold or credits upon which could be based a moderate new issue of currency. In discussing this matter at Paris we figured that the total amount of gold that might be required for the purpose of reëstablishing all these countries of Eastern Europe on a sound currency basis would not need to exceed $250,000,000 to $300,000,000.

In this connection, I venture to prophesy that for the next generation the amount of gold cover required for the currencies of the European countries, large as well as small, will be nothing like so high as that in use before the war. The countries have not got the gold, in any event; they cannot get it in large volume; and we shall see, therefore, that, with a modicum of the yellow metal, they will be able to adapt their currency systems to commercial uses.

*Huge bank-note inflation.* In all the countries the issues of bank-notes for war purposes have been enormous. In France, almost $7,000,000,000 is outstanding; in Germany, $8,700,000,000; in Italy, a little under $2,000,000,000. So long as these issues stand at anything like these figures, prices are bound to remain inflated. The greatest menace from the present huge bank-note inflation characteristic of all of the belligerents, is that it inevitably means continued inflation of prices and high cost of living. For this reason, and because of the unrest which follows high costs, the governments are all exceedingly anxious to prick the bubble of inflation as soon as possible. But they must be cautious about it, or they may have a dangerous collapse. In the case, moreover, of some of these governments, it will be difficult to prevent still further inflation within the next twelve months.

America's case is, of course, the least serious and the most readily handled. In fact, the total stock of money in circulation in the United States was on May 1, 1919, almost $300,000,000 less than on December 1, 1918, which was the high peak.

Great Britain has just been engaged in a vigorous effort to consolidate her short-term indebtedness in a funded loan, and the temporary borrowing of the British Treasury from the money market should begin to come to an end within the next six months.

The difficult situations are found in France and Italy. The French Treasury insists that for still another year it will be obliged to stay in the money market as a heavy short-term borrower from the Bank of France. This inevitably means the issue of additional bank-

note circulation — inflation instead of contraction. The government is considering the issue of a popular loan, to be paid for by investors, not by check, but in actual currency. Let us suppose the amount of this loan to be fixed at $5,000,000,000, and this amount to be paid over to the government entirely in currency. The government could then turn about and retire an equivalent amount of circulation.

In Italy, where the unfunded debt is almost $7,000,000,000, the situation is analogous to that in France, although the figures are not so large. Of all the belligerents Belgium seems to be best off, for under the treaty provisions she is to be fully restored as to the physical and material damage which she has suffered, and all her war-debts are to be canceled. Further, she is to receive priority to the amount of $500,000,000 in reparation. Belgium will still have the burden of the 5,000,000,000 marks or thereabouts of circulation which the German occupation forced upon her; but she will probably be able gradually to get rid of this, even though at some loss. On the whole, therefore, Belgium will start with a pretty clean slate, and with no favors to ask of anybody. Her credit will be good, and when she comes to the people of the United States to borrow money, they will lend it to her.

*Great war debts.* The total debts of the countries lately at war now aggregate about $207,000,000,000, against pre-war figures of hardly more than $25,500,000,000. When one considers the interest item alone on this great total, — about $11,000,000,000 per annum, without figuring on sinking-funds, — one gets some conception of the burden.

Of course, nobody will be rash enough to predict how this huge mountain of war debts is to be handled. It looms so great and so menacing, that one would like to shut one's eyes to it all and simply let it stand as a monument to the folly of a world that could beget such a criminal as the German military system. But there it is: interest running up night and day. And in one way or another, when the patient has grown a little stronger and is fairly on his feet, he must tackle in earnest the problem of war debts.

In America this problem is comparatively simple. Our total debt will be between $25,000,000,000 and $30,000,000,000. Of this amount there will be $10,000,000,000 owing to us from our allies and associates. Now, even if we allow these debtors to postpone their interest payments, or to cancel them to a certain extent, still the bulk, if not the whole, of the principal sums due will finally be paid. Thus, we may consider that the total debt which the citizens of the United States must meet will not exceed $20,000,000,000.

If the United States follows its traditional policy of generous sinking-fund payments, and of levying taxation designed to meet such payments readily, this indebtedness will be rapidly reduced, and very likely within a generation or earlier cleared off entirely.

Great Britain's case is not so readily solved; yet those who have studied England's fiscal traditions and have noted the comparative ease with which she cleared off what seemed to be the intolerable burden resulting from the Napoleonic wars, are confident that within five years the financial position of both the government and the people will be on the whole as strong as ever before.

Of the great nations (outside the enemy states) the most concern is naturally felt as to France and Italy. Can they meet interest on their war debts, not to mention sinking-fund for principal? In my judgment the interest on these domestic loans in France and

Italy will be paid only in case these government bonds are themselves subjected to rather heavy taxation. Some people will at once exclaim that taxation levied on the bonds themselves is just so far tantamount to repudiation. Repudiation is an ugly word. It is not necessary to use it. It is legitimate to tax these bonds in so far as they were not issued free from taxation. Italy has already adopted a pretty vigorous policy of taxation, and France shows every sign of tackling the question, perhaps not as promptly as she should, but in the end as thoroughly. In any event, the domestic war debts of these countries, while presenting grave questions, are domestic rather than world-problems. The main thing to be desired is that each country shall adopt a courageous policy with respect to the reduction and ultimate payment of its war debts. If they all do that, the rest of the financial world can afford to be phiosophical.

*Shortage of working capital.* Europe, as I have pointed out, is short of raw materials. These can be purchased. Unfortunately, however, there isa great lack of available liquid capital. Such capital has been largely diverted to war purposes, to the manufacture of non-productive commodities like munitions, and so forth.

To meet such a situation, there are two ways of accumulating new working capital. One is slowly to build it up out of current profits; the other way is to borrow it. Europe will adopt each of these methods. She will borrow working capital from America; that is to say, she will obtain from America time in which to pay for food and raw materials with which she is planning to get back to work. And because liquid capital is at such a low ebb in Europe, we in America must give longer time than usual for European purchasers to pay for goods which they buy from us. If, on this point, we exhibit enlightened self-interest, Europe will soon have enough immediate working capital to make a start with. After she has made the start, she will rapidly accumulate herself.

*Lack of capital for permanent reconstruction* — for repair of railways and the rebuilding of houses for farmers and laborers. Practically the same remarks apply to this system; but the methods of meeting the situation will have to be varied somewhat. It will probably be necessary for us to purchase considerable quantities of long-term bonds, municipal and otherwise, with which the cities of Belgium and Northern France can restore themselves; or perhaps bonds of government-owned railways, with which these railways will construct for their lines new bridges, to be built of steel made in and purchased from America.

*Germany's huge indemnity.* Germany should, in all justice, be made to foot the total bill of the war which she forced on the world. But unfortunately Germany has not the capacity to pay the full bill. The total amount of what she can and must pay has not yet been fixed. Until that is settled and the limit of Germany's liability is determined, this unknown figure adds weakness to the world's credit structure. Moreover, until the amount has been determined, it will be impossible for Germany herself to secure international credit upon any considerable scale.

It will be equally impossible for the nations that are to receive reparation, especially France and Italy, to address themselves intelligently to their own schemes of taxation and fiscal policy. The investment markets of many countries will be timid and hesitating until the nature of Germany's liability has been made clear in dollars and cents.

Germany herself cannot arrange her industrial programme until she knows what is facing her.

It was for all these reasons that the American delegation at Paris for months urged the reasonableness of naming a fixed sum for Germany to pay in reparation. This idea was, however, finally postponed by consent. But an urgent effort will be made to hasten the decision; and I hope that before the end of this year the amount will be fixed and all these indeterminate, and therefore unsatisfactory, factors in this problematical reparation situation will be cleared up.

We may, perhaps, assume that the amount for reparation determined upon will not exceed forty billion dollars. It may prove as low as twenty-five billion, to be paid out in the form of annual installments, covering interest and sinking-fund, over a long period of years. It goes without saying that the annual payments will be so large as to have an effect upon all the European exchanges. In fact, I look to see the Reparation Commission that is to be established wield an extraordinary power over the financial markets of Europe, affecting materially even those of America. For this reason the Reparation Commission must be made up of men of the highest capacity and wisdom, working together with a view, not simply to the interests of the particular governments they represent, but to the situation of the world as a whole. Only in that way can this matter of German reparation be so handled as not to menace the credit structure of the whole world. If so handled, and with due regard for Germany's domestic and economic life, there is no reason, in my opinion, why Germany should not bring about a satisfactory discharge of her obligations within a period considerably shorter than that arranged for in the Treaty of Peace.

*Difficulty of changing from economic control to economic liberty.* Under the forced draft of war it has been necessary to socialize industry, to swing almost everything to government control, in order to mobilize the whole community to the one great end of war. Such a control has manifestly all the disadvantages of bureaucracy. It means loss of initiative. It spells paralysis for new enterprise. A change back to the normal life of industry and commerce must be brought about. To make this change without serious dislocation and loss will be difficult.

Several months ago the French representatives on the Supreme Economic Council submitted a memorandum to emphasize their idea that the change in industry from state control back to private control should be brought about at the earliest possible moment. The British expressed themselves as in accord with this view. Certainly America is strongly in favor of this principle, and has already undertaken to act upon it by the abolition of all sorts of war-boards, the abandonment of price-fixing, the early turning back of the wire lines and of the railroads to private ownership, leaving only the handling of wheat to be kept under government control for another year.

These changes from public to private control have up to date been handled in America with a minimum of friction and dislocation; but in the case of the railroads we at once discover a problem of the greatest complexity and magnitude. Just how the roads are to be turned back, and with what, if any, fresh liabilities incurred during the time that government control attached to them, is a grave question. Just how they are to be financed, following the end of government management, is a collateral problem of great gravity. To what extent shall they finally remain under government supervision? The wise solution

of these questions is likely to bring prosperity to the whole country, just as a faulty working-out means distress for American commerce and industry; for the railroads seem to be the backbone of the country's business. They must continue to furnish quick and reasonable transportation, or else we shall fall into a bad way.

In other countries the change from public to private control of industry will be much more difficult than in America, by reason of the fact that those countries across the Atlantic, having been three years longer in the war than we, were obliged to undertake a much more thoroughgoing plan of government centralization. They had to cook the eggs very thoroughly. Now it is going to be correspondingly difficult to unscramble them. In some instances they will undoubtedly leave them scrambled. It looks in Great Britain as if the railroads would remain permanently under government control, and as if all the coal-mines might be nationalized.

*Heavy taxation.* In the countries on both sides of the Atlantic taxes are already heavily burdensome; and in certain countries, such as France and Italy, they must become even heavier if the governments are to remain solvent.

My general belief is that, while taxation is bound to remain heavy for a long time to come, especially in the countries of Europe, nevertheless it can be so regulated as to avoid an intolerable burden, or a menace to permanently stable business conditions.

*A spirit of imperialism.* Despite the lessons which one might think all nations had gained from the war, the spirit of imperialism is not completely dead, especially in southern and southeastern Europe. Remnants of this spirit are one of those evil symptoms that still handicap the convalescent patient. Fortunately in the Treaty of Peace there has been set up an instrument which, if properly developed, is capable of curbing this spirit, or of diverting it to wiser ends. That is the League of Nations.

Those statesmen at Paris who drew up the Covenant of the League of Nations regarded it, and regard it to-day, not as a perfect instrument by any means, but as a mechanism which, as the years go by, can be improved and perfected so as to serve as a real force in bringing the nations together and in making them understand each the others' aims. A mutual understanding of this kind is the only factor that will prevent future wars. The great virtue which the present League of Nations Covenant possesses is that it establishes machinery by which mutual understandings can be reached. It is the world's only safeguard for the future. Under its workings I look to see this evil symptom of imperialism cleared up in due course.

*Russia* — the great gaping wound of the world. The Russian question is perhaps the largest single one in the whole list. Certainly it is the symptom most impossible to find a prompt specific for. We continue to receive frequent reports from the interior of Russia, many of them differing as to statement of actual conditions, and almost all as to the remedy to be applied to such conditions. I have talked with representatives of almost all the factions in Russia, ranging from the class of Grand Dukes down through the Milyukoffs, the Cadets, the Kerensky group, and even the Bolsheviki, and I came no nearer the answer. Therefore, I shall not attempt to say how this wound in the patient's body shall be made whole, but I must confess that I have a

very confident hope that, as these other bad symptoms disappear, as I am sure they will, and as the patient recovers his general health, we shall find this open wound of Russia beginning gradually to heal up. It will be an exceedingly slow and very painful healing. It will leave an angry and terrible-looking scar for perhaps generations to come; but one day in the future, be it ever so far away, we shall see a strong and intelligent, a productive and a well-ordered United States of Russia.

Assuming then, that the diagnosis of even so incompetent an observer as myself is correct; assuming that the patient, even though handicapped by all these bad symptoms, is going to get rid of them one by one along the lines that I have discussed — what is in store for American industry and business in the next few years?

Take first our export trade. In the last five years it has risen to almost undreamed-of figures. Our total exports in the five years ending June 30 last have amounted to $26,000,000,000. Our whole export trade in the period referred to has not only been unprecedented in actual volume, but has of course been carried on at inflated prices. Just as sure as the sun rises and sets, this volume of exports is bound to diminish in the next few years, even in the face of the undoubted demand for food and raw materials which we shall have from Europe.

There are several reasons why our exports must decline. One is that the impoverished European countries will, very sensibly, import only the bare necessities of their domestic and industrial existence. American luxuries they will do without. Even though by such curtailment we forego profits, we should be glad to witness such an exhibition of frugality.

Prices in our own country for materials for construction, — which has been postponed during the period of war, — and for many other commodities are likely to remain high for a year or more yet. But I should almost look for a decided tendency toward lower prices in America at the end of a twelvemonth, within which time we shall also face a decline in the volume and value of our export trade. With this falling off, and with this lowering of prices, will come a period of readjustment and slower business. How long this lessened activity will continue, it is idle to speculate. America has within herself such stores of resource, energy, high spirit, and optimism, that here no business depression, unless it is an integral part of the world-situation, will long continue.

Therefore my own guess would be that, after a few months or a year of such depression, — in other words, by the middle of 1921 or the beginning of 1922, — we shall witness a new period of business activity and prosperity in America. We shall again see wages and prices rise here. As the prices for our commodities rise, such goods obviously become less attractive to foreign purchasers and our exports will again fall off.

It is equally manifest that the higher prices that we are willing to pay — at any rate, for certain manufactured goods — will attract foreign sellers, and as our exports fall off our imports will increase. The two tendencies working together will swing cash balances against us and will thus reduce, happily enough, the sums which are owing to us from abroad.

The whole situation that I have described will in all probability be stimulated by the working-out of Germany's situation, especially with respect to her payments for reparation. I figure that, if the present plans for reparation (as provided in the treaty) are carried out,

Germany may very probably be obliged to find $1,000,000,000 or upwards every year in foreign exchange. Of course, her only possible means of obtaining this great volume of exchange is to stimulate her exports and to hold down her imports to bare necessities. The German government, which must in the last analysis be charged with the task of remitting the annual reparation payments, will always be a buyer of foreign exchange. Exchange in Germany will always be at the gold-export point, but there will be no gold to export.

In the same manner, in the other European countries, and even possibly in Great Britain, exchange on America will be always at the gold-export point, by reason of the fact that the annual obligations due us will continue to be so heavy. However, our own situation, as has been pointed out so many times in the last year or two, has undergone a vast change during the war. Annual interest, instead of running against us to the extent of at least $200,000,000 to $250,000,000 a year, is actually in our favor to the extent of $500,000,000 per year. Ocean freights, which formerly cost us another $100,000,000 to $200,000,000 per year, are now at least a stand-off, because of our own greatly increased merchant fleet.

On the other hand, however, before another year has gone by our tourist expenditures in Europe are likely to increase, even over the heavy pre-war figures. There will be a great flocking of Americans to Europe. That annual exodus will be made up, not only of the comparatively well-to-do, as in the pre-war days, but of many people of exceedingly moderate incomes, who will be drawn to Europe to visit the graves of their soldiers or to scan the scenes of the Great War.

I look to see material increase also in remittances by immigrants in America to their native countries across the sea. Before the war these remittances amounted to about $250,000,000 per annum — $100,000,000 of this to Italy, $30,000,000 to Poland, and so on. The large total of these remittances has not, I believe, been fully appreciated; and they will increase, because, in my opinion, immigrants will be more saving than ever before, and more anxious to contribute generously to the assistance of their relatives and friends across the water.

Even, however, with these remittances to Europe, there will remain a heavy annual balance in our favor, amounting, I should judge, to upwards of $500,000,000, which cannot be remitted in cash. For a long time to come it cannot be covered with imports. Therefore, it becomes for Americans a matter of the greatest importance to study what forms of payment we shall accept for the balances due us from Europe. Shall they be in the form of the securities of foreign governments, of municipalities in England, France, and Italy; of the obligations of public-utility corporations in the countries just named; or of purchases by us of actual shares in foreign enterprises? Shall we become business partners in a world that will, I believe, be made, under the League of Nations, more secure than ever before — partners of the British, the French, the Belgians, the Italians and the rest?

I am no more competent than anyone else to answer this question. America herself is an enormous field of endeavor, and for a long time to come must furnish us with great opportunities for investment. But we must remember that America is already involved in world-affairs, both political and financial, and she cannot withdraw; rather, she must take a lead in generous thought and in action. Moreover, even private enterprise, which during the

period of the war has learned to have a far wider and more enlightened outlook upon affairs in general, must continue to keep in mind the great common interests involved, and must endeavor to regulate the flow of capital and production according to the legitimate urgency of the respective needs, as they show themselves in various parts of the world.

These are the considerations that I would point out as being those necessary to be borne in mind, if we are to solve all these questions with an intent to help along on its way, not America alone, but the whole world.

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

## ACCIDENTAL SALVATION

In the interest of conserving needless waste of energy, one does not trouble to encase the predicate in quotes when observing that before his accident Parker was a damned old sorehead.

For, literally, everybody postulated this of Parker — his wife, his son William, his daughter Susie, his office-staff, his business associates, his clients, his man-servant, and his maid-servant; and doubtless, if the Parkers had maintained an ox and an ass, even they would have refused to speak in his defense.

As for the naughty word predicated of Parker, it is to be doubted if such thin insulation as the quotation marks which this magazine affects would materially decrease the dangers incident to the use of a word carrying so high a voltage. The zippy little adjective no longer shocks us, however, now that our minister is back from France. Indeed, his frequent homiletic use of it has almost ruined it for such pursuits as golf, furnace-tending, and the U-chiffonier campaign for the lost collar-button.

Parker then, was a sorehead — sullen at breakfast, surly at dinner, quarrelsome in the office, crusty on the street, a bear at the party, a hog on the road, a fly in the ointment.

His wife was afraid of him, the children were afraid of him, his clerks were afraid of him; the very porter on the Pullman was afraid of him. Why, he was so mean that he even refused, on Thanksgiving Day, to hold one end of the dining-table for Patsy, the maid, when she asked him if he would help her insert the guest-board. Parker was a grouch.

One night, about 2 A.M., Parker rose, grumblingly, to fasten a flapping shutter. *En route* to the window, he emitted a yelp of distress that brought all hands on deck. When they turned on the lights, Parker was discovered sitting on the floor, tugging at something imbedded in the sole of his left foot. Presently, it let go; and Parker held up *half of a needle!* It was a pretty clear case that the other half had remained in his system.

The family was drowsily sympathetic, but confident that the doctor would find the broken needle in the morning with a magnet. Parker slept but little during the remainder of the night, fearing blood-poisoning. Immediately after breakfast he sought the family physician, who, after patient investigation,

assured him that he must have stepped on an already broken needle, for there was no fragment of the steel to be found.

But, Parker knew that he was carrying in his body a deadly thing that undoubtedly had started upon its fatal mission. He left the office early that afternoon, and went home, surprising Mrs. Parker with a display of more tenderness than she had observed in him since their honeymoon, which had long ago passed into total eclipse. At dinner he appeared greatly interested in the conversation of Bill and Susie about the High-School party. He patted Rags, the dog, who surveyed him for some moments with an open-mouthed expression of undisguised incredulity, before retiring to the hearth to reflect upon the mysteries of the relationship of humanity and caninity.

All that night Parker lay awake, preparing for the speedy wind-up of his terrestrial affairs. He reviewed the stories he had heard and read of similar cases — how the needle traveled through the whole body of its victim till the heart was reached, and — *pouff!* — just like that! He saw himself sitting about the house, in dressing-gown and slippers, his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands, waiting for the fatal moment. Before the dawn, however, he had resolved to face the uncertainty of the future like a gentleman, a decision which brought him a warm glow of pride.

At breakfast he bewildered the household by encouraging a conversation concerning other interests than his own. Whenever he had condescended to have speech with them, previously, it was always about himself, his plans, his problems. Just now his plans seemed very foolish and futile. He began to find a new interest in the plans of other people who, because they had no needles in them, might reasonably speak of their future with some assurance. Indeed, he deported himself at breakfast with such attentive interest in the welfare and happiness of the family, that Susie even dared to kiss him good-bye when she started to school.

At the office curiosity reigned supreme, and unsated. The rabbit-faced clerks asked each other what the deuce had come over the Old Man. Jones, on leaving the private quarters of the erstwhile sorehead, remarked to his partner, 'Bob, we've misjudged old Parker. Why, he has a heart in him as big as an ox!'

When he went out for lunch, Parker gave a blind man a quarter, and bought a *War Cry* of a Salvation Army lassie. In the afternoon, he called up one of the trustees of the Children's Hospital, and inquired how they were getting on with the fund for the new ward. It appeared that he had decided to add a cipher to his previous subscription. In spite of the needle, it was a fine day. And that evening the whole Parker family went to the show.

Within six months, all the people who knew the old chap had recovered from their bewilderment about him; that is, they had ceased to make their curiosity articulate. Parker had found himself; his business was doubled, his home was a temple of affection and contentment, the local papers were speaking of him as 'one of our leading citizens,' and he had been asked to respond to a toast at the Chamber of Commerce banquet, which invitation he declined on the ground that he might not be in town that day.

The shadow never lifted, but it was not an unpleasant shadow: its cast did not make him morbid, but forced him to generate more light. Every night, when he went to sleep, he bade himself good-bye, for the chances of his being alive in the morning were just as remote as they would ever be. In the morning, he rose, saying to himself,

'Perhaps this is the last day. I must pack it brimful of the things that are most worth doing.' Parker had accidentally achieved salvation.

Sometimes his eyes grew moist and his throat ached when he reflected upon the deeply sympathetic understanding of his wife, who studiously avoided any reference to his impending tragedy, and who, in spite of her secret sorrow, acted up to the situation in manner heroic. Whenever she pressed his hand, or patted him on the cheek, it was her way of saying, 'It's better we should n't talk about it, dear!' She was a good sport, mused Parker.

The fact that Mrs. Parker, while moving the rug in her husband's room on the Friday morning following the accident, discovered half of a needle — the point driven firmly into the floor — may also have vouchsafed her courage to see the terrible thing through with cheerful resignation.

## THE OTHER FELLOW

Authors, artists, the whole tribe of those engaged in creative work, are often accused of excessive vanity. Superficially, it must be admitted, the imputation is, on the whole, justified. However discreetly veiled, a sort of exultant wonder at their own achievement now and again betrays itself. Out of the innumerable instances which might be cited, one may, at random, recall Stevenson's unabashed ecstasies over his own happy efforts, Thackeray's almost awe-stricken rapture over the just-completed great scene in *Vanity Fair*, of Rawdon Crawley confronting his guilty wife and the Marquis of Steyne, Tennyson's intense unfailing delight in reading his own poems — to say nothing of Shakespeare's boundless exaltation of his own 'verse' even amid the almost painful humilities and self-abasements of the Sonnets.

'A poor thing — but mine own' does not in fact sum up the attitude of any real artist toward 'fire-new' work. It does not seem to him poor — nor quite his own. For the latter half of that proposition one might again multiply attesting instances. The recent life of Joel Chandler Harris furnishes a striking one, in the strong sense he confesses of an inner 'other fellow' who 'came forward and took charge' whenever he did his best writing.

It is not mere persiflage, however playfully expressed; but manifestly represents something of real psychical experience, not by any means limited to him.

'She told me,' Mr. Cross says in his life of George Eliot, 'that in all she considered her best writing there was a "not herself" which took possession of her, and that she felt her own personality to be merely the instrument through which the spirit, as it were, was acting.'

'Fiona Macleod' was not to William Sharpe a mere figment, but a psychical fact. Nor need we shrug our shoulders at the alleged dictations of Elizabethan ghosts, even though these products may not be convincingly Elizabethan or ghostly. Some 'other fellow,' at any rate, may be in good faith at work; though, for divers reasons, the literature of the ouija board does not promise much.

Sense of 'the other fellow' may become pathological. It very often does so become, needless to say, in the madness to genius so near allied. But from genius most sane — and there is no sanity so complete as the sanity of supreme genius — it is, at the same time, inseparable.

From even the slightest touch of genius it is inseparable; and from those exaltations which may come to those most devoid of genius. Witness honest Joe Gargery in *Great Expectations*, and

his single poetic flight in honor of his peccant parent's memory: —

> 'Whatsume'er the failings on his part,
> Remember, Reader, he were that good
> in his hart!'

'I made it,' said Joe, 'by my own self. I made it in a moment. It was like striking out a horseshoe, complete, in a single blow. I never was so much surprised in all my life — could n't credit my own 'ed — to tell you the truth, hardly believed it *were* my own 'ed.'

'Hardly believed it were my own 'ed.' There it is, the true mark of top-notch achievement — whether of wise or of simple.

How often Dickens himself must have felt the thrill of that same exquisite surprise at his own creations — his as through sheer gratuity of some beneficent inner power. Almost one can guess which of his scenes and characters were intended, and which 'just growed' — sprang from no deliberate planting. Joe himself, I think, 'just growed'; as surely as Estella and Miss Haversham were constructed according to strict plans and specifications.

It is among his minor characters, one remembers now, that one finds Dickens's really delicious figures; among the characters which 'the other fellow,' doubtless, in careless bounty contributed — shirking participation, meanwhile, in the evolution of the somewhat wooden dummies appointed to bear the burden of the plot.

'The other fellow' — what Maeterlinck calls 'our mysterious guest' — does our best work. Often what seems the vanity of authors and the like is really modesty. It is an ecstasy of astonishment at the extent to which they have surpassed themselves.

It is, one cannot but suspect, 'the other fellow' who does most of the great things of life; the self which lurks below the level of consciousness. Many and many a man who has proved himself the bravest of the brave has carried about with him a sickening fear of being a coward. He has been afraid: afraid of wounds and death; afraid, above all, of some shameful paralysis of fear. And then, at the pinch, 'the other fellow' comes to the front, gay as a bridegroom, and achieves glory.

'The other fellow,' after all, is our 'realist' self; although it is not one cabined, cribbed, confined within the bounds of our self-definition, nor one which will come at our bidding. It is good to remember that reserve self — and not too easily be discouraged. 'The other fellow' has been to the fore in the recent past as never previously, it is safe to say, in the history of the world — 'the other fellow' who can do, and endure, great things. We never should have known or suspected what our boys were, if the stress and strain of war had not summoned forth those high heroic selves of theirs, of which they themselves probably had never dreamed.

'The other fellow' has been a very real factor in life during these last few years. Will he now go into hiding again, I wonder? The problem of keeping him in the open is the master-problem of human society.